Liberty

OCT. 14, 1944 10c

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Book-of-the-Month-
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MUST WE INVADE JAPAN? By Hugh Byas

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ARMY NAVY

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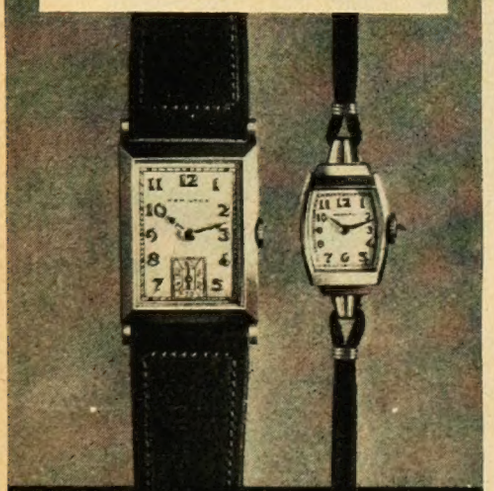

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Cover: "Now, listen to me. A younger man like Dew—" "Naw, we need an experienced man at the peace table like Roose—"
Painted by Vernon Grant

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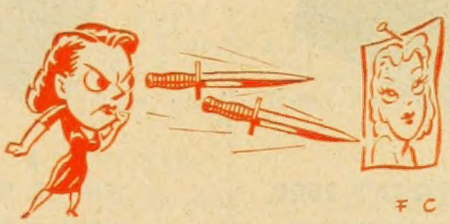
PUNCHIN' JUDY

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—I have a comment to make regarding Judy Lane's letter about Miss Betty Grable (June 24 Vox Pop).

In my three years in the Army I have never heard one soldier speak anything but praise for Miss Grable. As for her saying, "Wake up, big boy. It's your dream girl," I think she was more than justified in saying that. I believe that everyone will agree that Betty is the ideal pin-up girl.

Possibly Miss Lane is a bit jealous, because the soldiers hold Miss Grable and



other pin-up girls in such high esteem? Maybe Miss Lane would like to compete for said title of Pin-up Girl?

As for Betty being hard-boiled, we guys over here know she isn't. If she is hard-boiled I'd like to be near when she turns on the charm!—*Pfc. Hubert Andrues.*

GOVERNMENT'S PURSE STRINGS

SANTA MARIA, CALIF.—In the Vox Pop columns (August 26) you said that not one Republican rose to commend R. F. Williams, but that many Democrats howled. So here is one Republican that would like a little space to have her say.

We grant that the war is being conducted very well, as we have some able generals back of it. But why the awful waste of money drawn from the taxpayers? Why such disregard of all business principles? No private business could last six months if conducted as the government handles these things. Of course it is the people's money and the government does not have to give an account of it—not yet, anyway.

We are all glad to support the war, but why shouldn't the government be as saving as it expects individuals to be?—*Effie A. Laurence.*

ON PRIVATES AND MAPS

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—May I take this opportunity to congratulate you for printing the article At What Point Will Germany Collapse? (April 15 Liberty) by William van Narvig. At the time I came across your magazine out here in the ETO the invasion had just begun. The boys and I closely followed step by step the shaded green portions of the colored map that accompanied the article. We have come to the conclusion that the Allies are following van Narvig's general pattern of closing in on Germany in every detail. Yesterday's landing on southern France convinced us.

The boys and I would like to read more articles by Mr. van Narvig. We enjoy reading your magazines, regardless of how late we receive them. At present I am carrying the map with me. It certainly comes in handy.—*Pvt. Domizio Malara (from Utica, N. Y.).*

POSTWAR ARMY TRAINING

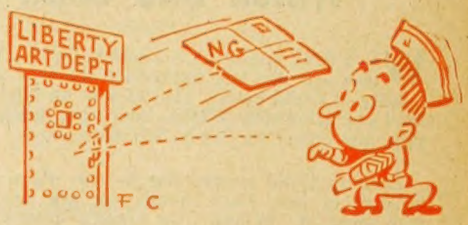
ABILENE, TEX.—Thanks a lot for that up-to-the-minute article Who's Going to Raise Our Boys to Be Soldiers? by Major General James E. Edmonds (September 2 Liberty). I am sixteen years old and will graduate this year. By the time Congress gets around to passing the right law, I'll be in the middle of my college work and any final decision will greatly affect my future.

I'm happy to see that one of our nationally read magazines is interested in helping the confused teen-agers.

I doubt if you'll find one such teen-ager against early military training, but we all want to get the matter straight.—*H. O. Bounland, Jr.*

SOME HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM!

FORT TOTTEN, N. Y.—Once upon a time—in the early spring of 1942, to be exact—I submitted my first cartoon to Liberty. Since then, at regular intervals, literally hundreds of rough sketches have bounced stubbornly from your equally stubborn doors, never once bearing anything that resembled the letters "O. K." Then all of a sudden not only do I appear in Liberty, but I land *kerplop* on the cover! (August



5 Liberty.) But unfortunately it's me, not my drawing—for I am the barber! Moral: I'm going to buy a camera!—*Sgt. Dick Ericsen.*

TERSE AND TO THE POINT

GLENDO, WYO.—I would like to say just this to all President Roosevelt lovers: You are stumbling along in darkness. You should get down on your knees and earnestly pray for light; sincerely ask God to bridle your sharp tongues and to save us from the years ahead by means of a Republican President.—*E. M. M.*

WHEN YOU'RE AWAY . . .

ALAMOGORDO, N. M.—After reading the letter by N. Parker from Mentone, Califor-

(*Continued on page 8*)

"but the *Big Smash* happened to me *after* the accident"

WITH wartime taxes and higher cost of living, few families can meet an award in a suit for damages, out of income. The alternative is digging into your precious savings, or, even worse, mortgaging your home or future income—*unless you are protected by insurance.*

Adequate and complete insurance protection never was more important than it is today. You need to be adequately insured against loss from fire, accident and burglary; and from serious money loss, such as automobile or personal liability damage suits.

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1 John Stevens was always doing nice things for people. It never occurred to him to refuse when a hitch-hiker said, "Going out as far as the golf club, Mister?"

2 They got to talking, and somehow John forgot to slow down for that bad intersection at Bay and Forest. It all happened so quickly that only the policeman seemed to know which driver was to blame.

3 John wasn't scratched and the man didn't seem badly hurt either; just shaken up a bit. John saw to it that he got to the hospital safely, and called up to find out how he was doing the next few days.

4 (Months later). The man sued John, who was uninsured. Claimed successfully that shock made it impossible for him to work —and received a $12,000 judgment!

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(*Continued from page 6*)

nia (Vox Pop, September 2), I feel I must tell him something through you.

Personally, I doubt if this evil-minded person has ever been away from his or her loved ones overnight. Recently I had the privilege of seeing my loved ones for the first time in twenty-six months, and I doubt very much if anyone could call it an "out-of-bounds honeymoon." I would like to see this N. Parker in a foxhole for two days and then see what he had to say about seeing his loved ones for even a day or so.

Some people who have the privilege every day of holding in their arms the ones dear to them seem to take it as a

commonplace thing, while others of us have to be content with just a moment or so now and then. We have to crowd a lifetime in a few minutes or hours . . . or have nothing at all. No, N. Parker, I don't think much of you as an American. Get your mind out of the gutter. Some of us are still human beings even if we are in the armed forces.—*Sgt. M. H. Sager.*

N. Parker said: "Writers today are going maudlin about soldiers and girls spending a night—or a week—together, to 'have something to remember you by.' "—Vox Pop Editor.

ART LOVER

Brooklyn, N. Y.—I wish to compliment you on a very stirring cover (September 2 Liberty). Artist Bob Kuhn deserves a lot of credit, as it is one of the finest paintings I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. —*Jule Lipper.*

ALL IN FAVOR SAY—EYE!

Lawrence, Kans.—The new feature The Camera Eye is just like getting something for nothing. Liberty, my favorite magazine, was already a big dime's worth. Thank you for the addition!—*Mrs. E. W. Owen.*

LINK WITH HOME

Somewhere in New Guinea—Right now I'm lying in a hospital somewhere in New Guinea. There isn't very much a G. I. can do here, except go to the small Red Cross we have which the natives have made. It's not much, but one can read, write, and talk to a white woman. I've only been over here three months, but three months in the jungle seems like three years. I've met and talked with fellows who have been here thirty months or more who have had plenty of time to read. Eight fellows out of ten prefer Liberty magazine above all others. Liberty is sort of a link between us over here and the States. It seems to bring us closer to home when we read it. We feel darn fortunate to be able to get issues over here. My reason for writing you is that we fellows got together and thought we would tell you what we think of such a fine magazine as Liberty and that we can't get enough of them. Keep up the good work and we will keep 'em on the run.—*Pvt. L. Stearn.*

Lady's watch shown above—Veri-Thin Constance, 15-jewel movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back. $33.75 (Federal tax included)

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2 This watch has style...
3 Veri-Thin has both.
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TEN YEARS IN JAPAN

By Joseph C. Grew
U. S. Ambassador to Japan
1932-1942
Liberty's Book Condensation

While the flood waters of Japanese militarism were steadily rising, Ambassador Grew was doing all that any human being could to strengthen the slipping bulwarks of peace. These day-by-day notes of the struggle, culled from his diary, tell one of the great dramatic stories of American history.

HOW WILL THE NEGRO VOTE?

By Walter White
Secretary, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

A Negro leader explains why the colored vote can be an important factor in the coming election.

BARGAIN HUNTER FOR THE WORLD

By Marquis W. Childs and Edward A. Harris

A railway train for North Africa, a tire factory for Russia, diapers for the Arabs —Clifton Mack buys 'em all. He's Washington's shopper for lend-lease goods in multi-billions.

LEAVE THE WARDEN LAY IN THE WOODS

By John Alden Knight

Fish and game wardens run into all kinds of tricksters—even cold-blooded killers. If you think they're just spoilsports, this will change your mind.

IT'S AN ENGINEER'S WAR

By Major General Eugene Reybold
Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army

This certainly is an engineer's war and the bulldozer, the Engineers' indispensable all-purpose weapon, moves mountains of earth to pave the way to Berlin and Tokyo.

RADIO'S ONE-MAN CIRCUS

By Ruth Moore

His name is Barker—but he also roars like a lion, squawks like a parrot, and, in a pinch, fries like an egg.

BIG MONEY AND LITTLE EDDIE

By Virginia Dale

The hilarious story of the rise of little Eddie—or how to retire from business at the age of fourteen!

WING MAN

By Samuel W. Taylor

Morton didn't know how to play second fiddle—in love or in war. But when he flew wing for his rival in love, he learned.

She'll do a man-sized job tomorrow! She'll be completely rested—ready for her full-time regular job, her after-hours' war work. And, no wonder! She's sleeping on a Beautyrest mattress! If *you* own a Beautyrest, you're lucky, because we don't know when it will be made again. Simmons is roof-deep in war production. Take good care of those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those ingenious little ventilators that keep your Beautyrest clean and fresh! Some of you may need a new mattress *now*. If you do, look into WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress, with layers and layers of durable, resilient cotton! White Knight is $39.50. If you need a Box Spring too, and you're alert, you'll catch one of the Beautyrest Box Springs that are on sale in limited quantities. $39.50 each.

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it isnt an Evening

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AXIS ENEMY NUMBER ONE

BY LLOYD SHEARER

Probably you never heard of Colonel Krick, but German Intelligence has—to its sorrow. Here's how the A. A. F.'s ace weather forecaster makes it hot for the Axis

MY Swedish friend, Mr. Leo X, had been in the United States exactly six hours. He had crossed over from Lisbon in the Clipper.

"Leo," I said, "you've been in Berlin recently. You've dealt with a lot of the high-and-mighty Nazis in the Air Ministry. Tell me. If the Germans had the chance to kill just one person on the Allied side, whom do you think they'd choose?"

He wrinkled his brow and thought for a moment.

"Eisenhower?" I suggested. "Bradley, maybe? Montgomery, perhaps? Churchill, Roosevelt, Tedder?"

"No," my friend said after a bit of deliberation. "No. I don't think any of these. I think they would like most of all to kill your Colonel Krick."

"Our Colonel who?" I asked.

"Krick," my friend said, spelling out the name. "K-R-I-C-K; your Lieutenant Colonel Irving Krick."

"American Army?" I said.

"Yes," my friend said. "Haven't you heard of him?"

"No," I said, "and neither have ninety-nine per cent of the other people in this country."

"Strange," said Leo. "The German Intelligence knows him well. I was told in Berlin that he is the number one weather forecaster on the Allied team—the man who, in conjunction with naval aerologists, picked the exact date for the North African invasion, the invasion of Attu, and the invasion of the Continent."

All I could do then was to sit back, mouth agape. But after weeks of inquiry and investigation, I can say that the German Intelligence knows its stuff. Tall, blue-eyed, thirty-seven-year-old Lieutenant Colonel Krick is indeed one of the greatest long-range weather forecasters in the world. He can tell you with surprising accuracy the state of the weather in Tokyo on July 30, 1945. Small wonder, if the Nazis had the choice of killing one enemy, they would pick Krick.

Here is why: Suppose you are General So-and-So in charge of one of our air groups. You have orders to rub out the city of Vienna. You contact Krick or several Army Air Forces meteorologists trained by him and tell them your intention. In return you get from them a weather guide of Vienna.

This gives you, month by month, the highest and lowest temperatures ever recorded in the city. You are told which months are wettest and driest, when the skies are clear, when they are cloudy, when it is the best time to bomb—which is the driest month so that your incendiaries can cause the most damage. You are given the average amount of rainfall and are further told what weeks of the year are best for high-level bombing, low-level bombing, parachute operations, mechanized operations, chemical warfare, and artillery fire.

Suppose you want to find out how the weather over Vienna will develop in six days. Inside half an hour a sorting machine runs through weather maps of Austria for the past twenty-five years. When the machine comes across a map which most closely shows the weather as it exists today, the map is pulled out and studied; and you are told how the weather developed in six days fifteen years ago under similar conditions.

Lieut. Col. Krick.

There is not a general in the entire Army today who will plan any sort of land or air operation without first consulting the Army Air Forces Weather Service, and one of its best men—if not the best—is Lieutenant Colonel Irving P. Krick.

He is the man who can tell the General Staff when it rains in Belgium, just how hard it rains. Army engineers have to know that. If the rains are heavy, rivers rise and flood, and certain types of equipment are necessary. If the rains are light, unnecessary equipment may be left behind. If the soil is thin and fine, that means the moisture evaporates quickly, so that tanks and heavy artillery do not get bogged down. If the soil is heavy and coarse, rain may bring mud and mire lasting weeks.

Krick is the man who can tell General Arnold exactly the best two weeks in the year to bomb various sectors of Japan. He knows that in the winter the Japanese west coast, facing China, is overcast and cloudy, that its east coast is clear, and that in summer exactly the opposite holds true.

Krick, too, is the man who can cut down plane losses by predicting when our pilots will have the advantage of cloud layers. As any flier will tell you, this is extremely important. In bombing Essen one night, for example, our losses were less than three fourths of 1 per cent when we had cloud cover. Several weeks later, when we had none, we lost 10 per cent of our attacking force.

The Germans would also like to kill Krick because he is the man who studied all *their* long-range weather forecasting techniques and then turned them against the Nazis.

Despite strong arguments by Monday-morning quarterbacks that the Germans would bog down in mud when they invaded Poland in September, 1939, Krick knew that the Nazi weather experts had studied years and years of Polish weather charts before giving the German High Command the O. K. to cross the border. Needless to say, the Germans were never mired in the Polish mud.

Krick wasn't surprised, either, when on February 12, 1942, the Germans got the twin pocket battleships Scharnhorst and Gneisenau through the English Channel despite the complete British air cover. The Nazi aerologists had consulted their weather maps, predicted the arrival of a hail-and-

(*Continued on page 68*)

THEIR'S TODAY...YOURS FOR PEACETIME GUIDANCE
BATTLE COMPASSES TODAY!
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AVIATION
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COMPASSES TOMORROW!
One of several types of Sherrill compasses used in combat by military vehicles and naval craft.
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New battle-tested principles of design will be available in your Sherrill precision compass at war's end. They're "miracles" in modern plastic. Whatever your peacetime compass requirement may be, there will be a Sherrill liquid type compass to fill the need—at popular prices.
SHERRILL RESEARCH CORP.
PERU, INDIANA

Imagination and Enterprise

Imagination sees through the mountain;
Enterprise discovers the way over, around or under.

Imagination paints the picture in the artist's mind;
Enterprise finds the paints and talent to put it on canvas.

Imagination designs a product that will help or serve or please people;
Enterprise finds methods for producing it, improving it, making it available to more and more people.

In a free country, imagination and enterprise succeed by useful, helpful service to people—by creating opportunities to help the individual improve his condition.

Without freedom, imagination serves greed and hatred—enterprise turns to intrigue, enslavement and oppression.

With freedom, imagination and enterprise built America—helped keep it a nation of free people—and gave us our reserve of power to fight tyranny.

We all must guard this freedom constantly—so that imagination can continue to envision benefits for all of us, and enterprise can make them real.

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CHRYSLER Marine and Industrial Engines
OILITE Powdered Metal Products

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The unpainted C-87 Liberator Express now sports the new A. A. F. insignia. It has a range of 4,000 miles and a load capacity of more than six tons.

The Bendix Helicopter

Vincent Bendix, founder of the Bendix Aviation Corporation with which he no longer has any connection, has organized a new company, Bendix Helicopter, Incorporated, with offices in New York City, and has announced plans for building a two-place helicopter for the private owner.

This is another of the many helicopter projects out of which will come, in time, some unique and useful aerial vehicles within the automobile price range.

The projected Bendix helicopter is to have a maximum speed of 120 miles an hour, a cruising speed of 100 miles an hour, and a vertical climb of 480 feet a minute. The useful load is estimated at 626 pounds, which includes the weight of the passengers, baggage, and the fuel. It is to be powered with a 165-horsepower engine.

"With the perfection of the helicopter, and with its many exclusive advantages, I believe that in the helicopter the world will have the safest, most useful and most popular type of aircraft," says the man who developed a vast enterprise of companies building all types of airplane gadgets, and who founded the famous Bendix Trophy for transcontinental air races.

The Bendix construction eliminates the necessity of the rear antitorque control propeller by providing two counter-rotating rotor-wing assemblies (turning in opposite directions), each with a pair of variable pitch rotor wings which automatically, he says, eliminates all torque effects.

Mr. Bendix has been intimately associated with aviation for twenty-five years. His new enterprise will be watched with interest.

German Industry a Shell

We've lost all count of bomb tonnages in the European theater. It used to be that every raid was watched eagerly and the tonnage totals each month were compiled and compared with previous months. When predictions were made that the bombing of Europe would be stepped up eventually to 200,000 tons a year, even aviation experts whistled.

But the 200,000-a-year figure has been lost in the shuffle somewhere. The tonnages being dropped on German targets have risen to fantastic proportions. Take the Royal Air Force for the month of June for example. It dropped 64,000 tons of bombs on the Nazi fortress, all in a thirty-day period. Our own American airmen have been dropping equally impressive totals.

Nothing like the 1944 aerial warfare has been known before. No industrial nation can continue a war under such pressure. It has taken a long time to blast enough factories, refineries, utilities, and transportation units to make a serious dent in the German war effort. But the die was cast many months ago. German industry is becoming a shell. It can't support three armies in the field.

When the 1944 tonnage figures are totaled, they will be mighty impressive. They will have spelled the defeat of German industry.

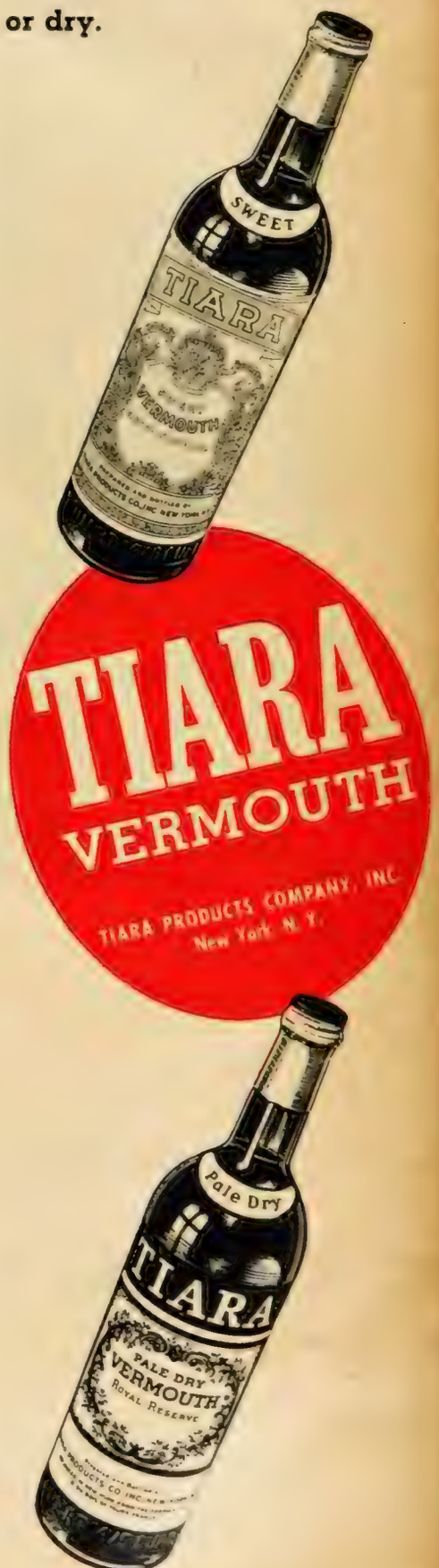
One of Many Postwar Excursions

"See the Midnight Sun by Airplane." This was the slogan of Alaska Airlines during the last week in June, when it operated several excursion flights from Anchorage, Alaska, to Mount McKinley so the passengers could see the midnight sun from an altitude of 16,000 feet. The trips were made late at night, reaching the highest point at 1 A. M.

After the war there will probably be numerous excursion ideas. Above the Arctic Circle the sun shines all night long for a brief time during the summer.

Anchorage isn't far enough north to get the direct sun all night long, but at 16,000 feet it can be seen. The airplane will make possible many such innovations.

Tiara straight is more and more preferred as a refreshing apéritif . . . a cocktail-glass of Tiara . . . sweet or dry.



Camouflaged Communications Center of American Command Post during heavy fighting

Front Line Telephone Post

TELEPHONE lines are life-lines wherever our men fight. The lines lengthen with every mile of advance.

Bell System manufacturing facilities have had to be devoted almost exclusively to keeping the armed forces supplied with communication and electronic equipment. As a result, we are short of telephones, switchboards and other equipment needed to meet civilian requirements.

We're sorry if you've had to wait for home telephone service. But you can be sure that every effort is being made to take care of your needs just as soon as the war allows.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

OUR SOLDIERS TELEPHONE OVER HERE, TOO. . . . Whenever you can, please give the service men and women first chance at Long Distance between 7 and 10 each night. They'll appreciate it a lot.

This is Tokyo, target of our Pacific drives. Its proud, stiff-necked people will not be easy to rule. BLACK STAR

MUST WE INVADE AND OCCUPY JAPAN?

BY HUGH BYAS

THE war is "crashing to its close," as Mr. Churchill said. Sooner than we expected we may have a defeated Japan on our hands. That situation will raise problems to which we have to find working solutions.

Are there Japanese with whom we should deal when Japan surrenders? Are there any liberal elements within Japan itself to whom the administration of the state can be entrusted and on whom we can rely to build a peaceful Japan? Or must we occupy and administer Japan for an indefinite time while we re-educate and reform the Japanese nation?

Since administering Japan would be the toughest proposition in governing an alien people that Americans have ever attempted, we will be well advised to discard wishful thinking and know just what we would be getting into.

Liberalism in Japan is a sentiment but not a force. As a sentiment it showed considerable vitality after the first World War, when democracy seemed to be the wave of the future. But almost every act of Japanese international policy which could be described as liberal was due to foreign pressure and not to Japanese initiative, though sometimes Japanese liberals cooperated. An uncommon type of liberal who did co-operate was Premier "Lion"

Can a defeated Japan be trusted with self-government, or must we rule the country ourselves? This is a question America must answer — perhaps soon

Hamaguchi who, backed by the emperor, forced the Navy to accept a five-year renewal of naval limitation. He was assassinated and his policy reversed. His supporters held their tongues.

The Army overran Manchuria in contemptuous disregard of a "liberal" government then in power. The only heads that rolled, metaphorically, for that act of piracy were those of the government, which promptly folded up. Thereafter, amid the hearty cheers of the populace, Japan proceeded with an orgy of aggression abroad and totalitarianism at home. Liberalism emulated the three wise monkeys and made itself blind, dumb, and deaf in the presence of evil. In the last few years a liberal in Japan has been one who (secretly) did not want to fight America, but had no objection to the conquest of China. Japanese liberalism has always been a feeble thing. It will recover, but not if we foster its recovery and try to use it. That will only get it stigmatized as un-Japanese.

What of labor and the left wing?

The organized labor unions in Japan never claimed more than 370,000 members, or 6 per cent of all the factory workers. Political labor reached its high-water mark in 1937 with 37 elected members in a House of Representatives numbering 466. Then came the China war. Even readers of the Japanese newspapers could see that the war was an Army racket. But China was thought to be a push-over and the Labor Party split, the larger segment going Nazi. Labor in Japan, like liberalism, is a Japanese product and behaves Japanese. The majority of its leaders were swept off their feet into the Fascist camp when the tom-toms began to beat.

The Japanese Communist movement was always tiny, held so by the full weight of police brutality. Out of 2,500 Communists sent for trial by the police after a five-year repression campaign, 1,700 recanted under the combined influence of war fever and police persuasion. Japanese Com-

(Continued on page 83)

THOSE WHO ARE LEFT

Marguerite pointed to the package.

Patriotism? Liberation? These became empty words to Marguerite when Allied bombs killed her mother. But the taking of her revenge gave her a hard choice

BY McKNIGHT MALMAR

ILLUSTRATED BY RAFAEL DeSOTO

MARGUERITE said for the tenth time, "But, *bien sûr*, you should not go alone, *maman*."

Mme. Philbert stood before the streaked old mirror that hung near the kitchen door, smoothing her full black skirt and setting her rusty black hat firmly on her white hair. Marguerite studied her mother's face with anxiety. For all its look of wisdom and strength, the finely wrinkled skin was too white, and it had grown very thin of late, as had her body, once so full-fleshed and sturdy. But, then, everyone in France had grown thin.

"*Pouf!*" the old woman said. "Three miles—and you talk as if I were going to Marseille! Have I not gone in to Frécourt alone ten thousand times?"

"Without doubt," Marguerite said. "But not when the bombers were coming almost every day. And I know you suffer more than you tell me or you would not go to Dr. Courvier at all."

"Dr. Courvier is an old friend."

Marguerite shook her head. She knew very well that *maman's* heart was causing her an anxiety she would not permit Marguerite to glimpse; but more than once Marguerite had seen her flinch with pain.

But how stubborn *maman* was! Nothing would shake her. Nevertheless *maman* could not deceive her. It took careful effort to get into her place behind Pierrette, their small donkey.

Marguerite's figure was full-bosomed, rich-curved, and the face she turned to follow the progress of the cart up the road had beauty in it, strong and fine, with thick level brows and a full firm mouth. Five years ago it had also had youth; but now, though she was barely thirty, the youth had gone out of it and left not the lines of age, but a stillness.

Maman was all she had now. Five years ago she had had a brother, Félix. He had died at Sedan. She had had a husband who fought the invader with steel and, when steel failed, with plans, and who had vanished one night without trace, as men so often vanished from occupied France. He had been gone for two years before she heard he still lived; that he, who had been so frail of body though so strong of spirit, was digging coal in the cruel mines of the Ruhr. Armand Ducroix had taught in the village school with a fire and vision not common among village schoolmasters. He had taught his young wife as well, watching with tender pleasure the eager response in her eyes.

Armand was gone now. If he ever came back it would be with body, and perhaps

even mind, shattered by what he had endured. Only his dreams and his fierce hopes lived on in Marguerite, and even they, as time went on, had begun to fade.

"*Nous autres petits*—we little ones," he had said so often, "are the ones to save France, to retrieve the honor the great threw away. It will be hard, Marguerite. But we are the only France that is left."

She had warmed herself at the blaze of his patriotism; but now she knew it had been Armand himself that had moved her—Armand, whom she loved and who loved her in return—and not his ideas. But in the still hours of the lonesome nights she had promised him, wherever he might be, that she would carry on where he had left off. There was, however, little a woman could do. It was only lately that she had been given her small part. It seemingly involved only an endless waiting.

SHE stood in the road until the cart crawled up the hill and vanished beyond it. The air was crisp and cool and faintly scented with the odor of the stable yard. The world was a silent place, and Marguerite stood alone in it. The village, with its huddle of houses, its big pump, its pond where the flocks of white geese used to waddle—it was hardly more than a hamlet—was very near, only around a rise of ground; but the Ducroix cottage was the very last one. Between it and the town of Frécourt lay only the fields, now emerald with the young wheat.

Minutes went by as she stood there, marveling that even now, with all the suffering in the world, the May sunshine should still be warm, that flowers still bloomed, that the earth still gave its increase. The cottage, with its mossy old tiled roof that nestled into the side of the hill, was the very expression of peace.

Then she turned back to the house and her work, but already she could feel the core of tenseness begin to form in her.

It was like this every day. Every day there was this tightening of the nerves, this waiting, until one heard the mutter of the planes coming in to bomb the railroad yards at Frécourt; until one heard the *clumph, clumph,* of the explosions and saw the black columns of smoke and debris spewed up out of the earth. Then, when it was over, one relaxed a little.

Sometimes the planes came in over the village, so low and so fast that the roar of their motors dulled the eardrums.

Sometimes they came in on the other side of the town and departed over the village. Sometimes they did not come at all, and one waited all day, listening.

Marguerite swept the roughened bricks of the kitchen floor, set the last of the breakfast plates on the applewood dresser, put the little tin saucepan on the hook among the others, laid a fresh well-mended red-checked cloth on the rough table and set a bowl of tulips in its center. And then they came.

She had gone into the road again, knowing it was still much too early for *maman* to be back. And yet it was with a real stab of disappointment that she saw the cart was not in sight. A few people moved in the fields. That was all.

While she stood there she heard the first profound and distant murmur of the planes and the crackle and crash of anti-aircraft and machine guns. She could not see the town, but she could hear the crash of explosives, see the tall black pyramids they raised. Almost instantly the sound of motors rose to a roaring crescendo and the planes were streaking like gigantic bullets over her head and the world was filled with their clamor. The machine gun set up in Berger's cowshed at the other end of the village chattered briefly.

All sound had thinned into silence before she turned back to the cottage; she had to step aside as a Nazi command car dashed by on its way into Frécourt.

As always after one of these raids, her emotions were confused. She sat down in the high-backed chair near the window of the kitchen and picked up the mending that always awaited her. *Maman* always said, as Armand would have said: "These are necessary, Marguerite, these bombings. They cannot be helped. You must think of it as being like surgery—painful, agonizing even, but the only cure."

Marguerite envied her mother and her husband their ability to look so largely at things. For herself, she was only a woman, made for a woman's concerns—the bearing of children, the care of a husband, although these were denied her, and the thrifty management of her household. For her the close personal things had the only reality. The great issues were vague and distant. She had allied herself with the underground only because Armand would have wished it.

And she was soul-weary of destruction. This part of France had been ripped and torn and left a waste in the last war. Her earliest memories were of its desolation and its slow rebuilding. This village had escaped, but it was one of few.

Today, after the raiders had gone, she could not feel the gradual relaxation that usually spread through her. It was only by driving herself that she could sit here so quietly with the needle flashing back and forth in the patch she was putting in her blouse. She seized the excuse of a cart approaching to run out and look up the road once more.

The cart turned in the rutted lane that led to the *basse-cour* and the small stable. It was Jacques Picot, with his cart piled high with hay.

He called to her in his loud gruff voice, "I have brought your hay."

Her heart skipped its beat. Now was the time that the service, the risk, would be asked of her as it had been asked of so many others. She controlled her voice with care. She said very distinctly, "If you will put it in the stable, Jacques?"

The old farmer regarded her with sober approval out of blue eyes set in a grizzled, weather-worn face. He nodded without words and she followed his cart slowly around the cottage to the little stable. The few scrawny chickens scratching in the dirt, the young cabbages and lettuces and artichokes, and the scent of the thyme and rosemary in the *jardin potager* took on a distant unreality to Marguerite. Her breathing was shallow and quick.

At last the Germans gave up and gathered for consultation.

Jacques drove the cart all the way into the stable and climbed down. He gave her a meaning glance.

"Watch the road," he said.

She peered out. "It is empty."

He nodded again and jerked a thumb toward the cart. "Tell him to come out."

She said in the heavily-accented English Armand had taught her, "Now you may come, m'sieu'."

The hay stirred.

It was hard to tell what the young American looked like, except that he seemed too young to be engaged in war. Marguerite's one rapid glance showed her only a square face smudged with dirt and blood, out of which shone intelligent gray eyes. The rest was only shapeless flying clothes. He was, she saw in that glance, in some pain; but he gave her an effortless, grateful smile.

"Jacques," Marguerite said, "unload the hay now. I will take care of him."

With a shovel she began to scrape away the straw and droppings in Pierrette's stall. The thin line of the trap door was scarcely visible even after she had cleared it. Before she lifted the trap she groped in the pile of new straw in the far corner and brought out the stub of a candle wedged in a bottle, and a small hoarded box of wax vestas.

IT was different now than it had been. At first nobody had a place to hide them—all these people who must travel through the prison that was France. But now they were ready; even she, Marguerite, was ready, and was especially valuable because until now she and Mme. Philbert had lived quietly; had until now done nothing that might arouse any suspicion. The cottage was well located also, not so isolated that anyone approaching it would arouse comment, but with a privacy due to the hump of the hill.

The men had come at night, over a month ago, to dig and to spread the dirt they removed over the bare brown earth of the stable yard. They had rubbed mud thickly on the boards of the trap door they had brought, so it matched the tramped earth floor of the stable, and had arranged for air—not much—to enter the room they had cut from the solid clay.

Marguerite was strong. Even so, it took all her strength to push the door back on its oiled hinges.

She felt her way down the crude steps before she lighted the candle. The space was small and harsh as a prison cell. When the American stood beside her, she pointed to the cloth-wrapped package that lay on the pallet on the floor, ready lest a sudden emergency should force them to close the trap hastily and keep it closed perhaps for days.

The English words came with difficulty: "There is food, wine. . . . You are hurt?"

He smiled his friendly smile again and pulled off the heavy helmet. He had dark wavy hair, thick and alive as Armand's had been. Without the helmet he looked even younger, almost like a child. There was still real youth in him, and ignorance.

"Bumps and bruises, that's all. I'll be all right." He added awkwardly, "Thanks."

She said, "We do what we can."

She climbed the steep steps quickly and lowered the trap door. She shoveled the litter back over it and then at last could breathe. Jacques was throwing the last of the hay up into the little loft.

Some of her anxiety crept into her voice: "They do not suspect?"

"Very sure. The plane made a crash

(Continued on page 66)

BY MAJOR RICHARD THRUELSEN
and
LIEUTENANT ELLIOTT ARNOLD

KODACHROME FROM F. P. G.

The ARMY'S GRASSHOPPERS

IT was two o'clock in the afternoon of November 8, 1942—the day the Allied forces made their first landing in Africa. Sixty miles off the coast the aircraft carrier Ranger turned into the wind. The activity on the carrier centered around three tiny planes grouped halfway down the flight deck. These three Grasshoppers—the little two-seater craft with the sixty-five-horsepower engine which put-putted around the skies of peacetime America—were to be the first aircraft to operate from bases in the new battle area.

The engines were new. In each plane the pilot and observer, seated one behind the other, were ready. The gold braid, somewhat dubiously, had wished them luck. The engines whined, the carrier steadied on its thirty-five-knot run into the wind, and one by one the three little planes leaped from the deck, curved like gulls to the wave tops, and were gone.

The three little planes set course for the distant shore line, flying at 500 feet. Fedala, twelve miles north of Casablanca, was their objective. An hour out from the carrier they picked up the invasion fleet, lying off the harbor of Fedala. Lines of red tracer began to curve out from the naval ships and the transports. The gunners were taking no chances. The Grasshopper swooped down to the wave tops and made a wide turn to avoid their jittery friends.

The beachhead area was no more hospitable. Everyone had a gun and everyone wanted to shoot it at something. Captain F. E. Alcorn, leading the formation, drew his three ships out from the area and swept around in a large semicircle in an attempt to reach the race track, which lay to the southeast of the town. The Grasshoppers were to base there. As the planes swooped inland, the French forces added their fire to that of the friendly guns. The barrage finally broke up the formation; two of the planes glided to the ground and landed in an open field near a French fort. There, within gunshot of Morocco's defenders, they waited out the day. At evening, unmolested, they took off and flew safely to the race track.

Meanwhile Alcorn, in the third Grasshopper, fell victim to a hidden French machine gun which opened up and sprayed the ship at point-blank range. The engine caught fire and Alcorn received five bullets in his right leg. He slipped the plane to the ground and landed on an open piece of wasteland. The landing gear collapsed and the ship slid along on its belly, burning briskly. Alcorn pulled himself out, and two French soldiers found him there a short time later. He was eventually moved to an American dressing station and transferred to a hospital ship.

The two remaining planes flew from dawn till dark during the next several days. Scouring the countryside before the advancing American troops, they acted as the eyes of the invasion forces, reporting by radio the positions of road blocks and the locations of the resisting French units.

The invasion of Africa marked the beginning of an audacious experiment. For years manufacturers of planes such as the Aeronca and the Piper Club had insisted that their little craft could serve as artillery spotters and as liaison between advanced posts and rear bases. The fact that their planes could take off and land from almost any plot of open ground would, they argued, make them veritable aerial jeeps. Their slow speed in the air made them ideal platforms for artillery observation. They would take the place of the static balloons used in the last war.

The Army was prepared to admit all this, but pointed out that the light plane's slow speed would make it duck soup for opposing aircraft. The picture of a Cub meeting a Messerschmitt was enough to send shivers down anyone's back.

The maneuvers of 1941 gave the light planes their first chance to show what they could do. They took off from cow pastures, from dirt roads, and from plank strips laid in the marshes. They landed, with disconcerting aplomb, right in the advancing infantry's laps. They saw everything that happened and reported it promptly. General Walter Krueger of the Second Army watched them in action and exclaimed: "Why, they're regular grasshoppers!" The little plane now had a military name which was to stick until the Germans gave it a better one.

But what would happen when the Grasshopper met ground fire and enemy aerial opposition? That question could only be answered after actual combat experience.

Meanwhile the Army, prodded by a handful of artillery men who had faith in the scheme, decided the idea was worth the good old college try. Pilots, observers, and mechanics were recruited and trained at Fort Sill and an operational technique was carefully worked out. The little planes were to remain well behind their own lines, fly at 500 to 600 feet, and stay in the air for periods not exceeding half an hour. They could not carry guns, so their use was to be limited to sectors where our own forces had complete aerial superiority.

HILL 609 rises, an almost perfect cone, above the tumbled land north of Beja, in central Tunisia. The Germans were on the hill, well dug in. The American forces were before the hill, taking a beating from the devilishly accurate artillery fire directed at them from the camouflaged

posts on 609. Allied and German aircraft were fighting it out, high in the sky. Quietly and unobtrusively a little green plane slid over the ridge of hills to the west and fluttered over the scene of action. As the ground troops watched in openmouthed wonder, the little Cub circled lazily before Hill 609. German antiaircraft guns on the hill opened up and black bursts splashed against the sky. The plane wheeled and dipped and turned. From the rear came the hollow boom of the American artillery rifles. White puffs began to dot the side of Hill 609.

For an hour the little plane circled. One German position after another was demolished by direct hits. The troops on the ground were cheering now. Suddenly their cheers turned to groans. Four Jerry fighters came flashing out of the sun, heading straight for the Cub. It saw them in time. It dived in a quick, twisting turn. The Hun planes flashed by, guns pounding. The Cub, unharmed, dropped earthward. The fighters made another pass. The Cub, turning to face them, twisted away again.

It was a battle between four hawks and a butterfly. And always the little plane was moving nearer the safety of its ridge. Finally it slid down below the line of the hills. The Hun fighters, not daring to fly so close to the ground, gave up the chase and flew home. The Cub lifted itself above the tree line on the ridge in a last insolent gesture, while the troops on the ground pounded one another's backs. Then the Cub buzzed away across the fields.

The African fighting won for the Grasshopper an assured place in the hearts and the organization of the American ground forces (it has never been attached to the Air Forces) and proved that much of the original concept of its employment was wrong. For in Tunisia the little planes found that their low speed and maneuverability was a good defense against the German fighters, that they could cruise not only over their own lines but also over the enemy's, and that the best altitude for artillery observation was above 1,000 feet.

THE little planes were the first in on the Sicilian invasion. They had their own aircraft carrier. A landing craft, tank, was decked over with a wooden platform and they flew from this to make their first missions at Gela and Licata.

Sicily, being an up-and-down country, was fertile ground for the Grasshoppers. Operating under a comfortable margin of aerial superiority, they snooped the island to their hearts' content. Many a German gunner, snugly hidden among the rocks of the mountainsides, looked up to find one of the ubiquitous light planes hovering lazily overhead, directing artillery or mortar fire on his position. A hasty evacuation invariably followed.

For the landing on the Italian boot the Grasshoppers used two of their miniature carriers. One was hit during the landing operations and forced to withdraw with most of its planes disabled; the other operated successfully, its planes providing low-level observation for the ground forces.

Eight Cubs, their wings crated separately for ease in shipment, provided one of the most bizarre sights of the Salerno landings. They were unloaded on the beach while the whole landing area was under fire. It was neither the time nor the place for putting wings on airplanes, so the Grasshoppers lined up and taxied off along a sandy road to a quieter spot some distance from the beach. There the wings were slipped on and they went into action.

Several weeks after the initial landings a Cub on reconnaissance had an experience which underlined one of the cardinal rules of Grasshopper etiquette—always keep your eye on visitors. Captain Edward B. Baetjer and his observer were spotting German 88-mm. guns hidden in the hills on the two sides of a narrow valley which funneled up from the Salerno plain to the higher ground in the interior. Baetjer was at 500 feet, at the narrow end of the valley, when five Me.-109s suddenly swept over the ridge and spied the little plane. Turning his ship quickly to meet the foe, Baetjer avoided the first rush of the five with a diving turn. Unfortunately he hadn't seen the sixth Me.-109, which came in a little to one side, and as he turned out of his evasive dive this ship caught him in its sight for a split second.

That was enough. A 20-mm. shell from the fighter's cannon burst in the Grasshopper's engine, the gas tank was holed, and both Baetjer and his observer were wounded. They rode the plane down and landed behind their own lines in the middle of a tent camp. Both men lived through the experience, though Baetjer's head wounds required twenty-nine stitches.

Misadventures of this sort proved to be the exception rather than the rule, and as the Grasshoppers moved up the Italian

They're unarmed — yet fire whole batteries of artillery. They're slow — yet elude the fastest Nazi planes. The story of the Army's mighty mites of the air

peninsula with the ground forces they came to accept enemy fighter attacks as SOP—Standard Operating Procedure. Before they had been operating in Italy six months most pilots were veterans of at least several brushes with German fighters; a few, like Captain J. L. Marinelli, had come through a score of such attacks. And, strangely, the fragile little ships displayed the same stamina as their pilots. One Grasshopper came flying back to base with 276 holes in its wings and fuselage.

One ever-present danger was the possibility of being hit by one of their own or the enemy's artillery shells. Flying at several thousand feet, they were usually working very close to the looping trajectory of the shells as they whistled on a great arc from the guns toward targets miles away. Cub crews often heard the liquid whistle of these monsters as they rushed by. One crew didn't; a 75-mm. gun working on the Anzio beachhead fired just one shot—that shot hit the Cub which had directed the gun's fire.

The first months of the Italian campaign also saw the development of the operational technique to the point where the Grasshopper could "fire" an American Long Tom artillery rifle at a range of seventeen miles and hit a small target with an average expenditure of twenty-five rounds. Expert observers and close support batteries often cut this to a dozen shots. Operating from fields four or five miles behind the lines, the little planes took off and cruised over the field of battle at from 3,000 to 5,000 feet until they had located their target—usually an enemy gun emplacement, an observation post, or a truck or troop concentration. Then, standing off several miles from the objective, they began to fire the artillery battery they were directing:

GRASSHOPPER: Mike King, this is Five Zero. How is my readability?

FIRE-DIRECTION CENTER: Roger, Five Zero. Readability five by five [perfect].

GRASSHOPPER: Roger, Mike King. Observe German gun firing at 6532. Repeat, gun at 6532 [co-ordinates on map].

FIRE-DIRECTION CENTER: Five Zero, this is Mike King. Gun at 6532. Roger. Wait.

Interval of some minutes while the Fire-direction Center calibrates range, windage, etc., and the gun (or the battery, if more than one is to be fired) is adjusted. Then:

FIRE-DIRECTION CENTER: Mike King to Five Zero. Battery is ready.

GRASSHOPPER: Fire.

FIRE-DIRECTION CENTER: On the way.

GRASSHOPPER: Roger. Wait.

FIRE-DIRECTION CENTER (timing flight of the shell): Splash.

GRASSHOPPER: 100 right, 300 short.

FIRE-DIRECTION CENTER: Roger, Five Zero. 100 right, 300 short.

This process of marking the shell bursts in relation to the target and reporting them to the battery for corrections is known as "sensing." By eliminating the margin of error, each successive round fired by the battery was brought closer to the target—until the final welcome message came over the loud-speaker at the Fire-direction Center: "Five Zero to Mike King. Target hit. Explosion and flames observed."

AS the Italian campaign wore on, the Germans became wary of the Grasshopper's all-seeing eye and many Nazi batteries were given strict orders not to fire while the Cubs were in the air—for fear of giving away their positions. The ranging light planes would then stalk targets of opportunity. Over the Cassino battlefield one such wandering Cub sighted some unusual activity around a farmhouse behind the German lines. Men in white coats kept popping in and out of the house. The Grasshopper observer fretted about this for a while, until he happened to look at his watch. It was noon. White coats—waiters. Waiters—a staff mess. He went on the air immediately. The fourth salvo landed within ten yards of the house. Waiters and figures in uniform came spewing out. The Grasshopper observer grimly proceeded to muss up the luncheon with a direct hit. Then he went home to his own.

The American trait of finding new uses for every gadget has not been ignored by the Grasshopper fraternity. It didn't take them long to figure out a way of countering the bashful German batteries which stood by during the day and went into action at night—when the Cubs weren't about. The Grasshoppers added night-flying equipment and, picking moonlit nights when they could see salient features of the terrain, went out spotting the Hun positions by the gun flashes. They also practiced "terrain flying," a glorified version of hedge-hopping, as a means of evading the enemy fighters. In the front-line area of Italy it was no novelty to see a practicing Cub chasing its own tail around a barn or ducking down out of sight into a ten-foot drainage ditch.

Radio now warns the Cubs in the air when Jerry fighters are about, and with the word that the enemy is near they dash for prearranged "islands of safety" where they can hover close to the ground and be protected by their own antiaircraft batteries. On the ground the planes are kept in deep reinforced revetments. The pilots and the crews live underground.

But they don't all escape. One Grasshopper pilot was chased right down to the ground by a German fighter. Jumping out of his plane as it came to a standstill, he raced across a field. The German carpet of fire caught up with him just before he reached a place of safety. Another pilot, by going into a vertical dive from 4,000 feet, shook off eight Me.-109s and made his

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OH, FRABJOUS DAY!

A beautiful woman has one drawback—she's always pursued by handsome men. And what can a harried husband do about it? Well, Max got wonderful results by talking in his sleep

BY CHRISTINE TAPLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN L. JONES

DR. HINCKLEY MAXWELL attributed his tiredness to cutting out other people's gizzards, and his wife's outrageous beauty. Naturally, there was the war, too, but everybody had the war; other doctors had their share of gizzards, or worse; but he doubted that any of them had the triple-threat handicap that was his burden now. He yawned widely and bumped into four people. "Excuse me." Then he looked around for Liz and couldn't find her, so he yawned again.

"Close your mouth, dear," Liz said, beside him.

"Where're we?" he said.

"Pennsylvania Station, dear. New York. Remember? You see?—I *told* you you were tired. You'd be a fine one to drive, killing all those people from here to Maryland. Now, you wait here."

He came to abruptly. "I still don't think we should try to get those tickets. We've been asked not to, Liz! Besides, they won't sell them to you."

He was talking to a group of strange people, who looked interested, but Liz was not one of them. "Excuse me," he said again, and sat down on his upended suitcase. And was immediately asleep. Then he heard his name coming over the intercommunication system, and he stood up, batting the air a little, and looked about for his surgical kit and the familiar white marble corridor. Oh, the ticket agent. So he moved over to the window, weaving like molasses. "Yes?"

"You Dr. Maxwell?"

Positively the most obnoxious, suspicious-looking little man that Max had ever seen. "Certainly I'm Dr. Maxwell."

"He didn't believe you were my doctor," Liz said, lilting. "Isn't that silly? But I suppose," she said, smiling at the awful little man, "you have lots of people who'll say *anything* just to get a ticket."

"You'd be surprised," said the little man with gentle intimacy. "Just about fifty thousand people have had relatives who've died in Utica, New York, alone. Tickets for funerals, you know."

"Ts-ts," Liz said. "Thank you *so* much."

"Thank *you*."

"Oh, Lord!" Max groaned as they turned away. "Even a hard-boiled ticket agent!"

"Well, I got the tickets—"

"You could get Roosevelt's ticket on a bomber," Max said. "That's not the point. What did you tell that little horror?"

"I simply told him that my doctor was taking me to—"

"Oh, Lord!"

"Well, it wasn't a lie!"

"Subterfuge," Max said. "Same thing."

"And, besides—" Liz said.

"Besides what?"

"Well, I couldn't leave those six poor sick ensigns down there all alone."

"*What?*" Max yelled. "I thought I was going down to the farm for a rest!"

"Sh-sh! Dear! All these people! Of course you are. But you know we always have six Army or Navy or something."

"Well, how in the name of thunder can I rest with six ten-foot ensigns in my hair?"

"There's plenty of room, I should think," Liz said. "On the farm, I mean. Surely, on a hundred acres—"

It was no good. He was too tired to compete with it. It was an unending, uneven, invincible battle. What would happen would be that those ensigns would cast cow eyes, or whatever they called them in the Navy, at Liz, and what kind of rest would that be for him? I wish I could relax, he prayed. Just once let me get some sleep.

The dining room was full of Liz and an immaculate Navy.

"Look, Liz—" he said. And then, unfortunately, *he* looked, and the glimpse of her sweet, fresh, sleek beauty hit him anew. It was unbelievable. After five years. "Look, dear," he said. "Do you *have* to be so darned attractive?"

"Why, certainly," she said. "Else you wouldn't have married me. And I dearly love being married to you. . . . Oh, for goodness' sakes! All these people! . . . Excuse me, that's my foot. . . . Max! Where *are* you! *Max!*"

He didn't hear her. He was somnambulating toward the train exit. ". . . Just the same, dear, I could do with it if you were a *little* less beautiful."

The lady was pleased; but she wasn't Liz.

"Oh!" Max apologized. "Sorry." He meandered on, pushed around by the crowd, not seeing Liz anywhere, and found himself by a kind of jellyfish arrangement over at the gate. He craned his neck and caught sight of her near the information booth. But *who* was that great fair-haired viking *Thing* she was talking to?

"Oh, Lord!" Max said, and sat down again on his upended suitcase; and because he couldn't help it, he went to sleep again. . . .

"WAKE up, dear," Liz said. "There, now, in a few hours you can go to sleep and sleep for a week! Where's your suitcase, dear?" They retrieved it and poured again out through the gate. "Max dear, don't bump into *everybody*."

"I saw you," Max said, yawning. "I saw you talking to that—that Thor. Who was he—some residue?"

"What?"

"Residue. From one of your trips. Sometimes—*ee-e-e-a-o-u-w!*—sometimes I think I shouldn't have allowed you to take all those trips."

"But you wouldn't come!" Liz protested. "And I missed. . . . Dear, *please*, you're banging me in the back of my knees!"

"Such lovely knees. What was his name?"

"Who?"

"Eric the Red."

"I thought you said Thor."

"All the same. All explorers. What was it?"

"It's the most awful thing!" Liz exclaimed. "I don't know!"

"You don't *know!*"

"Sh-sh! Dear! Don't *scream!*"

"Where'd you meet him?"

"I don't know. On a trip, I think."

"You think! Ye gods, Liz!"

"He was traveling with his aunt."

"Ha-ha! How was she for walking the deck in the moonlight? Hot, I'll bet."

"Max! You're jealous!"

"Don't be silly. I'd trust you with my soul. Anyway, I'm too tired. It takes energy—"

"And if you were any kind of a gentleman, you'd help me up these steps. Why they make train steps—"

"If I were a gentleman," Max said, giving her a boost, "I'd pop a few heads off. *Pfeu!* Is this car stuffy!"

"There now," Liz said, "take off your hat, dear, and go to sleep."

"So you don't remember his name?" Max said.

"No," Liz said, "and it's going to be awfully embarrassing."

"Call him Scuttlebutt," Max said. "That'll get him, I'll b—" Then abruptly he sat alert. "*What* did you say, Liz? *Why* will it be embarrassing?"

"Oh, dear, don't get excited. I know you'll think I'm an awful fool, but he was so lonely, and I had to do something because I couldn't just stand there calling him 'Hey' or 'You' or something, and he seemed so awfully glad to see me again. Oh, dear, stop *groaning* so, Max! So I said, 'Why don't you come on down to the farm?' And I didn't think he would, but he is. What could I *do*, Max?"

"You could have slit his throat." Max said cheerfully, "and sent it back to his aunt. Collect. By the way, how is auntie? Never mind. I'm going to sleep."

"That's right, dear. Have a good rest."

He slumped down and closed his eyes. "G'night . . ." he murmured. But clearly something would have to be done about it. ". . . Jane," he amended sleepily.

He had a notion that Liz was staring at him; and then she was shaking him.

"Max! Max! Wake up!"

"H'mm?"

"Do you know what you did? You called me *Jane!*"

"Did I!" he yawned. "Well—*fancy*." Seemed like a good idea.

It was dark when they reached the farm. The great old-fashioned kitchen where they chose to eat was warm and good-smelling, and the two friendly black faces of Toby and Edna wove through Max's vision like lanterns in a breeze. No more. He couldn't focus any more than that. But he learned three things. At least, they were all he could hang on to. Ken Anderson's name was Ken Anderson, Liz remembered; three of the ensigns had fallen into the pool in their uniforms and had come up lieutenant commanders. . . . Seemed odd, but that was the way he got it; and old Judge Cary was coming by to go hunting with him in the morning.

Judge Cary's "hunting" was a scream—a pack of beautiful beagles, and shooting at crows which he never hit. He remembered laughing about that—at least, shaking and gurgling inside, but feeling as though he were looking on at somebody else having a quiet laughing jag all to himself over in the corner. It was the damnedest feeling.

THE next thing he knew it was morning, the birds were going like mad in the trees outside, and Liz was hurrying through the door in some white drifting thing. She looked wonderful.

"Hey—you!" he said. "What are you doing up so early?"

"Is that what you called me away from my teeth for? Max! For goodness' sakes!"

"Oh, did I call you? No, I didn't. I just woke up. Maybe it was the Navy. By the way, how *is* the fighting front?"

"Oh, Max, they're darlings! You'll love them. They—"

"I'll use the utmost restraint," Max said. "Say! How do you know what they are! What did you do—sneak in there and—"

"I did not. They came down after you went to bed. I guess I was making a lot of noise, and we had some drinks—"

"Why, the swine!" Max said. "I thought they were supposed to be *sick*."

"They've just come back from the Solomons or some place; they're not ensigns at all," Liz said; "three lieutenants and three lieutenant commanders—"

"Too bad they had to leave Nimitz and Halsey behind."

"—They're the ones who fell in the pool," Liz said; "they didn't see it. That was before Ken came."

Max slung back the covers and threw his feet over the edge of the bed. "I guess it's high time I was up," he said. "Look, Liz. Who's this Ken? Oh—I remember. So you and this explorer and the Navy all sat there having drinks—"

"Oh, no. The Navy had gone to bed before Ken got here," Liz said. "He only got here about eleven."

"He certainly took his time," Max said. "What'd he do—come on his hands?"

"Oh, Max, don't be sarcastic. I explained

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CAN YOU BE A PART-TIME FARMER?

BY DOUGLAS DISBROW

Yes, you can stay on the job and own your own farm, too. The Department of Agriculture can make it easy for you—if you do the hard part

"ALL I do is pour money into my home. It never earns a nickel for itself, for my family, or for me. How can I get a small farm, near my work, that will have some pay-off?"

Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard and his busy Department are getting thousands of such questions right now. Mr. Wickard brought all this new interest in part-time farming on himself when he had the inspiration to turn Joe Doaks and his missus out in their own back yard to produce a little food and relieve the farmer's burden in wartime.

It was only a little plan known as Victory gardening. But by the time Ernest Moore, the Department's drum beater, got through turning his press-agency talents to the thought, a lot of Americans' back-porch views were panoramas of what it takes to make a New England boiled dinner.

In fact, the Victory garden idea mushroomed so successfully that it has the Department of Agriculture now making with the solution of the first specific post-war planning problem on the minds of forward-looking Americans today. Victory gardeners have learned to dig their toes into the dirt for food—and they like it! What's more, they have learned they can do it, and do it well, city dwellers or no city dwellers. So now they want the Agriculture boys to tell them where to go from here on, and how.

All the requests received tell virtually the same story. Each inquirer has a white-collar job or one in industry. He wants to get a small farm within an hour's or an hour and a half's commuting distance of his job. In return for his spare-time work on his farm, he thinks it should provide his family with vegetables, dairy products, poultry, and should yield sufficient profit to pay his farm taxes. Can it? And can *you* be one of these part-time farmers?

Secretary Wickard says yes—and the Department has ready for all comers a for-free service that guarantees success for you and you and you who would keep one foot in the soil and one in industry. He does leave an out for the Department, however; he cautions that the whole applecart can be upset if you can't, or don't, do the necessary work—hard work but profitable, when done the right way.

Once you have convinced yourself that your energies will survive drought, ticks, hay itch, and the robust problem of barnyard obstetrics, Planner Wickard is ready to move in and attack the job in earnest with you, and to offer you a six-point service.

First, these agriculture specialists begin with the premise that in your long step from Victory garden to honest-to-God farming you won't know much about what to raise on the land you intend to get.

Here Planner Wickard takes over. "There is no sense in planting grain on land that will raise chickens better—land where you shouldn't have planted grain in the first place," says Wickard sensibly. Although he doesn't have the time to do it himself, the Secretary has just the guy who can tell you what *will* come up on your dream acres if you plant beans. This expert is known as a "soil tester" who comes out to offer the first of the Department's free services.

Soil testing reveals what makes up your acreage—not only the amounts of nitrogen and other similar-sounding things that are in the dirt, but also the places where the plow won't go on account of rocks and things. Any land will grow something, if only tiresome. Since broccoli pays off better than boredom, the soil tester decides what stimulants and soil conditioners could be added to your soil least expensively to produce the best yield in net dollars.

Once the specific facts have been arrived at—the condition of the soil you have picked out, what stimulants it will need to make things grow, and what it will grow best—the total is thrown into the soil tester's hat. What comes out is a pretty close estimate of how much work you are going to have to put into the venture, from plowing to peddling, to make it pay off.

ALLOWAY, LEWIS, CUSHING

Mud, gravel, or good black earth? The soil tester will tell you what your land can grow best.

Some of the would-be urban farmers bounce back from this first report of the Department. But if you decide you can take it, you're ready for the Department's second service. Through assessed valuations, recent sales of other neighborhood properties, and particular advantages, the Department determines whether you are being taken for a sucker, or whether a fair price is being asked for the land you expect to buy. It also determines whether the farm is large enough or too large for practical farming on your part—and on your time. "You can't farm profitably on land that is selling at suburban prices," says Wickard. In short, some land, because of its location, demands an acreage price making it unprofitable to farm, regardless of the crop.

With all these facts under control, the Department is ready to tell you whether the farm you have in mind has an even chance of staying out of the red or is no go; whether you are going to realize your dreams or plant shekels and raise deficits.

There is only one variation of this procedure of the Department of Agriculture survey. Some prospective farm owners want to buy larger tracts on which there are already tenant workers. Here, in addition to studying the land, the Department investigates the farming methods of the tenant and his hired hands. It also investigates their characters up to the point where the village revival meeting takes over. The working arrangement between the owner and his tenant is reviewed for advantages and disadvantages.

Considered in all this checking are probable increased needs, post-war, for certain foods. Already anticipated is stimulated production of soybeans, peanuts, and flaxseed for oil. Greater accent on foods for freezing and dehydrating is also considered, as well as the possible extent of mechanization in farming.

The Department, in reviewing the results of its formula, adheres to a strict policy of inspecting the land without benefit of tours personally conducted either by the real-estate salesman or the possibly overenthusiastic would-be owner. And, finally, before you sign on the dotted line, you will be urged to check on such things as title, labor availability, and the general cussedness of your neighbors-to-be.

If, after this elaborate screening process, your dream tract appears to the Department as only a nightmare, the whole thing should be thrown in the can and a new start made. For such cases as this, the Department has a list of other farms available for sale or rent, and is ready to start to work all over again with you, should you pick one of these.

But suppose you have a yen to be a stock farmer. The Department

will advise you there are two types—range-land farming and cattle raising on restricted acreage. Range-land farming provides free foraging on public domain, so the overhead is smaller; but you have only a small chance of finding such land within commuting distance of a city job. On the other hand, if you want to raise stock on restricted acreage, you'll have to plant crops with concentrated food values for the cattle and bring their vitamins to them *à la carte*. Although the overhead is greater, the harvest can be profitable, and the location practical for commuting.

Having chosen your farm at last, you have come to the pay-off: the financing question has reared its ugly head. In the mattter of money and credit for the farmer, there are more fingers in the gravy than there are hogs at the trough. As its third service, the Department, for your protection, provides an elaborate list of farm-financing agencies. Through them, funds are available for anything from the purchasing of another hook for the mail-order catalogue out back to providing an economic balance that will keep the hogs from plowing you under.

TO the white-collar farmer, the Farm Credit Administration is the first stop and probably the most important. Operating under this Administration, federal land banks make loans secured by thirty-five-year first mortgages on the farm lands and improvements. Although this booty can be used for any one of five purposes, as far as you are concerned it will probably go for the purchase of the farm and buildings. But before the Department will get this for you, you will have to have a certain amount of folding money to throw into the pot. In most cases it takes about 20 per cent of the total.

Once the land bank has provided enough of a loan to win your dream farm, it calls in the Production Credit Corporation and Association. The PCA will provide 84 per cent of the tab needed to purchase equipment, stock, seed, feed, fertilizer, farm machinery, and other supplies. The remaining 16 per cent represents the last you cough up until you start work on your new farm. This loan of 84 per cent on your equipment and such is made against production, and is paid back from your crops when they start cropping. You will sign over most of your return above operational expenses, taxes, repairs, and a small fund for improvements until this loan is paid out.

That totals up to approximately 36 per cent cash you will need to put out on your new farm land, home, buildings, and complete stock, equipment, and supplies to get going.

If you have come safely through all this financial mill, the whole family is now set to have the farm feed it, foot the tax bills, and pay for a wild night a week in Whistle-Toot.

But Secretary Wickard and his boys don't feel they can safely drop you out of their laps at this point. They can see you putting fertilizer into the silo and cottonseed meal into the furrow, with the net result that the bull sprouts radishes for a tail and the lespedeza comes up with a deep bass moo.

So, right here, up pops the Department's fourth helper-outer—the county agent. This gent is all things in one. When anything is wrong on your new farm, he is the righter—and he, too, comes free, a gift from the Department. There is one of him in every county in every state.

Your county agent is also your farming encyclopedia. He can tell you about the on-the-farm training you can get from Farm Security Administration, and how to get it. He can interpret all hot bulletins

(Continued on page 80)

The D. A. will do everything but work your acres. That's up to you and that's what pays off.

There is no sense in planting grain on land that will raise chickens better.

THE HANDICAPPER

Lacey was a man who had to make everything a gamble; but in love he proved to be a strictly dishonorable character with a puritan conscience

BY JAMES ASWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK WILLIAMS

AS one disreputable character to another, I frequently told Lacey Jordan that he was simply out of this world. I have seen some very fancy jerks in my long and misspent life, but when I practically retired to Riverton to run a quiet little game in a shack behind the Elite Diner—I have dealt, banked, and waved the stick at places like Las Vegas and Saratoga, but I am sixty now—I thought my contact with strictly double-decker, revolving personalities was at an end.

But directly across the street was the Blue Light Service Station, owned and operated by this Lacey Jordan. I think he inherited it from his third wife—the one who took the count on the hairpin turn above Oil River Junction, with Lacey driving.

He was thirty-three or -five that third blistering summer of the war, and he wasn't out of uniform because of flat feet or collapsed tonsils. He was out because of that trouble he had had in the years he had spent away from Riverton. I didn't know, then, what type of echo he had caught—but sources generally reliable tipped me that some Western judge had thrown a couple of chapters of the book at him. This made me feel right at home.

Lacey was lean, with a big head under the curliest hair you ever saw. He moved in slow motion and he had big, innocent, caramel-colored eyes. Running this petrol palace was the nearest to real work he had ever come in his life. What with the draft and the high wages in Crescent City's war plant near by, Lacey actually had to fill a tank or change a tire occasionally himself. This nearly killed him and I doubted he'd last long.

There was a fan in his little office. In the afternoons, until time to open my joint, I used to sit there before an upturned packing box, dealing solitaire and cold hands and getting endless laughs from Lacey.

I think, underneath, Lacey had a puritan conscience, contracted from that tight, tired little town when he was too young to defend himself.

The boys at the Elks' Club and in the form-chart room of McCoon's Pool Hall dubbed him the Handicapper—but not because of his travail with the four-legged bandits. He played an endless game of handicapping *himself*—creating obstacle courses for his sinful impulses to run.

"I've got to stop myself playing the horses," he said one day. "It's ruining me. It's got me down."

"Stop, then," I advised, shooing the fly off the black queen to go on the red king.

"I'm going to make it tough, all right." He wrinkled those kid eyes of his at me.

The next morning when the truck bearing Ike McCoon's daily ration of Racing Forms, hot off the plane at Crescent City, drove in to the Blue Light to gas up, Lacey stole the whole bundle and burned it. Obviously he couldn't play the nags without a Form, and neither could most of Ike's other clients.

Lacey spent the afternoon on the long-distance phone getting a Crescent City contact to read him off the past performances of every horse at Belmont and Churchill Downs so that he could bet. And he had to keep on doing that for a week, because Ike, Riverton's only bookie, was so mad he wouldn't even let Lacey in his joint.

Another time he told me he was going on the wagon. He had been on a tear for three days and he solemnly informed me that whisky was ruining his health.

"Better taper off, then," I said.

He shook his head. "Nothing to that. I've got to stop cold. That's the only way."

"Can you?" I looked at the two quarts of bonded he had in reserve up among the motor-oil cans.

"I'll fix it to make it tough for myself," he promised. "I'm going to put those bottles in the safe and get Joe Sensner to come in and change the combination—make him promise not to tell me the new sesame for a month."

That night he had to be treated at the hospital for a badly burned forearm. But he had succeeded in blowing his own safe.

So it went.

Late in July Uncle grabbed the chinless wonder—Lacey's third bookkeeper in as many weeks.

ON a day hot as the inside of a watermelon in the sun, he hired the chick. I don't know where he got her—her name was Melody Lootz, strike me dead if it wasn't, and she flowed into that little room like a cool-making brook. Eighteen—maybe. And, besides her saucy little build, big sleepy-bright eyes, and long braided hair the color of the queen of spades', she gave out with an impression of absolute cool cleanliness. She grinned in the hammering heat and pumped the front of her little white blouse: a minute cloud of talcum lazied up into the air, sweetening the afternoon from then on.

For a while nothing developed. Lacey put her on the high stool behind the enclosure of rough pine—the office—and set her at his garbled books. And she stayed there for four days, nodding to me when I strolled in, apparently hard at work, while Lacey went on a tear in Crescent City.

There was a big-boned young sergeant who hung across the two-by-four railing for hours at a time when she first came. Saturday afternoon he was there when I arrived and Melody was in his arms and he was kissing her.

They broke. The sergeant blushed, nodded to me, and walked out. "Good-by," he called at the door.

"That's my future hubby." The chick grinned fondly. "He's gone now—going away overseas." And she gave a little sigh and went back and climbed on her high stool.

The next day Lacey returned, pale and trembly but his caramel eyes still clear and lazy. Then it began—very gradually at first. He simply stayed at the station more. And every now and then he'd look at her suddenly and murmur, "If you could only cook!" or "Remind me to take advantage of you some day soon. What am I *saying!* Giving myself away!"

She giggled and parried for a while. Then one afternoon I saw her look at him in a sudden new way.

AFTER that, through the fierce August afternoons, he spent a lot of time at the desk with her, doodling on blotters and saying nothing. And they seemed to lean a bit closer together each day, until finally they were almost touching, but not quite.

They paid me no mind whatsoever. I didn't care.

I sat and dealt and they leaned ever closer together; the hair's width between her cheek and his became half a hair.

Once I heard her whisper, in such sudden agitation that I realized they must have been whispering together all along. And what she said made the whole gist of their previous dialogue clear.

She said, "O. K., Lacey. If I don't hear in one more week."

And on the first rain-cooled day in September I heard her say, "Well—if I don't hear tomorrow."

Their heads were touching now.

The next afternoon Lacey sat alone behind the wooden rail. He looked up, tight as an owl.

"Say, pal," he demanded. "Did you ever try to forge a V-mail letter? I did. Wonderful work. Demands everything—penmanship, photography, absolutely everything. I served two years for the queer, but never anything like that. Li'l' V-mail letter, sweetheart stuff, from the sergeant to the kid. Li'l' handicap. Li'l' shifting of the weights, see? Kid fell for it like a ton of bricks. Says she's gone for good. No funny business. Gonna marry the sergeant. Gonna wait for him. Well, had to give the kid a li'l' handicap, didn't I?"

"You dumb punk!" I cried when I had finished laughing. "So you get the chick groggy and then mock up a phony love letter from the sergeant to beat your own time! I thought I'd seen all the combinations on the dice."

He goggled those caramel eyes at me, sort of hurt like.

"What'samatter? Had to do it, didn' I? Had to fix li'l' handicap, didn' I? Maybe I *did* overdo it, true, but"—his face lighted in inspiration—"but 'prentice allowance claimed. That's the whole story. 'Prentice allowance claimed!"

THE END

Then one afternoon I saw Melody look at him in a sudden new way.

The FOXHOLE CIRCUIT

Major Bowes has nothing on the Army when it comes to turning up unsuspected talent. In this unique school G. I. Joe learns to become his own entertainer

BY SERGEANT ROBERT LIEB

IT happened about the time invasion-bound American troops were just beginning to move across the Atlantic in earnest. A group of high staff officers gathered in the headquarters of the commanding general of an eastern port of embarkation. The general had returned from an inspection and he was in no mood for quibbling.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I think we all realize that boredom among our troops is nearly as damaging as bullets. Well, we don't intend to let our soldiers grow stale while they're with us. We're going to send them to Eisenhower in better shape than when they came to us."

Major General Homer M. Groninger kept his promise. At the port of embarkation he established the nation's most unusual school for soldiers—a school in which they learn to entertain themselves, a school which has uncovered thousands of potential G. I. stars with hitherto unsuspected talents, a school that numbers among its alumni literally tens of thousands of soldiers from every part of the country.

Soldiers who never walked on a stage before have suddenly found themselves telling jokes and liking it. Whole orchestras have been developed in units that previously had known only the trials of latrine harmony after lights out.

There have been square dancers and operatic tenors, hillbilly guitarists and ventriloquists, youths singing unfamiliar folk songs long buried in the heart of America, as well as the usual run of able musicians and dancers.

The school never has had any formal title, but the G. I.s themselves call it the G. I. Jam Session. It's open six days a week, and about four one-hour sessions are held each day. Its home is a huge barnlike structure called Victory Hall.

There is no formality about the course. At the opening of a session the stage is bare except for a piano and a rack of musical instruments. As the troops come in, a phonograph pumps out jive. A sergeant comes out—just an ordinary Army sergeant. The jive stops. The sergeant speaks:

"Men, this is a jam session. It's not like any you've ever been to before. You are going to do the entertaining."

The G. I. audience groans.

"There's a reason for it. Overseas, you're going to need entertainment. Sure the USO is doing a great job, but do you think they'll be able to come around and give you a brand-new show every night? Hell, no.

"You're going to have to depend on yourselves for entertainment. Now, I have here enough instruments to start a small band. I want men to come up and play them. Then, I'm going to call for volunteers to sing and dance and tell stories.

"Get this: Nobody has to be pretty or talented. All you've got to be is willing. It's all in fun. Nobody has to do it. But if you co-operate, you won't have to sit on your hands and moan for something to do while you're sweating it out on the Foxhole Circuit, waiting for action."

At this point he introduces a slim young man in fatigues. "Here's a soldier who was a professional entertainer in civilian life. He was damn good. That's what he says. He's going to take you over the jumps. But don't forget—he's not to entertain you. You're going to entertain him."

With that, the jam session is on. The master of ceremonies, a former Broadway and Chicago night-club performer, knows better than to start cracking jokes. He's well aware that if he tells a gag in his smooth professional manner, he'll discourage all the amateurs in the audience before he calls for a single volunteer.

So the M. C. starts off mildly. He asks for a piano player. Almost invariably, in any considerable group of American soldiers, there will be several excellent piano players and they are always the most willing to volunteer. The M. C. then asks for a violinist, a saxophonist, a drummer—in fact, any instrumentalist he can get. Every day he succeeds in forming a small band of six or seven pieces in a few minutes. He has had as large a bunch as eighteen, none of whom had ever played together before. The audience, of course, always helps. Soldiers shout out the names of band candidates, shove them to their feet, even toss them bodily into the aisle.

What sort of music do the volunteers play? Usually they'll stab at an old favorite like Dinah. But whatever it is, the G. I. audience is always loudly grateful.

As soon as the band has finished two or three numbers, the M. C. holds up his hand for silence and says, "All right, I've got a band. With a little practice, they'll be a smooth outfit and you'll be damn proud of them. Now I want eight volunteers for a pleasant little detail."

Again the audience groans.

"Eight volunteers," the sergeant repeats firmly.

The G. I.s joyfully pitch men into the aisles and shove them toward the stage. Soon eight line up sheepishly before the sergeant and await the worst. Most of them admit they've never been on a stage before.

"Never mind," the sergeant replies. "From now on, you're actors."

The audience cheers.

"Sketches and blackouts," he explains, "are the basis for any show of this kind. Don't be afraid of them. They're nothing more than old jokes strung out into dialogue. Now, I have here a bunch of sixty-second sketches and blackouts, all mimeographed. Backstage you'll find a corporal who'll direct you. You'll have ten minutes to rehearse. Then you're going on."

The eight volunteers, looking dubious, file off the stage.

At this point the M. C. produces a few dozen easily-played instruments—tonettes, harmonicas, ocarinas—and announces he's giving them away. Dozens of hands go up all over the hall. At random, he tosses out the instruments and they are snatched up. In the average soldier group, he gives out eight.

"I've given out eight harmonicas," he says, "haven't I? All right, then. I want eight harmonica players up here right now."

With a yowl of joy, the audience hustles the instruments' new owners to the stage. Then the sergeant says:

"You asked for them. Now, let's go."

The instrumentalists, after a brief huddle, come up with some old and easily-played favorite like Comin' Round the Mountain and receive generous applause. The sergeant lets them go with a warn-

The mainstays of G. I. entertainment are sho skits. Sgt. Lieb, the author, is giving the need

ing to practice up—"and not in the barracks, either."

The eight volunteers are still rehearsing their sketches backstage. It's time to ask for a volunteer M. C. As a rule this is the most difficult request of all. Few men dare get up before a soldier audience and try to make them laugh. But the M. C. persists and the sergeant helps him. The audience takes part in the talent search, too. Names are suggested. Then a "volunteer" lands on his south side in the aisle and is propelled toward the stage.

"Ever told a story before?" the M. C. asks.

"Nope."

"Think you can make 'em laugh?"

"Dunno."

"All right. I'll be praying for you."

With that, the M. C. vanishes and leaves the volunteer to the mercy of his mates. Most of a volunteer M. C.'s stories are old. Many are corny. But if his manner is confident and he can be understood, the average G. I. audience will laugh.

One laugh, and you have an actor. Two laughs, and he's a comedian. Three—and you have to blast him off the stage.

For those who fail there is a kind word, a pat on the back—and calls for more M. C. volunteers. Occasionally the jam session gets a genuine surprise. Some soldier in well-worn fatigues will panic the crowd without seeming to try. It usually turns out that he was a star in civilian life.

By the time the hunt for an M. C. is over, the eight volunteers are ready with their sketches. The sketches, produced by the Committee on Soldier and Sailor Shows of the Writers' War Board, are all "actor-proof," written by crack professionals. The gags are sure-fire laugh-getters.

TAKE, for example, this sketch by Mort Lewis: Three soldiers, posing as doctors, are discussing grafting operations. The first doctor says:

"I grafted five toenails onto one man and he became the world's greatest toe dancer."

The second doctor: "That's not such a great job. I once grafted a new head on a man and he became one of the world's greatest thinkers."

The third doctor: "Why, that's nothing. I got you both beat. I grafted an arm band on a jackass and made him an M. P."

Then there's the one about a soldier and a girl pushing a large baby buggy. The soldier says:

"Gee, honey, it was nice of your mother to bring our baby down to visit us at the hospital. Can I look at him again?"

The girl: "No, he's asleep. You mustn't wake him."

Then in comes a justice of the peace, who tells them, "My commission as justice of the peace expired before I married you and you're really not married at all."

The soldier: "This is terrible. What will all the boys say about me now?"

The girl: "Yes, and what will all the neighbors say about me?"

Just then a soldier dressed as a baby sits up in the buggy, yelling: "What are you two squawking for? What the hell do you think they'll call me?"

Another sketch is at an induction station. A civilian, sitting on a bench next to a man in shorts, says: "How long have you been waiting here?"

The man in shorts: "All day."

The civilian: "Yeah. I can't understand it. These Army doctors are terrible. I just came here to have my teeth examined and they make me take my clothes off."

The man in shorts: "What are you complaining about? I just came here to deliver a telegram."

Another sketch is the one about the five Joes and a girl. The girl announces that the man who's brought her the best gift will be her date. She unwraps each gift—a pair of panties, a brooch, a pair of stockings, a brassiere.

"And last but not least, what did little Louie bring me?" she asks, unwrapping the last gift and taking out a very tiny perfume bottle. She smells it and exclaims: "Oh, Louie, you win! Gasoline!"

Sometimes the sketch is just a blackout quickie like this one:

Two soldiers are reading newspapers, only one is reading his paper upside down.

First soldier: "Hey, buddy. You're reading the paper upside down."

Second soldier, lowering the paper and glowering: "You think it's easy?"

Another favorite is the battle scene, with a private vowing what terrible things he'll do to the enemy.

"Just let me at 'em! Gimme a machine gun! Gimme a cannon!" he yells.

The sergeant: "Get ready, men."

He blows a whistle.

Everyone rushes offstage and a second later is the roar of battle. In comes the private, running at top speed. The pursuing sergeant grabs him.

"Hey, where the hell you think you're goin'?"

The private: "Listen. You can get killed out there!"

The scenery is simple. If the scene is a forest, all that is required is to put down one small toy tree. The G. I.s will be satisfied. They ask for very little—just laughs. At the end of the sketches the M. C. checks off his discoveries:

"When you came in here, you didn't have much of anything. Now you've got a band, some harmonica players, an M. C., and a lot of actors. I want some specialties. Dancers. Singers. Novelty acts. Here's a chance for anybody who wants to do his stuff to come up here and do it."

By this time the infectious spirit of self-entertainment is so great that volunteers pop up in every section of the hall and the M. C. has to fight them off. He'll get imitators of Charles Boyer by the score, tap dancers by the gross, whisky tenors and bathroom bassos by the hundreds.

HE'LL accept them, if he must. But he is looking for an unusual act. He doesn't get it at every show. But now and then something like this will happen:

In answer to a call for novelties, a tall gangling boy strode down the aisle. As he mounted the stage, the M. C. gestured to the musical instruments, said, "Take what you want and let's go."

In a broad Tennessee drawl the tall boy retorted, "Nuthin' I want there. Fetch me an ol' broom. The kind with long bristles they give you on K. P."

"Oh, you want to do K. P.? I can fix it for you—"

"Naw. I'm a gonna play that ol' broom."

"Hey!" the M. C. yelled backstage. "Get a broom!"

It was tossed out promptly. The Joe who'd volunteered examined it critically, swept it back and forth experimentally a few times, and nodded.

"Now," he said, "a bucket of sand."

Somebody rustled outside, produced a pail of dirt and handed it to him. He scattered the dirt casually about the stage, looked up and beamed at the orchestra.

"Let's have the St. Louis Blues, fellas."

As the band launched into the familiar tune, he leaned on the broom handle and began shoving it expertly back and forth in the dirt on the stage. He tightened or loosened his grip to produce the melody. To the astonishment of both the audience and the orchestra, the broom gave forth the unmistakable sounds of a bass viol. The pitch was true. Each note was played masterfully.

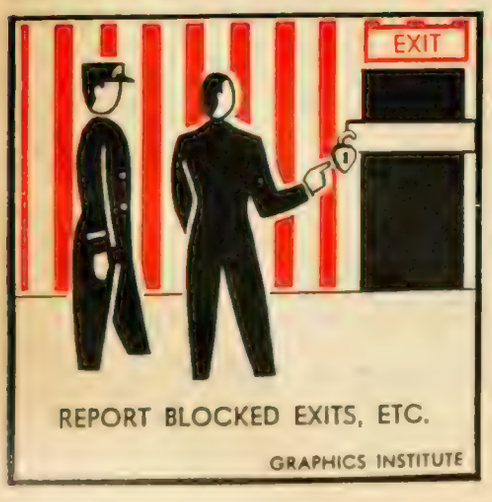
It was an entertainment ten-strike. The G. I.s went crazy with applause.

(*Continued on page 85*)

The boys learn to make and use props. In this skit, G. I. Steak, a sad bull and a fake steak help the boys put it over.

SIGNAL CORPS PHOTOS

They were professionals. Sgt. Eugene List, pianist, Pvt. Joe Cook, Jr., comic, Cpl. Henry Bernstein, magician, and Pvt. Danny White, ex-M. C.



RUN, SHEEP, RUN!

BY PAUL W. KEARNEY

When fire breaks out, those who keep their heads save their lives and also the lives of others. Here's information that some day may save yours

DURING an air-raid alert in London a woman hurrying down the steps of a shelter tripped and fell, causing some commotion at the foot of the stairs which provoked one nervous individual to scream in fright. For some inexplicable reason, those already inside the shelter thought the exit had been blocked by a bomb, and they promptly started to pile out. In the ensuing crush, 178 people were trampled to death—even before the hostile planes were over the city.

At a benefit party in a second-floor meeting room in Calumet, Michigan, a woman fainted. A friend called for water in an excited tone of voice and some harebrain translated the cry into "Fire!" Without a moment's thought, the entire assemblage began a rush for the narrow stairs and the solitary exit. Somebody fell, and those behind piled up on top of her, blocking the door so firmly that firemen had to enter through the second-story windows via ladders. They found no fire, naturally; but they did find seventy-one dead bodies jammed up at the foot of those stairs.

Just the old boyhood game of Run, Sheep, Run!—only, when panic sweeps human beings into an animal-like stampede, the game is played for keeps.

All this has been brought to mind by a special bulletin lately issued to fire chiefs and other officials by the National Board of Fire Underwriters and opening with this paragraph:

"Panic cannot be eliminated. The conditions which produce it may be reduced to a point where the probability is almost nil, but it will be an ever-present danger where crowds congregate."

You might think this over, because it was less than two years after the frightful Cocoanut Grove tragedy in Boston that the Hartford circus catastrophe occurred. The universal wave of good behavior which follows in the wake of any such disaster subsides—and then the stage is set for the next one.

If you doubt it take a look at the movies, night clubs, servicemen's canteens, and dance halls in any of our cities jammed with free-spending merrymakers. The buildings are so crowded you can't even see the placards (if any) which proclaim the legal limit of occupancy.

Not long ago I tried to get into one of New York's big Broadway movie theaters. The line outside wasn't very long, but I was aghast to find the foyer, the stairs, and the passageways outside the balcony doors packed solid with patrons. For the thousands of others who already had seats, there was barely a six-foot path of egress.

Suppose—just suppose—some playful drunk had yelled, "Fire!"

From there I went to a restaurant over in the Forties. When I finished eating, the lobby was so crowded with standees that I couldn't put on my overcoat until I got out in the street. It was only then I realized that the two narrow entrance doors opened inward. What a beautiful set-up for another Cocoanut Grove!

I could cite a half dozen other instances, but why bother? The point is, if such things can occur in New York, where public assembly laws are good and inspections pretty rigid, what goes on in communities where nobody cares how people are going to get out just so long as they can get plenty of them in?

Sure, sure, the buildings are "fireproof"—sometimes. But you and I are neither fireproof nor noncrushable. And although a fire is a great help in whipping up a panic, it isn't at all necessary. In Baltimore a false cry of fire ended in forty lives being trampled out. All over the country there are scores of cases on record which aren't so dramatic because only four or five people were crushed to death.

It won't do you any harm to give serious thought to this hazard while you can do it calmly. Once you're caught in one of these jams it'll be too late to start thinking your way out. Here are a few tips which may some day save your life:

1. Never settle yourself in any place of public assembly without making a quick survey of the nearest *secondary* exit and fixing its location in your mind.

2. Pay heed to that word in italics. *People invariably go out of a place the same way they came in.* So if you have the foresight to pick a secondary exit rather than the main doors, you will avoid the crush. This is a basic lesson dating back forty years to Chicago's Iroquois Theater disaster where something like a dozen exits were available—but only three were used. As a result, 575 people died in a fire which in itself was relatively trivial.

3. If a rush starts, sit tight for a few seconds and size up the situation—the immediate danger, the direction in which most of the crowd is heading—and then act accordingly. But if there is visible evidence of actual fire—heat, smoke, flames, etc.—don't dally too long, for superheated air and fumes can be deadly mighty fast.

4. Many a budding panic has been nipped by some individual with a level head and a persuasive voice who has jumped on a chair and assured everybody that things were under control. It may not always work, but it's always worth trying. Likewise, if you're in a potential panic and you see somebody near by waxing hysterical, it might be a good idea to conk that person before his hysterics explode the bombshell. You may recall the fire that broke out in a Louisiana movie house during a show. Although smoke actually began to swirl out from backstage into the orchestra, the manager appeared and calmly asked the patrons to leave in an orderly manner—which they did without mishap. Upstairs,

PRESS ASSN. PHOTO

Too many people, too few exits, a tinder setting. And 500 dead in Boston's Cocoanut Grove fire.

however, was a dance hall. Somebody up there suddenly smelled or saw smoke and let out a terrified yelp. Twenty-five people died in the resultant stampede because of the very same fire in the very same building.

5. If you're trying to get out of a very smoky place, crouch low or, in extreme cases, go on your hands and knees. *Crawling*, flat, is not recommended by firemen for a very good reason: while combustion gases rise, most gases of distillation sink, because they're heavier than air. Thus the safest breathing area in a burning room generally is a point about three feet above the floor.

6. Don't stop to get your coat or other belongings that aren't within arm's reach. And once you're out of the place, stay out! The number of people who have gone back into burning buildings only to die is legion.

Meanwhile, there is one very constructive thing everybody could do to help this situation. That is to raise the roof every time you run across a flagrant violation of the laws of common sense—which are simply the laws of self-preservation.

NATURALLY, every city has dozens of fire regulations governing such details as overcrowding, aisle widths, exit facilities, the pitch of stairs, the height of steps, and other features which you and I never think about. For example, have you ever noticed that the aisle in a modern theater is substantially wider in the back than it is down front? The reason is, there will never be as many people in the front of that aisle as there will be at the back. Or have you ever wondered why the smart usher walked you all the way around to the side aisle to your seat when you could have gotten in just as easily from the center aisle? It's just rule 2 being put into practice: "People invariably go out the same way they come in." In case an emergency arises, the usher will have succeeded in breaking up the traffic aiming for that center aisle.

Just to show that these fire laws aren't based on whimsey, take this matter of safe capacity which always irks the box office. Any dope can measure the square footage of a floor area and figure that you can get just so many people into that space. But there's far more to it than that. Engineers know that a non-moving crowd requires three square feet of space per person—just to stand comfortably. But the moment that crowd begins to move, each individual needs more space, how much more depending upon how fast the movement is. When the pace gets as high as three miles an hour—a snail's crawl if you're frightened and anxious to get out of a potential death trap—then each person needs *ten square feet of floor space* in order to move without hindrance. For if there's hindrance, somebody is sure to stumble. And that may be the fuse that sets off the panic.

See what I mean about that Broadway movie theater with its exit passageways clogged with so many people they could barely shuffle from point to point?

But technicalities like this are for informed officials to worry about. The only things you and I might spot are such glaring imbecilities as excessive congestion, exit doors barred or fastened with ropes through the handles, aisles blocked with furniture or customers, street-floor windows made inaccessible by stage-prop decorations.

Such things may seem inconsequential to you, but look at the records:

A one-room schoolhouse in Oklahoma is all dolled up for a Christmas party, plasterboard decorations covering all the windows, a single door left for entrance and egress. Santa Claus appears. A candle accidentally ignites his false whiskers. In the scramble, the tree is upset. There's a mad rush for the solitary door. Thirty-six dead.

A night club in Detroit: dim lights—exotic decorations—all windows blocked off by painted boards—fire escapes ordered, but still out in the yard awaiting installation. A fire breaks out. Twenty-two dead.

A dance hall in Natchez, Mississippi: wall and ceiling decorations highly flammable—all windows boarded—entrance and exit through the same narrow door. A drunk flips a cigarette butt into the decorations. A flash fire sweeps the length of the hall. Two hundred and seven dead.

Do you want to hear more? I could give you a dozen others, but what's the use? It would be the same frightful story all over again: conditions which even a child could have seen were dangerous, but nobody had given them a second thought.

"Nobody" is an exaggeration, of course; a few people are thoughtful. I know three different ones who passed up Cocoanut Grove the night of the terrible fire because they had sense enough to realize that the club was a firetrap. But more than 1,000 others jammed into a place scarcely big enough to hold 600 with reasonable safety. There are 492 of them who won't make that mistake again!

WHAT was wrong with Cocoanut Grove? The same old story: flammable decorations that weren't flame proofed; windows at the street level blocked off by decorations; supplementary exits locked and, at best, hard to find; a revolving door in the main entrance-exit which naturally jammed in the emergency; overcrowding; no automatic protection such as sprinklers. What other outcome can you expect in such a place when something goes wrong? Yet if you can't find a pretty fair facsimile of it in your city within a half hour, I'll eat my hat. And I don't like hats.

As fires go, the Cocoanut Grove fire was not a severe one. It was plenty hot while it lasted, but it lasted only a few minutes. When it started, the firemen were practically outside the door, responding to another alarm. And although they found some 200 bodies piled up behind the main door, which jammed, and another 100 in a stack by a secondary exit which was locked, the medical examiner later testified to finding only one broken bone in all the victims he examined.

In other words, these people weren't trampled to death. They were killed by superheated air and fumes (mostly carbon monoxide) from the fire even before they had a chance to slaughter one another! That's why it is prudent to avoid fiddling

(Continued on page 82)

Lois sat down on the lounge, and that lessened the tension. What had she been waiting for? Why didn't she act the way she always did?

SOLO FOR WEEZY

BY WARE TORREY BUDLONG

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY BRINKMAN

THE train leaned around the last curve before Centerton, and the red roof of the station came into view. Ken stood on the bottom step, so he could swing off the train fast.

There were the baggage truck with the patched wheel, and the smoky gray-stone station, just the same, and familiar faces along the platform. He couldn't see Lois, but she must be there. The whole place was ready for Ken to step off, ready and familiar and easy to take.

In a minute he'd be stepping off the train, and he could shove it all away; he could shove away the memory of that last sickening drop, when he and the plane slid down the air too fast, with the aerial wires screeching and a great black roaring in his ears. He'd be home now, and he could dig in, let all the easy, safe things close around him. Then for a few hours the ache would quit slicing through him—maybe no more flying—no wings.

Fear of being afraid convinced Ken he was washed up as a flier—but a girl's love and a boy's hero worship taught him the real definition of bravery

The train slowed toward stopping and Ken jumped off, looking past crowded faces for the family—and Lois. He said hello mechanically to people who hailed him. Then he saw Weezy, and felt the grim pulling at his face.

Weezy was grinning from way off, too, but Ken could see him remember to be casual as he got nearer.

"Hi, Ken," he said, with the effect of having seen Ken last week-end instead of three months before. "How goes it?"

"Swell," Ken answered, and that was a rancid lie. But how could he say to Weezy, "Listen, Weezy. Maybe I'll be washed out of the Air Force day after tomorrow. I'm a failure. I'm a flop."

"Where're the folks?" he asked instead, but it was Lois' face he searched for.

"Folks're off somewhere, all tied up."

"Off where?" Ken asked, making for the main street behind the station.

So she wasn't there and how soon could he get to her? He hadn't asked her to meet the train; he'd just expected to find Lois waiting for him, maybe because he needed her so. Well, he was going home anyhow, and Weezy was here. He glanced at Weezy, and was startled once more at having to look up at him; kid brothers ought to stay down at their own level.

"The folks are where?" he asked again.

"Mom's busy as hell, winning the war for the Red Cross," Weezy said. "She said to tell you there was steak for dinner."

"Where's pop? It's half past six."

"He works all hours now," Weezy said. "Old Fusspot got made a colonel and got a job in a Washington hospital. So pop's chief at our hospital now." He angled around, facing Ken a bit as he walked, and his eyes were excited in his carefully blank face. "How's everything, Ken?"

"Swell," Ken said again, biting down hard on the word. He started to ask if Weezy had seen Lois lately, and stopped himself. Why was Weezy all wound up?

"Well, look, Ken," Weezy was saying, and his voice was different now, quick in spite of himself, so the words ran together. "You're all through with Primary now, huh? You're all set for Basic now, huh?"

"Yeah," Ken said briefly, "all set." Like hell—but he couldn't tell the kid that. Not with those confident, eager eyes staring at him, and the way Weezy felt about flying.

"How was it?" Weezy asked urgently.

"What?"

"Soloing," Weezy said impatiently.

It all rolled back over Ken, and he could feel his insides lurch up as the plane went down, and feel the hot black panic crowding him. He hadn't figured on Weezy with his eager questions.

"You just take the plane up and set her down again," Ken said, which was a laugh.

"Gee, the way you can just toss it off," Weezy said with slow admiration, his eyes never leaving Ken's face, so that people on the sidewalk had to dodge around him. "Now, when I get there—my first solo—it'll be something—in the air on my own—"

"Different guys take it differently," said Ken, and that was the truth.

"Maybe," said Weezy. He looked away from Ken, his forehead wrinkled.

KEN remembered how the kid used to frown like that when he was puzzled over something. He remembered Weezy, back in short pants, and light-blue pants at that, doggedly patching up a mud dam, shoving out his lower lip each time the water crawled through, and then plastering on mud again.

"Didn't you get a kick out of it—the way you said you would?" Weezy was asking.

"Did I say that?" Ken countered, trying to think back to the time he'd been home before. He must have been hot stuff back there three months ago; shooting off his mouth to Weezy, as if being an aviation cadet was next door to an ace. That was before flying got more important than acting. That was before a pair of silver wings hung in front of your eyes, and nothing else mattered.

"Yeah—I been waiting—" Weezy paused. "I'll be getting there myself, soloing, sometime. Want to know what it's like."

This was a fine beginning to getting back home and forgetting your troubles, but Ken could see how it was. Sure Weezy wanted to know about it, he wanted Ken's solo all wrapped up in shiny paper. So you couldn't hand him over a nightmare you hadn't got sorted out yet. You couldn't tell your kid brother that you weren't any good—

He'd have to stave off Weezy's questions till he got home, till everything was solid.

"Put it on the shelf," Ken told him. "We'll get to it." He added, somewhat desperately, "We've got all weekend."

Ken relaxed a little, but not much. He looked around, trying to think of nothing but the familiar houses they passed, the familiar arch of trees over the street. Then he turned back to Weezy, using an offhand tone himself this time:

"Seen anything of Lois lately, Weezy?"

"She's O. K.," Weezy said.

"That all you know?"

"Nope. Saw her this morning. Mom has her roped in on this Red Cross binge. Lois said to tell you she'd sneak out early. Said to tell you to stop by now, on your way home."

"That's more like it," Ken said. "Glad you got around to telling me." A small bright flicker of heat licked at him, thinking of Lois waiting for him.

"Spanner's coming through tonight," Weezy remarked.

"Who?"

"Spanner Deale," Weezy said, slipping the name along nonchalantly.

"Oh. They stick that name on him in England?"

"Uh-huh. Useful man to have around, the paper said." Weezy slowed his stride. "He's done his twenty-five missions over Germany. So he's been back, over at Atlantic City, and got alerted for shipment."

"Got it all down pat, haven't you?"

"Aw gee!" said Weezy, his tone deflated to normal.

"You look pretty snazzy," Ken said, building him up again, the old technique.

"Stuff fits pretty well," Weezy answered.

Ken looked Weezy over more carefully. After the shiny buttons and sharp creases he'd been next to lately, Weezy's slacks and jersey seemed incredibly sloppy. Ken realized with a shock that those were his own clothes that Weezy had taken over. Last summer was a long way back.

They came level with the hedge around Lois' house.

"Guess I'll stop in," Ken said.

"Sure," Weezy said, but his feet dragged.

"You mind lugging the bag on home, so I won't have it on my hands, Weezy?"

Weezy brightened. "I don't mind."

"Thanks," said Ken, giving Weezy a parting swat on the tail. A good kid, but the responsibility of doing the big brother in uniform could weigh you down. And this week-end he had troubles enough of his own. His own personal nightmare swooped back at him, with the plane more real than the sidewalk he stood on; he was going down again in a sick black dive, with his hands stiff and sweating and the ground coming toward him fast. One more time he jerked himself back to the present and fought the memory away.

The bricks were under his feet, lumpy with moss at the cracks. How many times had he gone up that path to Lois? It was easy, plenty easy all of a sudden, to think of nothing but Lois. Up the steps, ring the bell—and then Lois.

The first instant she stood in the doorway she looked just the way he expected—slim and graceful, hair as dark as his in soft heavy falls beside her face, level brown eyes and that upsetting mouth. Then she moved toward him, and she was different, with a whirring excitement in her that quickened her body and sparked in her eyes. When she kissed him, that was different too, and he had followed her into the house before he could locate his voice.

"So I won out over the Red Cross," he said.

"Any day," said Lois. She smiled slowly at him, and he moved toward her again.

Lois stood looking at him.

"They worked us like fools, but I couldn't get you out of my head," he said.

"Did you try?" asked Lois.

"And I kept dreaming about you," he said almost angrily.

THEN his hands were on her shoulders, and he stopped trying to pull back, and he kissed her hard, harder to finish this thing, but instead he was gripping her tighter with a new raw aching drive. It was the way she was answering, he thought dimly; she was all stingingly alive in his arms and her mouth was lost against his, and then he couldn't think any more and the pain was gold fire and nothing had been like this before.

She moved away, slowly, at last, and he stood there with the pounding shaking him, not letting go of her shoulders. His hands pulled her back in spite of himself, and five years' worth of locks and guards began to crack and crumble. They slipped away from him and he clutched at them: mom's worried eyes, and pop's curt warnings, and the damned little booklets about cold showers and athletics, and sticky lectures from teachers, and a stockade of small-town taboos, and, hell, he wasn't getting married till the war was over, but how did he know it would be like this?

He had her close again, and he could feel her shaking too, and then he stopped

(Continued on page 72)

"Start training this fall?" Spanner asked him.

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

HANDY PERCH—If his dad's arm holds out, this lad will miss nothing of Rome's great day when the American Fifth Army poured in on the heels of the retreating Germans.

DEATH KNOWS NO RANK—Side by side on Guam with the grave of Pfc. Chin Y. Poy is that of Col. Douglas McNair, cut down by a sniper's bullet. His father, Lieut. Gen. Lesley J. McNair, was killed a few weeks earlier on the Normandy front in France.

WAR CAN'T SUPPRESS ART—Nazis got so scarce in France these British soldiers took time out from fighting to knock together a statue of Eros, of all things, with a little sand, cement, and a couple of jackknives.

OLD AMERICAN HABIT — Hotel-towel collecting reaches a new high as the G. I.s get around. This bunch, grabbed at the post laundry at Fort Lewis, Wash., by Army authorities, will be returned.

FLYING LIFEBOAT—The new underslung effect on this B-17 is "The Flying Dutchman"—a full-sized lifeboat which can be dropped by parachute to men stranded at sea. Made by Higgins Industries, the power-driven lifeboats are fully equipped, capable of traveling 1,500 miles.

BOUND FOR BATTLE—A group of U. S. Army nurses is shown here about to land in Scotland on their way to the battle areas where many an American soldier will owe his life to their bravery and self-sacrifice.

WOMAN'S WORK—Frances Hutt Dewey, wife of the Republican candidate, talks over household problems with Harry Whitehead, superintendent of the governor's mansion. Will she have a bigger house to keep?

PETTY PRETTY—Never satisfied, Hollywood now wants its lovelies Pettyized. The famous pin-up-gal artist is painting the showbelles of M-G-M's Ziegfeld Follies for exploitation purposes. The girl is Dorothy Gilmore.

GET-TOGETHER — John Foster Dulles, Dewey's foreign-relations expert, puts his best foot forward as he meets with Secretary of State Cordell Hull to discuss postwar world-security plans.

DOWN UNDER—This is what it's like down among the hoofs when a horse takes a spill. It happened during an Australian steeplechase event. The horse is Aquarius. Bad as it looks, neither horse nor rider was injured.

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people great or merely odd escape the camera's ruthless probing

FUZZY-WUZZY MOVIE AWARDS

IN jungle theaters, of which this is typical, American servicemen throughout the Pacific war area get partial relief from ever-present homesickness through the latest movies, brought to them by the Overseas Motion Picture Service.

The greatest enemy of our men in uniform is boredom—particularly in the Pacific war areas where there literally is nothing else to do but fight and work. Consequently movies go over big and are received with an enthusiasm almost incomprehensible to the folks back home who have a theater on every corner. Hospital patients, enlisted men, officers forget distinction of rank and

So interested are the boys in movies, that they decided to hold their own Academy Award contest. Ballots were distributed and electioneering was brisk. Votes were cast for favorite actress, actor, and picture. Everyone participated at various outposts

type of service to lose themselves completely for an hour or so in the favorite pastime of Americans at home or abroad. over the area—nurses, G. I.s, Seabees, hospital patients, noncoms, and officers—all had their say to the accompaniment of slogans, signs, speeches, and all the trimmings. Which all goes to show that wherever Americans go they take America with them.

The Winners and the Awards

To Humphrey Bogart, favorite actor, and to Greer Garson, favorite actress—Fuzzy-Wuzzy statuettes. To Warner Brothers Studio for the best picture of the year, Casablanca, an ash tray made from the parts of a destroyed Jap Zero.

This young woman is a mold-loft "handyman." Stacked ship-hull patterns appear in background.

To the Ladies

Building ships and making steel, once considered 100 per cent man's work, are so no longer. For women have entered the steel plant and the shipyard, often to step into the places of their men who have gone away to war.

Of Bethlehem's more than 23,000 women employees, a large majority are in actual production work, handling 53 different jobs. Women are welding ship plates and knocking hot tops off steel ingots. They are machining shells and gun barrels, operating cranes and tractors. They are burning, weighing, painting, sorting, checking, stamping.

Do you know what a brannerman does? Or a bundler, heater, hooker, moldloftsman or rigger?* The women filling these Bethlehem jobs didn't know, either, when they went to work—but they do now, and very well, too.

They have made good, these cheerful new shipbuilders and steelmakers in slacks and turbans. Their spirit and application are beyond praise. The war work they have chosen is not always cool, immaculate and easy; some of it is hot, dirty and even on the strenuous side. They will tell you so with a trace of pride—and probably add that the fighter's job isn't a soft one, either.

Most of them have someone who is in the armed services. They don't worry about calluses, or grease on their hands, because they have the heart-warming knowledge that the work they do is putting weapons and supplies into the hands of American fighters.

And they know this, too: that every hour they spend building ships or making steel helps to bring the day of victory nearer and their fighting men back home.

** A brannerman runs a machine that polishes tinplate with bran. A bundler bundles steel sheets, etc. A heater heats rivets. A hooker hooks articles onto cranes. Moldloftsmen mark out ship plates for cutting and assembly. Riggers rig articles for hoisting.*

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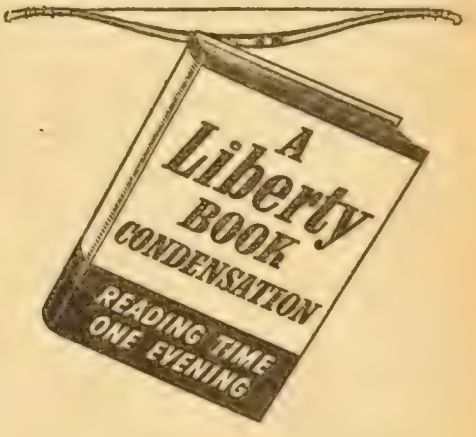
CRAZY WEATHER

BY
CHARLES L. McNICHOLS

When South Boy, a paleface, was invited by his Indian friend Havek to join him in quest of adventure and glory, a world of enchantment unfolded. To make the journey with them is to re-discover a precious part of every American boy's heritage.



ILLUSTRATED BY FRÁNK GODWIN

IN a morning in late August in the fourteenth year and seventh month of his life, South Boy awoke and found himself between two beehives under the low fronds of a thrifty young fan palm. He lay still for nearly a minute before he grudgingly stretched his heavy, aching limbs. Then he yawned with a yawn that cracked his jaw hinges. A vague sense of uneasiness added to his discomfort, but for some time he couldn't determine the cause of it.

"I know what's the matter," said South Boy, getting up. "It's hot!"

He ducked out into the blinding, stunning glare of the sun and headed for the olla that hung in the grape arbor alongside the summer kitchen.

One gourd of cold water in his stomach and another doused over his head chased away the dim half-dread, and he reached up and snipped off a bunch of brown-ripe, sugar-sweet muscats and began popping the grapes into his mouth, shivering delightedly as the water dripped from his rope-colored, half-long hair, trickled inside the open collar of his faded blue shirt, and ran down his spine.

From inside the kitchen a querulous voice called, "Chico?"

"Hi!" croaked South Boy.

"Vente! Vente!" the voice cracked angrily.

"Vengo, ya," grumbled South Boy; and then he said to himself, "I bet we're in for a spell of crazy weather!"

It was stifling in the screen-and-canvas summer kitchen. South Boy let the screen door slam just to relieve the untimely stillness and sat down at the long plank table. A huge Mexican woman in a gray wrapper, the sweat streaming down her fat face, flounced over to the stove, dumped tepid, soggy flapjacks and limp bacon onto a chipped enamel plate, and slopped a crockery cup full of coffee from a gallon pot.

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After breakfast, South Boy again ducked out into the glare. I reckon it ain't too hot to go see Havek, he thought, picturing the airy shade under Havek's mother's willow roof.

The sun struck him like a ponderous weight and pressed down on him from all sides, but he walked quickly because the hot white dust burned through a quarter inch of callus and stung his feet. The nearest relief was the shade on the west side of the stack of baled hay in the center of the horse corral. He rolled over the willow-pole fence and ran for it, his mouth open and his eyes glazed.

There were a dozen saddle horses in a single file leaning against the stack, for the hay was several degrees cooler than the air. South Boy kicked through the litter underfoot until he found an old piece of stake rope, and walking up to the nearest animal—she happened to be a dun mare—he had the rope tied around her neck and a half-hitch bent around her nose before she roused out of her daze.

South Boy heaved himself onto her back and clamped fast with his knees, drumming his heels against her

fat sides. The mare moved slowly out into the killing sun.

Near the end of the shadeless trail to the lower irrigation ditch the mare began to stagger. South Boy did his best to keep her on her feet, but she fell right by the fringe of small willows at the edge of the ditch. He jumped free, slipped off the hackamore, and stood staring down at the mare with amazement. "What do you know! She foundered out on me! I ain't never seen the sun knock out a horse so soon!"

Up to this point he hadn't noticed any particular ill effects of the sun on himself except the usual discomfort of sweat that poured out and dried in a sticky salt rime all over his body. He did notice he was a little bit dizzy and a little bit frightened. Fortunately the ditch was running bankfull. He promptly dived headlong into it, rolled over, sat up chest-deep in the roily water, fetched up handfuls of cool red mud from the bottom and began plastering it over his head and the back of his neck.

"Good thing my hair is a little bit long," he said. "Damn sun might have killed me." And he thought, It's too far to Havek's, but it is only a half mile to the river. It's cooler than ditch water and I'll stay there until the crazy weather is past.

He rose to his knees and looked over the bank at the mare. She lay still, her neck stretched out. She looked dead, but South Boy noticed she had fallen craftily, her head in the shade of the willows. He got out of the ditch, raised his left foot over her head and let about a pint of muddy water run out of the leg of his jeans and over her head.

The mare promptly scrambled to her feet. Giving South Boy a look of infinite disgust, she bolted into the nearest mesquite without regarding its thorns, and there she stood, with only her defiant rump showing.

"No, I ain't going to try and dig you out of there," said South Boy, and he went slowly away toward the west, toward the Colorado Grande, dripping a twisting trail, for he traveled from the lacy shade of one mesquite tree to another for the relief of his feet.

There was a sort of boundary line by the river's bank where mesquite and gourd vines and soapweed gave way to current-scoured earth and big willows—and at this place South Boy ran across the old man called Hook-a-row.

Time and heat had shriveled Hook-a-row to much less than the six feet, two hundred pounds that was the size of a Mojave man in his prime. But he still walked upright and struck his long staff on the ground with force and decision. There was an air of distinction about him that marked him as a man of quality, and he showed his good manners in the courteous way he greeted South Boy:

"Friend-of-mine."

South Boy said, "Old-man-my-uncle," which is the polite way to greet a man of his age; and he added, "It's hot," in English.

"Hot? Hot?" laughed Hook-a-row as cheerfully as if it had been a spring morning. He put his head a little to one side like an inquiring bird.

"What's the matter?" asked South Boy.

"It's the matter of your half-long hair. There is tears in my eyes because there is sorrow to your left, or so I hear. Nothing was said and nothing was known, or we would have come and cried at the proper time."

STUPID from the heat and still beset with the recurrent uneasiness that had troubled him since he first awoke, South Boy shuffled his feet and pondered the old man's meaning. "Half-long hair"; that would be a sign of mourning to a Mojave. The old man was referring to a death with the elaborate circumlocution necessary to avoid giving offense. "To your left"; that meant on South Boy's mother's side.

South Boy cried, "Oh, no, she isn't dead! Truly. She went away for doctoring by the ocean." South Boy's mother had gone to Los Angeles for an operation eight months before. "She was cured, but the doctor said she must stay there until the hot weather breaks. You will see her back here by the second full moon from now, or thereabouts."

Whereupon the old man laughed in great relief and wiped his eyes with his dirty sleeve. He pointed to South Boy's mud-smeared hair. "Then that means nothing," he said.

"Nothing," said South Boy. "My hair has grown lately."

"Yes," said Hook-a-row. "Yes, truly. Maybe it grows all-the-way-long and it will be twisted into fifty strands and you will become a Real Person indeed."

He went away chuckling to himself, and South Boy went on down to the river. The river in those days was the old river, before any dams had tamed it.

For a moment South Boy was almost happy, watching it, so wide and strong, its rolling sand boils and its ever-changing pattern of crosscurrents and back currents. But in the heat and unaccustomed idleness, the seeds of thought that had been planted in the back of his mind grew disturbingly.

He squirmed over Hook-a-row's mention of his mother. So the Mojaves had decided she was dead. That was why no one had asked about her lately.

Well, she'd be back by October, and he'd be very glad.

Still, when she came back he would hear the cry that grew in persistence every year: "When are we going to send this boy away to school?"

For South Boy's mother was not only a white woman; she was a lady. She said herself she belonged to Another World. Certainly she was no part of either of the two worlds around her. These, according to her own description, were the Rough World of the White Man and the Heathen World of the Indian. She had been forced by a fraud of nature to give South Boy to the breast of an Indian woman, but almost from the day he learned to drink cow's milk out of a glass she had sought to armor him with Cultural Advancement and Christian Instruction against the Rough and the Heathen Worlds.

Every weekday South Boy received two hours of Cultural Advancement and then was turned over to his

father, who spent fifteen or twenty minutes teaching him arithmetic and, lately, double-entry bookkeeping—both of which he enjoyed. By that time his mother, always in delicate health, had retired to read in her own room; so South Boy sallied out into the Rough or the Heathen World, as suited his fancy, and learned all those things he had been armored against—from his father's foreman; from various callous cow hands (most of them fugitives from something or other); from his old friend the trapper, known as the Mormonhater; from the Yavapai roustabout; and from several score Mojaves, his most cherished companions.

Christian Instruction came on the long weary Sabbath. He read ten selected chapters out of the Bible—selected by his mother so he wouldn't run into any embarrassingly frank language—and one sermon, long, tough, and dry, by some Scotchman.

Still, South Boy loved his mother and missed her very much. It was the thought of being sent away to be shut up among white strangers in a school that made his skin prickle. As the day of her return approached, he had fought off thinking about it and had succeeded because he kept busy. Now that crazy weather enforced idleness he could fight it off no longer.

He tried to find distraction in counting the driftwood coming down the river, but pretty soon he was counting, "Nine years shut up, ten years, eleven years. . ." This torment went on until a scattering of little logs came by in a bunch with a big log following, like a bunch of short yearlings being driven by a horseman.

A big gray naked drift log was floating down the river, and on the middle of the log, stretched out belly down, rode a sun-blackened naked Mojave, singing loud and full and hearty, as a mockingbird sings on a hot night.

There goes a man who is happy because he is an Indian, thought South Boy. An Indian was not faced with distressing alternatives, nor troubled by thoughts that raged in the back of his mind.

All at once the heat became unbearable. South Boy rested his head on the root of the willow, listening to the river grumbling like a drunken old man, and before he realized it, he was asleep

The Hawks

WHEN South Boy sat up, he was surprised to see that the sun rode low over the stark naked ridge on the Nevada side where Beale's Trail crossed like a thin white scar. The river's voice was louder.

Then another voice spoke in Mojave from above and behind: "I saw a dream on your face."

South Boy looked up to see Havek staring down at him from the willow's fork. Then he smiled. Here was company. Here was the end of boredom and worry.

"What did you dream?" Havek inquired. His black eyes were intent. He was a big boy, almost six feet tall—nearly "the size of a man," as the Mojaves say. Being still under the jurisdiction of the government school at the Fort, he wore faded blue jeans and a hickory shirt, and his thick hair was shingled. But being on a vacation at that season of the year, his neck was wrapped with perhaps a thousand strands of small blue and white beads. Across his lap were a six-foot bow and seven hunting arrows, such as any Mojave boy would carry, whether he was in school or not.

South Boy studied for a moment, trying to remember his dream. While it was no matter to him, he wanted to oblige Havek, for he knew the great importance Mojaves attached to dreaming; but the dream, when he remembered, seemed such a trivial thing, he didn't want to talk about it. Finally he said, "It was nothing. Just dreamed of two hawks and nothing more."

Havek came down out of the tree as though a bee had stung him. "Truly!" he whispered. "He's told me truly!"

South Boy began to share some of Havek's excitement.

"Tell me," he said. "What does a hawk-dream mean?"

Havek spoke out of a deep study: "I'm not certain. Complete knowledge in such matters was not given to me. You are white, so it may mean nothing. We must go ask some old man."

Well, South Boy decided, he's certainly in earnest about it. Then he said, "I saw Hook-a-row going downriver this morning. We can trail him. He won't go far."

Havek shook his head. "My trail goes north. In the north there's going to be a boys' sing beyond the Fort. Can you go there? It is important."

"Well," said South Boy, "that's better than sitting here like a toad on a lump of mud. Let's go."

"But you may not be coming back directly. Fetch something. Be prepared to be gone some days."

"Good!" said South Boy. "There'll be four days of this crazy weather and nothing to do. I'll go home and get my shotgun." And he started off toward the ranch.

"Leave the gun. Bring a bow," Havek called after him. "A gun is too heavy for traveling."

THUS South Boy set out on his journey.

When he got to the ranch he heard noises that told him the cook was again in the summer kitchen; so he stuck his head inside the screen door and told her he was going visiting and would be gone two or three nights.

Then he crawled under the back gallery of the house. From a hole under it he took a fishing line with several hooks attached, wrapped around a stick. Then he began to dig in the soft dirt and uncovered a bundle carefully wrapped in a greasy rag. He unwrapped the rag and there, well-swathed in axle grease, was a new nickel-plated revolver . . . a secretly acquired weapon that was very dear to him because it was forbidden. No one knew about it, not even Havek. He tucked it under his belt, inside his shirt, and backed out into the yard.

Almost as an afterthought he went into the kitchen, took one small box of soda crackers from a shelf and three or four handfuls of black salty strips of jerky from the meat bin. Now South Boy felt himself equipped to go anywhere the Colorado flowed.

He found the return trip to the river very hot; but he was buoyed up by the prospect of spending the night at the "sing," and by the tantalizing mystery of the hawk-dreaming.

Why was Havek so excited about it?

There was more excitement when he got to the river. There stood Havek, leaning on his long bow. The seven hunting arrows were thrust into the back of his belt, and in his right hand he held a willow rod. Bound to this were four arrows. Unlike the hunting arrows, unlike any ordinary Mojave arrows, these had iron points—small, longish, triangular, and quite sharp.

"Apache arrows!" cried South Boy. He had never seen the like twice in his life.

"There's a war," said Havek.

"You go making war with those arrows and the agency police will jug you!" South Boy warned.

"Far," said Havek, jerking his chin toward the north. "Faraway war!"

South Boy opened his mouth to ask Havek for talk, but Havek was already trotting away along the river bank.

The sun was very low. The trees made much shade and the wind blew, making the heat bearable. They traveled at a little trot, like roaming dogs. Suddenly Havek began to sing:

"Name-traveling, I travel.
Name-finding, a new name."

So he goes traveling with Apache arrows, thought South Boy. Well. . . . And he knew it was likewise unusual for a Mojave boy to go traveling to find himself a man's name before he was through school. Havek was setting out a year or two early.

The sun went, and the west was as red as a shirt of China silk. The first bat of the evening came circling overhead.

Now Havek was singing the first song in the long dream-singing called The Ravens.

About two years before, Havek had begun singing The Ravens. When South Boy asked him how he learned it, Havek said, "I dreamed it. It was given to me, just so, because my shadow stood outside the Sacred House and heard the Ravens singing. I was unborn, but I was there. So now I have dreamed what I heard and saw."

It didn't seem likely to South Boy that anybody could go to sleep and dream two hundred songs in their proper meter and rhythm, not to mention complicated melody and long meandering story.

He said to himself, "His grandfather sang The Ravens. Havek may have dreamed it, but I'll bet he learned it from the old man first."

The moon came up over the Arizona mountains, fifteen miles across the mesa—very red, very large, very bright. Havek's song grew a little monotonous. The Raven brothers went name-traveling after they left the Sacred House and Havek's song became an unending recital of the names of mountains, canyons, springs, and streams that they saw as they wandered west to the San Bernardino Mountains.

An easy way to get your geography, if you could dream all that, South Boy was thinking when he saw the lights of Fort Mojave over to the left.

The Fort looked like a city to South Boy, with its dozen big buildings, two of them monsters—two stories high. Counting the Indian children, there were three hundred people in those buildings. A little farther north was a row of three lights close together—the trader's store.

The lights grew dim and mingled with the lower stars. Before long the boys came to the place where the mesa dropped off. Below them the mesquite floor stretched north as far as their eyes could see. A narrow snaky lagoon began a mile away and wiggled off into the distance, its gray water showing a darker silver. There was a faint flicker of fire at the near end of it.

By that fire the hota—the great war captain—would be holding the sing.

Havek's gait quickened and South Boy felt a surge of excitement sweeping through him.

The Dream Singers

THE place of the singing was an old clearing so full of alkali that it remained fairly free of brush and weeds except for an occasional mesquite that grew on the bank of the Snake Lagoon. The singer and his audience were in a wide circle around a fire that was made small to give out the greatest light with the least possible heat.

South Boy's first interest was in the hota. The Indian was perhaps fifty years old. There was a band of red paint straight across his face, from just under his eyes to his upper lip, that was broken in the middle by a narrow yellow stripe running the length of his nose. He wore white man's pants and a cotton undershirt.

He nodded when the two sat down, and looked surprised to see South Boy.

South Boy turned his eyes to the singer, who at that moment ceased singing and took up the narrative—about two Cat Brothers, Lion and Jaguar, and their travels.

The hota got up, walked away a few steps, and stood looking down at the ground. Havek got up and walked around the group and began talking to the hota, almost whispering—but very rapidly. By and by Havek came around the fire and sat down again. He whispered, "In the morning."

That's right, thought South Boy. The hota will dream before he gives an answer.

South Boy said to himself, "I won't wrinkle my forehead over what he might say in the morning. I'll enjoy what is right now, like an Indian." Right now was very pleasant. The breeze came quite steadily to fan his face as he picked out a triangle of stars, a bright one at the apex and two lesser ones below. They would be his clock to gauge the passing of the night.

He lay down and stretched out his cramped legs.

Runaway

WHEN South Boy awoke he opened his eyes on the half-light of first dawn. He got up, stretched himself, and walked slowly through the circle of sprawled sleeping forms, across the dead fire, down to the lagoon.

He wriggled out of his clothes and jumped in. The water was as warm as soup—not at all like the bracing, swift, soil-red water of the river. South Boy washed the sweat out of his hair and climbed out on the bank.

That moment the hota and Havek came down to the lagoon. Havek was naked, and the hota was stripped down to a G string. Both spoke to South Boy. Havek jumped out into the lagoon, the hota stepped over the bank and, knee-deep in the water, began washing the paint from his face. When he was through, he said, "This, then, is the hawk-dreamer?"

"I dreamed thus," assented South Boy.

"Truly! Truly!" cried Havek. He was floating on his back about ten yards out. "I saw the dream on his face."

By and by the hota asked, "Who taught you to speak Mojave?"

South Boy stared at him blankly. "Nobody," he said.

Havek put in: "He was born down-river. So they call him South Boy. A woman of the Hupa clan nursed him."

"Truly," said South Boy.

"Yes, I remember now. Most things about white people I do not know," said the hota proudly. "But there is no use denying it. Milk becomes flesh and blood. Insomuch, then, you are a Proper Person. So as you dream, thus you are. No doubt you will travel bravely the trail north. Up-river there's trouble. Piutes killed somebody. A white man, surely. Through enemy country. A hawk flies."

He jumped up onto the bank—a feat of strength and agility that almost took South Boy's breath away. "I know, because I dreamed—a great thing will be done!" he said.

"See, I told you!" said Havek. "He says you're a sure enough hawk-dreamer, and you'll do a Great Thing in the Piute country."

South Boy was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"Well, tie me down! I didn't figger on going so far!"

"You, being white, see blindly. A brave man dreams of hawks just before a war. My hawk-dream came night before last, and, sure enough, yesterday came word that there was war among the Piutes. So I took my arrows and started north, and directly I found you sleeping with a dream upon your face."

"Go to the Whisperer's," said the hota. "Tell him to give you a good bow. Tell him I ask it."

South Boy didn't know whether he should be elated or frightened. There was war in the north. And he and Havek, being hawk-dreamers, for destiny and glory were going to travel the far, unknown, all-but-uninhabited Piute country. It would be two hundred miles to the nearest Piute villages, maybe farther. And when they took leave of the hota South Boy felt for the first time the heart-lifting elation of glory-to-come.

AFTER he had received his bow and they were back on the trail, South Boy asked, "How long will we be gone?"

Havek shrugged his shoulders. "How can I tell?"

"You won't be back in time for school?"

Again Havek shrugged. "The agency police won't travel to the Piute country to find me. If I stay away a year or two years, I'll be a man grown when I come back. I'll have a new name. The white people at school will think Havek is dead—and this new Indian with a new name, he comes from elsewhere. If we're gone long enough, people will think you're dead, too."

It was then South Boy knew he had run away. He would pass forever out of the world of the white men and thereby rid himself of all its problems. It was a pretty bitter moment. He thought of the tree rolling down the river. He thought of the tears on his mother's face when she left him at the railroad station in Needles.

Still, it would be a kinder thing to let her think he was dead, for he knew how bitter she was at the thought of his living in any other world than her own.

Suddenly Havek ran on ahead, kicking a small round desert gourd that lay in his path. He loosened an arrow at it and sent it bounding away with a glancing blow. This was their old game. South Boy couldn't resist it. He loosened an arrow and split the gourd, and pride lifted his heart.

Soon they were running side by side, kicking gourds and shooting at them, yipping like young coyotes, the

past far behind them. They cried aloud at the excellence of their bows and bragged up each other's marksmanship, declaring no two grown men in the valley could shoot so well.

The Last War Club

As South Boy ran along in the hot wind making pride for himself with his arrows, he didn't notice they were heading northeast instead of northwest until he looked up and saw the dun cliff of the mesa right ahead. Up on the rim was a camp, a very poor one. Only a ramada —a shade—of six posts with a poorly made roof of mixed brush, and a single bird's-nest granary.

So he asked, "What are we doing here?"

"I forgot to tell you," said Havek, who had already started up the switchback trail to the camp. "We stop for a little while to see my father's uncle. He's Yellow Road. He'll be dead before we get back, so I want to see him once more. Besides, he's a very great captain. He might tell us something."

The two boys found the old Indian sitting with his back against the northeast corner post of the ramada, farthest from the sun, a tall gaunt old man, the color of half-dry adobe dusted with ashes, naked except for a loincloth and a wild tangle of long gray hair. There were only two visible pieces of property under the shed. One, that stood at the old man's right hand, was a small olla containing pounded mesquite beans steeping in water; the other, on the post behind him, a great war club suspended by a rawhide thong.

South Boy knew this wasn't ordinary poverty. Yellow Road had been both a great hota and a great war chief; but now, considering he had long since outlived his usefulness, he had retired into voluntary poverty to wait for the oblivion of death. Such was customary with great men who lived too long. And in a little while now, the war club would be burned on the same pyre with its owner.

Yellow Road said nothing until Havek laid his arrows proudly in front of him. The old man took one look at the iron points and said, "So you have learned this shameful newfangled business of lying in the brush and shooting people who can't see you! So your arm is so weak and your bow is so poor you must have points on your arrows!"

Havek said, "We go name-traveling through Piute country, and the Piutes are at war. They've got guns."

"Guns!" croaked Yellow Road. "I'll tell you something. The Spaniards had guns! When I was small, my father and a dozen more went to Santa Barbara by the ocean to trade with the Spaniards. They had guns, and a fort, and soldiers. The Mojaves didn't have even their clubs, for they had come to trade. But a Spaniard tried to cheat a Mojave and then insulted him, so the Mojave slapped his face and, because the Spaniard was puny, his neck broke.

"The Spaniards fired on the naked Mojaves, wounding two. The Mojaves yelled, 'Clubs! Clubs!' And as they had no clubs they took sticks of oak firewood and chased the Spaniards into their fort. The Mojaves kept them shut up in there for about a week, and then Mission Indians were sent out with presents to pay for the wounded. So the Mojaves took a few horses to carry the presents and went home laughing."

"The Piutes have Winchester rifles, and six-shooters, too," Havek pointed out.

The old man stared straight ahead.

By and by he said, "So you are going into the Piute country. You will stay by the trail and kill Apache fashion and think you are big men. Small-men war. Iron-point arrows. Thus we come to imitate coyotes when the days of our greatness are ended."

There was a weary wind-driven silence and the old man sat death-still. He closed his eyes and the boys knew they were dismissed. And so they took to the road once more.

In the morning they started on the long way to the Piute country, determined that from now on they would travel as though a bullet might come at them from every bush.

In about twenty minutes on a fast trail they came to an outpost Mojave rancheria and approached it with great caution, as though it were the first camp of the enemy. There were two men and two women working in the field of corn and melons.

"My cousin and my father's first wife's grandson," Havek whispered. "Fast runners and keen-eyed men, both of them. If I get chased, you stay hid. I'll lose them in the brush and double back."

"You'll get your butt skinned," warned South Boy, viewing the field with the eye of an expert. "The cornstalks and the big weeds grow too scattered in that field. No good cover."

Havek dropped his weapons and stepped out into the field. There was hardly hiding place for a very clever jack rabbit, but Havek faded into that field before he had gone fifty yards. South Boy was lost in admiration. Never had he seen anything so well done.

Havek might be traveling underground for all a keen eye could see.

Out in the middle of the field the two men chopped weeds in rhythmical accord. Suddenly South Boy's heart jumped up into his throat and stuck there. He saw two

cornstalks sway in momentary agitation. Right behind the men! "Well, the damn fool!" he whispered in infinite admiration.

Then nothing. Not a sound, not a movement in the still, hot morning light, except the swaying of the hoers. Ten breath-taking minutes, and Havek materialized at almost the same spot where he had disappeared. He came bent far over, panting, and clutched to his middle was a huge watermelon.

He rolled the melon under the low boughs of the mesquite that hid South Boy and flopped down beside it. South Boy was dumfounded. He considered himself a well-schooled hand at the ancient game of raid-the-enemy, but this exhibition of skill was something undreamed of.

"Those are my kind," Havek said. "I know them. Smart wide-awake men. If I can cross a field and snatch a melon from under the rumps of such as those, there isn't a horse or a man in the Piute country that's safe from me."

South Boy nodded in wordless agreement. He dug out his great clasp knife and split the melon. He slashed a chunk out of it and handed it to Havek—an offering.

They ate the large heart out of the melon, and sat in great content, watching the field. A little later the men stopped, called to the women, and headed for the camp.

"Are you empty enough to run?" asked Havek.

South Boy immediately slipped the string of his grub sack over his shoulder, picked up his bow and arrows, and ducked out from under the branches.

Havek's intention was only to create a minor confusion and perhaps an interesting chase, wherein they would get valuable practice in the art of losing a pursuing enemy. He raised the long yell of the Chemehuevi from behind the mesquite and threw a broken half of the melon into the field.

The result was entirely unexpected. The men didn't come running, shouting curses. They ran to their camp directly and silently, and the women broke into shrill screams.

One of the men began booming in a great bass voice: "Chemehuevi! Awahy! Awh-wa-a-aay!"

That "awahy" meant "foreign." Foreign Chemehuevi is the Mojave name for all up-river and plateau Piutes. And being frontiersmen, these Mojaves put themselves immediately in the best possible position for defense, and sent a warning booming down the valley.

South Boy and Havek faded into the brush, running like cats.

"You're a damn fool!" said South Boy when they'd put a mile of open mesquite flat between them and the rancheria. "There will be scouts out in an hour, and the agency police, too, on horse and on foot. By golly, you know there is Piute trouble. You shouldn't have pulled a stunt like that!"

Havek was unconcerned. "It's a good thing to have everybody ready. We don't know—maybe the Piutes have sent a party down here."

THEY were hard put to cover their trail until they came to a lagoon. They slipped into the water and swam as rapidly as possible without splashing, playing in dead earnest the same game they had been playing for fun since they were small.

At the far side they piled their equipment on a shelf of mud a foot above the water line and pulled themselves up to the bank.

Then Havek lay down on the cool dark mud shelf and promptly went to sleep. But South Boy felt too good to want to sleep.

Along the bank and immediately in front of him was an open patch of salt grass, Jimson weeds, and gourd vines, bounded on its other three sides by large well-grown mesquites.

South Boy was watching that patch of salt grass for no reason at all.

He had watched a half hour when the two painted horses came drifting out of the mesquite and began browsing.

South Boy felt his scalp pull under the half-dry mud pack. He blinked. They were still there. They were painted all right, even though the designs were almost invisible under a liberal splattering of mud. One trailed a broken piece of stake rope that was tied around its neck.

South Boy reached down and touched Havek's foot gently.

"Untie your war arrows," whispered South Boy, and, inching along the bank the length of his own body, he picked up his bow and seven arrows.

Havek pulled himself up on the bank, bug-eyed with excitement. He set out at a slow cautious trot to circle the horses, cut their back trail, and find out where they came from. He turned west where the first mesquite gave him cover. Then he stopped dead. There, in the soft dust of a gopher's mound, was the single track of a moccasined foot. That track removed any possible doubt about the horses. No Indians of the valley ever wore moccasins. South Boy, one arrow across his bow and six clutched in his teeth, went and looked at the track. A right foot, small and broad. From faint tracks in the dust fore and aft, he reckoned the man was short and duck-legged—a horse-Indian, surely. A careless man, to leave such a track in an enemy country.

"Some kind of Piute," said Havek.

Back in the mesquite, Havek ran his trail, his head down, his eyes strictly on the job of tracking.

South Boy traveled to his left, arrows ready, eyes everywhere but on the trail, ears harking for sounds. Occasionally he would squat, with his eyes level with the ground, and peer ahead. Havek angled left, and South Boy turned with him. Havek turned right, and South Boy turned at the same instant—like two fish in the same school.

They came to another and smaller salt-grass flat entirely surrounded by mesquite. There on the far side was the remnant of one small fire. Havek stood spread-legged over the ashes, methodically reading sign. South Boy trotted around the periphery of the clearing. He took the arrows from between his aching jaws and thrust them into the back of his belt. He felt angry and cheated. This was no war party. One lone Piute a hundred and fifty miles south of where he had any right to be.

South Boy got down on his knees and smelled the cold ashes.

"Yesterday," he said.

"Last night," Havek affirmed, and started off again.

They ran the trail to his first camp, near the bank of the river. Here the stranger had eaten two big lizards, a water snake, and a small rabbit. Then he had watered his horses, and tied them very carelessly to two mesquite trees at least two hundred yards from where he had comfortably bedded himself down in soft dirt.

Why should he do such a foolish thing? It had cost him his horses.

Havek and South Boy stared at each other in silent surprise, and went back to reading trail to find the answer.

During the night a mountain lion had twice circled his camp without awakening him, and then stalked the smaller of the horses. It had sprung at her, but she had jumped free, breaking her lead rope. At the same time the larger horse had jerked out of his rope—South Boy found it tied to the neighboring tree, an oversized neck loop still intact.

The two horses had run off into the brush, the lion running after them in great bounds for about a hundred yards. The commotion, probably the screams of the mare, had brought the Piute on the run with a firebrand that he threw at the cat. At the place where he threw it he had jumped up and down in fruitless rage and this was not the last of such childish conduct. During the next two days he had stalked the runaways intermittently.

Whenever he came in sight of them, he ran after

them furiously, and when they outdistanced him, he threw himself on the ground and beat the earth with his hands and feet.

He wasted a great deal of time, too. Much time he spent hunting lizards, turtles, dove squabs, and other nestlings—for he was a gross feeder. He had made many trips to water and slept through the heat of the day. As for arms, he carried a short thick bow and many arrows, whose imprint lay in the dust at several places. He had no rifle.

In an hour and a half Havek and South Boy ranged the whole territory the Piute had covered in two days of crisscross meandering.

Back at the place where they first crossed his trail, they faced each other in exasperated silence. Then Havek exploded. "No man acts like that—ever!"

South Boy said, "All this must have been done to fool somebody. I don't like it." They were oozing sweat and were exhausted; so they returned to the place where

they had left their war bags, to rest and puzzle over the mystery.

The horses were still asleep under the tree.

South Boy said, "Let them be. They'll stay until the wind rises."

He stripped and dived into the water and swam deep, where it was wonderfully cool. After that he drank, climbed out on the mud shelf, and went to sleep. An hour later he woke up with a start, and found himself sitting up, listening, his body running with sweat. Havek was sitting on the bank looking down at him. There were excitement and alarm in his eyes.

"That is a crazy man!" he said hotly. "That's why nothing he does is proper."

South Boy sat up. "Bad crazy?"

"Surely, surely," said Havek. "Otherwise his people would not have sent him away with two pack ponies painted like war horses. Look at that mare."

South Boy looked over the bank and saw that Havek had caught the Piute's mare, washed her clean of mud and paint, plastered fresh mud over the lion scratch on her ribs, and tied her to a willow tree. She was potbellied, ewe-necked, and hardly more than thirteen hands high.

"A woman's horse, used to being caught. I walked right up to her and took hold of the rope."

The stallion, who was still free, stood half asleep under the cottonwood, a few yards away. He might have been three inches taller, but he was of the same sorry breed.

"Well," mused South Boy, "I don't see why he'd paint 'em up and ride 'em 'way down here."

"Crazy!" said Havek. "When a man goes crazy his people know that pretty soon nobody will be safe from him. But they tell each other, 'He is our man. We don't want to kill him. Let stranger do it.' So they send him away."

So the trail was leading from menace to mystery to menace again. Of course the menace was different now that South Boy knew he had a crazy man to deal with rather than a war party. Now there was no "lift" to it, no exultation; just a sort of horror underneath. The trail was leading him to a kind of varmint hunt. South Boy had the feeling he would rather be hunting a rattlesnake.

"Rope me that stallion. We better ride," said Havek.

The little stallion made a sorry show of snorting and rearing, but there was no real fight in it. Havek came over and took charge of the horse. Havek was nervous and eager to get going, but he wasn't going to ride that horse until he had worked off any possible Piute pollution.

SOUTH BOY took his bow and arrows and untied the mare. He jumped upon her back, clamped his knees on her barrel, and whacked her into a lope. When he came to the Piute's outbound trail, he let her slack down to a running walk. Havek came pounding up. He tried to take the lead, but the stallion would only follow the mare.

By and by the trail showed the Piute had broken into a trot. Havek pointed down to the moccasin track and howled. "See! Here he thought of women. He is hurrying to get around the head of this lagoon and then double back into the valley and steal a woman!"

But when they reached the head of the lagoon the trail led straight ahead, toward Hardyville.

"No; he's thinking about killing White Whiskers!" said South Boy, and he kicked his mare into a run.

White Whiskers was the one remaining inhabitant of the town that had been a river port before the railroads were built. He was an old man, a very tough, wise old man who had made an oasis in the wilderness single-handed. But there was no doubt that age had slowed him up. He couldn't run fast or dodge quickly. He would be cold meat for the crazy man's arrows if he didn't happen to have a gun handy.

Ten minutes later the mare ran into the Hardyville clearing. Up on the mesa rim was a sheet-iron building —an abandoned stamp mill. Down on the flat was a scattering of old adobe walls in various stages of dissolution. Right in the midst of this desolation was White Whiskers' patch of varied green—fig trees, grapevines, melons in square fields, and corn growing in neat rows —around a house and corral with a haystack in it. There was a man lying stretched out under the biggest fig tree, right by the main ditch. There was a dog beside him.

South Boy's heart jumped. The man had no beard.

The man on the ground was his old friend the Mormonhater.

The Mormonhater

THE Mormonhater lay as still as still, flat on his back, one knee up and his head close to the trunk of the tree. The old hound raised his head and looked speculatively at South Boy with deep, sad, bloodshot eyes, but the Mormonhater didn't move. His weather-beaten, sun-wrinkled face had faded to the sickly hue of new iron rust.

He was dressed in his seldom-worn summer best—a soft white shirt, spotlessly clean, a pair of white duck pants. One leg was rolled up to the knee. On the lean bare foreleg there was a white bandage stained with dark blood.

The old hound raised his nose to the sky and bayed dismally, and South Boy buried his head in his hands and sobbed.

Then a voice said, "Shut up, you no-good, stone-deaf son of a gun!" It was the dead man's voice.

"You ain't dead?" South Boy whispered.

"No, but I will be if I don't get kea weed to make up the blood I lost," said the Mormonhater. "Cook me meat and kea."

South Boy ran to the house for a kettle and meat. He pulled up to a dead stop on the threshold and peered inside, accustoming his eyes to the semidarkness. The floor had been furrowed and scarred by struggling bodies. Against one wall was a broken chair. Near the door was the long-barreled, single-shot, twenty-two-caliber target pistol that the Mormonhater used to kill game, likewise broken.

In the farther right-hand corner of the room was a bed. The blanket and the one pillow on it were neither bloodstained nor much disturbed; so the Piute hadn't attacked him in bed, even though the deaf hound had failed to give warning. The place reeked with chloroform. Near the foot of the bed stood a quart bottle, all covered with bloody finger marks.

South Boy stood "reading the story from the sign," after the manner of an Indian: reading how the Mormonhater had jumped out of bed and fought the crazy Piute, hitting him with whatever came to his hand. Somehow the Piute had been beaten off. The old man then bandaged his wound, soaked the bandage in chloroform against the ever-present danger of screw-fly blow, dressed himself in his best clothes in case he should die, and crawled out to the fig tree where there were shade and water.

South Boy snatched a kettle from a nail behind the stove, seized a handful of jerky from the meat bin, and ran for the open air.

Out among the grapevines he found the kea—green-leafed, with fleshy blood-red stems—growing rank and knee-high. He wondered if it was the red stems that gave the Mormonhater the idea that it was a blood-builder. No one else gave it that virtue, though both Mojaves and whites ate it occasionally.

South Boy built his cook fire by the ditch. Then, remembering the lion scratch on the mare's ribs, he ran to the house, found a box of pine tar in the kitchen, and with that and the bloodstained bottle from the foot of the bed he went through the grapevines to the hay-field where the horses were grazing. The mare made little objection when he led her to the ditch and washed the mud out of the scratch and looked diligently for screw-fly larvae.

There were none in the scratch that he could see, but South Boy said to himself, "I'll take no chances in this kind of weather," and uncorked the bottle of chloroform.

The sting of the medicine suddenly turned the mare into a kicking, biting fury. He hung to the rope and let her fight it out, little realizing that he had aroused in her the dogged mustang hate that was to cause him

so much trouble the next day. He just clung to the rope until he could pull her head around and slap a protective gob of tar over the scratch.

He got an overpowering whiff as he corked the bottle. "That's no one-in-five solution. That's the pure quill," he snorted.

He went over to the Mormonhater.

"Say, why didn't you dilute that chloroform? You oughta know the pure stuff would make you sick when you slapped it around so free."

"Look," said the Mormonhater. "I was bleeding to death. I had to get it bandaged and doctored in a hurry. Anyhow, that bottle belongs to White Whiskers. How in hell was I to know how strong it was? Where's the kea? I want my blood built back."

South Boy gave a long slow "Ca-a-a-aw!" expressive of infinite disgust, and went slowly toward the house. "Chloroform-sick," he said. "A lot of fuss over nothing."

"See if that —— got away with my new Winchester," the Mormonhater called after him. "I forgot to look."

South Boy came back with the Winchester under his arm and cups and tin plates in his hands. "It was down on the floor behind the bed," he said.

"Yeh. It wasn't in the corner when I reached for it. Must have slipped down."

"Seems like you was mighty careless," said South Boy, morosely picking his sometime hero to pieces. "The Piute got away with the old Springfield and your bullet bag. They ain't in there any place."

The Mormonhater nodded. "They was right by the door. He must have snatched them up when he ran out —after the dog woke up and took hold of him."

"That's swell! Havek's out there trailing him alone. He won't be looking for him to have no rifle, because the sign back there in the flat didn't read no rifle. He'll get bushwhacked, sure!"

The Mormonhater said, "Ease your mind and get me some kea. The boy's all right."

"How do you know Havek will be back?" South Boy insisted.

Instead of answering, the Mormonhater gave vent to a flood of scurrilous invectives against the absent White Whiskers, and launched into the tale of how he had brought his boat up-river to take White Whiskers on their annual wild-beef hunt. As soon as the river flooded the bottom land, driving the wild cattle into a limited area of higher ground east of Wild Cow Lagoon, the two of them rowed over there and killed enough beef for their year's supply of jerky. And while they were drying the meat, White Whiskers remembered that he hadn't eaten venison in years.

THE nearest deer hunting was two hundred miles downstream, and the Mormonhater refused to make any such journey in hot weather. But in a moment of weakness he did loan White Whiskers his boat and his two younger dogs.

"And here I am stuck here, working my fingers to the bone taking care of his damn truck patch," the old man concluded.

South Boy said, "Yeh. From the size of the weeds you must have been working yourself to death." He added petulantly, "Havek trails too close. He's easy meat for a bushwhacker. I oughta high-tail up there and see what's happened to him."

"Quit worryin' about the Mojave," said the Mormonhater. "He'll be here."

"He'll be here! He'll be here!" South Boy mocked savagely. "How in hell do you know?"

"The sign says it."

South Boy, peevish from the heat, from worry, and from a long hard day, finally said, "Tell me. Are you a farseer—like some Mojave old man? If you are, I won't ask anything more about it. But if you are reading sign that I should see, I want to know!"

The Mormonhater looked up into the fig tree. "That Piute had the smell of a witch about him," he said with slow emphasis.

South Boy looked at him sullenly. "Crazy people won't wash, so they smell bad."

"A witch, and the worst kind of a witch," said the old man. "For a he-witch is worse than a she-witch, and a Piute witch is worse than any other kind. He spoke a curse and a warning when he ran away last night. He said he had the power of world-blasting."

South Boy said, "Caw!" derisively.

The Mormonhater gave him a hard look. "Go over to the south side of the house and you'll find a long screw-bean stick. Fetch it. I want to walk about a bit."

South Boy got up and went sullenly.

When he came back the Mormonhater took the stick, hopped over to the kettle, and drank a dipperful of broth, and hopped back and sat down. He leaned back and looked up. "Now you, being white-raised and Mojave-raised, don't know nothing about witches."

"Witches is poor-trash business," South Boy said derisively.

"That's right," said the Mormonhater. "Only the poor, the trod-on, the half-starved, the desperate, and the crazy take to witching. But that don't make them less dangerous, because it's them kind that want vengeance against the whole world. Now you take this man. I can tell by his talk that he comes from the little bunch of Piutes that has always wandered around among the Navajo like gypsies do among white people, picking up a living the best they can."

"What I want to know is, are you a farseer or not?" said South Boy.

"What you need to know is that when the dog took hold of the Piute his liver turned green, and he ran away to make world's-end medicine. That's why he's got to be killed! You got to pay heed to me. The Piute is a witch, and he has world's end in his heart and he must be destroyed, like it says in the Bible. He got away with my Bible, too. It's in the bullet bag. I want to get it back. There is certain medicine that I must make."

South Boy began laughing without mirth. Just when he had dropped to the very depth of misery, there came a far sound, muffled by the hot thick air. He stood up on the stump to listen. It came louder and louder, and his heart began beating fast, for it was a strong, full voice, still far off, singing The Ravens.

Battle Telling

HAVEK rode out of the moonlight into the shadow by the tree with his bow across his back, his arrows in his belt, and a three-foot piece of mesquite wood about as thick as a man's arm swinging in his hand. He slid off his horse, laid his bow and arrows on the ground, sat down, pulled his big clasp knife out of his pocket, and immediately set to work whittling on the mesquite stick.

"So you left him alive!" said the Mormonhater in disgust.

Havek said nothing. South Boy ran to the horse's head, slipped the war bridle off its jaw, and bent the rope around its neck. The horse had been a-lather, but it was dry now. So Havek had ridden hard up-river and then come back slowly.

"Where is he?" asked the Mormonhater sharply.

Havek raised his head and pointed north with his chin. He went on whittling as though his life depended on it.

"Damn this leg!" said the Mormonhater. "I should go and tend to him myself."

South Boy went to the kettle and dished out a plate of meat and greens and set it by Havek, who paid no attention to it. He was whittling with fury and a kind of exultation. South Boy saw he had already roughed out a club that was something like a ball bat. South Boy picked out a piece of glass with a good sharp edge. In two or three minutes Havek suddenly thrust the club at South Boy. He seized it and immediately scraped off long, thin shavings. Havek's hand dipped into the plate.

"We won't get a word out of him now," said the Mormonhater.

"What's the need?" asked South Boy. "You know what happened. If you don't, I'll tell you. Havek trailed the Piute fast-like until the trail got hot. Then he trailed him slow and cautious-like. Then he found the place where he stopped. Then he scouted all around. Then he

came back slow-like. He said to himself, 'I'll make me a club. Tomorrow I'll do a Great Thing when South Boy's there to see it.' "

South Boy looked at Havek, and Havek nodded.

The old man said, "I could have told you that, and I'll tell you some more. The Piute made his camp by a pile of last year's driftwood near where a thick crop of this year's willows covers the whole sand bar from the foot of the cliff to the river. Ain't it so?"

Havek looked owl-eyed with surprise.

"But what I want to know—has he laid a small fire on a flat rock, and what does his medicine bag look like?"

Havek shook his head.

"Yah!" spat the Mormonhater. "You don't know. And you lay there on top of the driftwood and looked right at him. Why didn't you shoot him while you had the chance?"

There was a long spell of stifling silence, punctuated by the scraping of wood and the talk of the river. Then

Havek suddenly hurled his club into the air, gave a short high scream of triumph. He caught the club as it came down, and, laying it on the ground, stretched out beside it and went to sleep.

The Mormonhater began cursing in a bitter monotone. Then he said, "I wanted to tell him how to deal with the witch—and he up and went to sleep on me. Well, let it go till morning. And you—you sleep! If'n I see I can't depend on him, I'll have to depend on you to keep the world together in the morning.

"Damn this leg!" he went on. "It gripes my guts to have to trust this business to a couple of boys."

South Boy lay down and went to sleep because he was so tired that he could not sit up any longer.

The Piute

He awoke suddenly. The Mormonhater's stick was rapping a vigorous tattoo on his backside. South Boy cried out angrily and struck at the stick with his hands. The Mormonhater said, "Here, drink this," and gave him a cup of hot coffee.

He was about to protest that he'd had no sleep when he saw that the moon was already over Nevada. So four hours had gone by, and morning was coming. He shook the sleep out of his eyes and downed the strong coffee. The sweat broke out all over him.

"Fetch them horses, and shake it up," said the Mormonhater.

South Boy heaved himself to his feet. The air stank and it had weight. He seemed to move heavily against it. South Boy knew that such air only came with the very worst of crazy weather.

He found the horses, and picking up the lead rope of the mare, approached her to tie a war bridle on her jaw. She laid her ears back and lashed out at him with her teeth.

"What do you have to go mean for? I had to doctor you or the screw worms would eat you alive!" He let her bridle go and tied one on the stallion, who caused no trouble.

On the way back he saw the Mormonhater outlined against his cook fire, holding on to his stick with one hand, gesturing with the other. Havek stood by, drinking coffee. Coming closer, South Boy saw he had a strange look on his face. It was blank yet questioning, and there was a hint of awe in it.

As soon as the old man saw South Boy he shouted, "Get going! Get going! Mind what I say—*don't let the sun see him or anything of his!*"

Havek set his cup down on the ground and picked up his club. He said to South Boy, "I ride first, so I ride the mare." He picked up his bow, stuck his arrows into the back of his belt, tied the end of the lead rope on the mare's jaw, and grabbing her by the mane, swung onto her back.

"Where in hell did I leave my grub bag?" South Boy demanded of no one in particular.

"Never mind your grub bag," the Mormonhater barked. "If this thing is done properly you will be back before noon. If it's not done, you'll not need any grub."

"But our trail goes north. We won't be back here."

"You'll not go north of the witch's fire," said the Mormonhater. "You'll come back here. Bring me my old rifle and the bullet bag, and if you've done your job I'll give 'em to you."

South Boy picked up his weapons with one hand, holding on to the lead rope with the other—for the little stallion was nickering and stomping, eager to follow the mare.

"Look into the bullet bag and be sure the Bible is there. It'll be wrapped in a blue cloth. But don't touch it! There'll be blood upon you. You can't touch it until you come back here and git purified."

"O. K.," said South Boy. He laid his hand on the horse's back and jumped. As they headed out on the mare's trail he heard the old man cry, "World's end!"

Havek was waiting for him by the old stamp mill. "Does the old man know something or is he just crazy?" he asked.

"He knows something. I don't know how much. I tried to find out for sure if he has the gift of farseeing, but he wouldn't tell me. What was he telling you?"

"One thing and another," said Havek evasively. "He says he has many medicines from many people."

"Well, he lived with the Piutes and the Navajos, and when he was young he lived with the Mexicans in Santa Fe and even went to school by the big church there."

"Maybe he knows something, and is a little crazy, too," was Havek's final comment.

UP-RIVER the northern horizon was pulsating with reflected light. South Boy began listening for thunder, but heard none. They came to the first big arroyo. There Havek left the ore trail and rode toward the river. He raised the club high overhead and then brought it forward in a sweeping arc as he heeled the mare into a lope.

They rode through young willows that were at times as high as a man's head and as thick as the hairs on a dog's back, and at times grew sparsely and not more than a foot high. The moon had sunk behind the cliff on the Nevada side of the river, and a gust of wind, smelling hot and wet, came pushing down the canyon.

South Boy said to himself, "We have many things in our favor. We are on our own ground. The Piute is a trespasser here. And whatever is his cunning and whatever is his strength, he can't stand against a hawk-dreamer."

They came to a place where the ground between the river and the cliff was narrow and almost barren. Havek pulled up the mare and rode as close as possible to the wall of the cliff. Overhead the sky was turning gray and the stars were fading. Havek held up his left hand to feel the wind. South Boy laid one arrow across his bow; the others he gripped in his teeth. His heart went *thump-thump-thump*, slow and hard.

The light was increasing. South Boy, watching ahead, saw the first visible signs of the Piute-moccasin tracks around a torn-up rat's nest.

Ahead a great pile of driftwood extended more than

halfway across the sand bar. Havek raised his club and motioned for South Boy to keep back. South Boy pulled up, and his horse began to dance, for the mare moved on.

The arrows he held in his teeth made his jaw ache.

Then he saw the Piute appear suddenly at the cliff end of the pile of driftwood. He was short, heavy, and barrel-chested. He wore only his high moccasins, a long filthy undershirt, and a little round rimless cap that might have been the crown of an old derby. He was infinitely more primitive and animal-like than any man South Boy had ever seen. The old Springfield rifle was

at his shoulder. Its barrel swiveled in a short arc from Havek to South Boy, back to Havek.

Havek's high screaming squall rang out above the river's noise. The mare leaped, and the club swung up. The Piute's rifle roared out, its thundering echoes rolling up and down along the wall of the canyon. Havek went flat on his pony's neck. His club swung low. The Piute's feet left the ground, the rifle flew out of his hands.

The mare made two jumps that carried her ten yards beyond the Piute, then she planted all four feet and Havek went sailing over her head to hit the sand like a sack of rags.

As South Boy remembered it afterward, the fight on the sand bar had neither sense nor continuity. He let fly an arrow and raised the long wail, for he was certain Havek was dead. He jerked on the rope and threw his horse between the Piute and the rifle. But the Piute was gone—he had faded in the faint treacherous light. South Boy found himself crying, "Where—where?" when an arrow whistled by his ear. His pony, entirely out of control, cut around the drift pile.

The Piute was running across a strip of beaver slashing, a short bow and short arrows in his hand, a big Mojave arrow sticking in his back. South Boy's pony was running after him. Havek had come to life and was yelling, "Head him off!" in English.

The Piute dived into the willows and South Boy managed to get an arrow across his bow and let drive at the spot where the crazy man had disappeared. After that, all he could do was clamp his knees on the pony's barrel and ride. The little stallion was hunting the Piute on his own account.

Out of nothing loomed a little pile of drift that was almost hidden by the thicket. The pony rose straight up. His neck slapped South Boy in the face. South Boy's mouth flew open. When he closed it he realized his arrows were gone.

It was in South Boy's mind to slide down and hunt arrows, but his horse still hunted the Piute, dodging through the whipping willows. As soon as he discovered he had lost his quarry, he ran straight ahead and broke out onto the open sand bar.

The light was increasing rapidly. South Boy heard the Piute—then he saw him, about a hundred and fifty yards away, jumping up and down like an angry monkey and shrieking, not at South Boy, but at Havek, who from somewhere out in the gray gloom was shooting arrows at him.

The pony wheeled in his tracks and made for the Piute.

South Boy heard himself crying childishly, "Wait! I got to get arrows!" But the pony bore down on the crazy man. There was nothing South Boy could do but ride. He was quite close when he realized that the Piute was out of arrows too. The Indian was facing him now, standing with his feet apart and his knees sprung, ready to jump.

Then from out of the sky came a big unpointed Mojave hunting arrow and plunked into the sand right between the Piute's feet. The Piute pounced on the arrow.

South Boy felt a pain in his left hand. He took his bow in his right, and shook his left, and the arrow that was sticking in the web of flesh between the thumb and the forefinger flopped away. All this was in one pony jump. South Boy was crying like an angry child. He saw the Piute's dirty distorted face with little crazy eyes, red-rimmed from trachoma. The face disappeared. The Piute was running and dodging. South Boy was beating him over the head and shoulders with his bow until it broke in his hand.

The next thing he knew the Piute jumped like a big short-legged frog. There was the river, and he was diving into it. And South Boy himself was sailing over his pony's head.

The river closed over him. The water had a cold bite to it. It felt good.

Clambering out onto the bank, he started out at a trot down-river, looking over the water for the Piute, while his right hand jerked at the front flap of his shirt. He ripped off a piece of it and began to bind his hand to stop the bleeding.

The Piute broke water some distance out, rolled over on his back, shrieked angrily at South Boy, and sank again.

South Boy yelled, "Havek, fetch that rifle!" His right hand was absently stuffing his shirttail back into his pants.

"Well, damn me for a fool!" he said bitterly as his hand touched the gun he had been carrying concealed. He'd forgotten it.

HE jerked it out, cocked it, and waited. The Piute came up farther down the river. It was a long shot, some sixty yards, but the light was better now. South Boy fired. It was the first chance he had had to try his treasure. He saw the bullet kick the water some five feet downstream from the Piute's head. The Piute dived like a loon.

Directly he reappeared, South Boy, carefully sighting three feet over the round cap that still hung to the Piute's head, fired again and watched the bullet kick the water ten feet short and fifteen feet downstream.

"Shoots left," said South Boy furiously.

From up-river came the roar of the big rifle and there was a big spurt of water far beyond the Piute.

The Piute climbed slowly up the farther bank. He jerked an arrow out of his back and another out of his thigh and threw them into the river.

In one last spasm of anger, South Boy threw the gun at a high arc over the river. The Piute had already disappeared into the willows.

South Boy went wearily trudging up-river in search of Havek. "A crazy business!" he said to himself. "A worthless, crazy business, with everything going wrong."

Havek squatted on the bank a quarter of a mile upstream, rubbing his shoulder. He looked at South Boy and grinned. "That was smart, the way you kept the gun hid. I didn't know about it at all."

"It was no good," said South Boy bitterly. "Why didn't you bring me that rifle?"

"I thought I could kill him myself, but the big gun jumps too much. Anyway, he'll die, maybe today, maybe tomorrow."

He began singing softly to himself—his song growing louder and finally becoming a great paean of triumph.

South Boy, muttering to himself, picked up the old Springfield. It was his gun, as soon as he brought the

Bible in the bullet bag back to the Mormonhater. He looked around. The bag was lying in the sand where Havek had dropped it, a greasy old canvas coin bag, probably discarded by some bank robber on the run from California. South Boy picked it up and looked in. There was a square bundle carefully wrapped in blue cloth nestling among fifty or more greasy finger-length cartridges. He set the bag down, picked up the rifle and pulled some willow shoots through its bore, grumbling to himself because he lacked proper cleaning equipment.

Havek was still singing that part of The Ravens that concerns war. South Boy was wondering: Were the fights that were celebrated and described in the Great Tellings as glorious in the doing as in the telling, or were they senseless scrambles where men lost their heads and acted like angry children?

"A fine business," he said, looking at Havek.

But sarcasm was lost on the Mojave boy. "Yes. Surely. A Great Thing was done. You saw it. I rode down a man with a rifle and hit him with a club. Like a striking hawk I rode, feeling no fear. Hawk Strikes. That's my name. You hear it."

"It's a wonder you didn't get shot," said South Boy.

"I did!" Havek turned his face and proudly displayed a raw bullet burn a half inch wide just under his right cheekbone. "And you did a Great Thing! I saw it. Anyone can kill a dangerous man from a distance, but you struck him from close by and without fear. Take a name. Take a *good* name."

"I ain't any too proud of myself. He got away."

"But he'll die!" Havek insisted. "Come, let's go back home and sing about our new names. The old men will brag about us, surely."

Suddenly South Boy said to himself, "The trouble with me is, I'm thinking like a white man again. I should be proud like Havek and take a name." But, try as he would, he couldn't shake off the white-man thinking nor the feeling of defeat that it brought.

Maybe up in the Piute country—but he realized then that he would not be going to the Piute country.

He said, "So we go south now."

"Surely, surely," said Havek, picking up his bow.

"Then the Mormonhater is a farseer, all right. He said we'd go no farther north then the witch's fire."

At that Havek gave a short cry and, pointing across the river where the sun shone halfway down on the Nevada cliff, said, "Hurry! We haven't done what must be done."

He set off into the willows.

South Boy stuffed the bullet bag into his shirt, picked up his rifle, and went trotting after Havek. He, too, had forgotten what the old man had said.

The first thing they found was the Piute's bow.

"It's a shame we have to burn it. It would be a good thing to show," said Havek.

TOGETHER they ran across the stubble, going east toward the cliff. There, near the end of the tangle of logs, both boys froze like bird dogs. The little willows had been cut to make a clearing about six feet in diameter. In the middle of it was a small rock on which a small fire still smoldered. On one side of the rock was a little pile of prepared fuel. On the other side lay a medicine pouch made from the whole skin of a small badger.

"There's the witch's fire, like he told us," said South Boy. He looked over his shoulder and saw the first rays of the sun striking the tips of the tallest trees on the Nevada shore and muttered, "We found it in plenty time, anyway."

Havek stepped gingerly forward, dropped the Piute's bow across the rock, and spoke three sharp jerky Mojave phrases as he looked quickly away.

"Get wood! Cover everything! Burn quickly!"

"Uh-huh," said South Boy. "But I don't understand about that badger-skin bag. It looks empty."

He took three steps and picked up the bag. He gave a little grunt of surprise, for under it, laid close together and in an orderly pattern, waiting to be uncovered to the first rays of the new sun, was the witch's medicine: little bunches of owl feathers, little bunches of raven feathers, little bundles of dried hideousness that had been the entrails of animals.

Havek cried out in horror. No death howl was more terrible. His knees buckled under him.

"Cover! Cover!" Havek gasped, and sat down very hard.

The badger skin dropped from South Boy's hand and fell across the objects of evil, hiding most of them.

"World's end!" shrieked Havek, his once stolid face wild with fear of doom impending.

Genuinely alarmed, South Boy grabbed the little pile of fuel, put it across the rock and began blowing the fire furiously until it sprang into a blaze. He tore at the pile of drift, throwing every stick he could break loose into the fire.

In two or three minutes he had covered the witch's gear, the altar rock, and the entire area around it. Then he began to recover himself.

"This is all foreign nonsense," he protested. "You never heard any Mojave talk about the evil of owl feathers and such. It's nothing to us!"

Havek, his arms wrapped around his middle, rolled up his eyes and gagged. The wind came downstream, and the fire suddenly took off with almost explosive force. The flames licked through the wood over the witch's gear, sending up great clouds of smoke.

Witch Medicine

THE whole near segment of drift pile was roaring in flames before the first line of sunshine came creeping across the sand bar. The heat was awful. Stupefied, uncertain, but driven by a kind of dogged stubbornness against whatever it was that had struck down Havek, South Boy ran back along the cliff to fetch the horses from where they were browsing. He kept saying to himself, "Now I am He-Who-Stands-Strong." He said this in Mojave and then added in English, "I'd better be, or we'll never get back to Hardyville."

The mare still hated him. She fought him every time he got near her. He could neither mount nor boost Havek, now limp and sick, onto her back. But when South Boy collapsed in sobbing, sweat-drenched agony, Havek suddenly got to his feet, cried, "Hardyville-old-man-doctor-make," threw himself on the mare's back, and rode her through the smoke-filled gap between the flames and cliff, babbling, "Foreign evil, doctor evil, world's end."

When South Boy caught up with him, Havek was riding with his chin on his chest, his body bent and his shoulders bowed. He turned and pointed his bow at the sky. "World-blasting!"

South Boy said, "Aw, shut up!" But the sky was appalling. It was the color of a copper cent that had been scrubbed bright with wet ashes. Thunder sounded still far away but loud enough to be heard over the talk of the river.

THE wound in his hand began throbbing as he rode into a sort of semi-oblivion that was like the worst of nightmares. An endless time of pain and stress, and he rode out of it to find he was among the ruins of Hardyville. Havek and the mare were still ahead, but Havek lay across the mare's back like a bedroll. The world was a hot rock, spewing steam. It was hardly midmorning, but the horses walked like pack animals at the end of a long day.

Directly South Boy saw the Mormonhater standing under the big fig tree leaning on his stick.

The next thing he knew he was lying under a tree. There was salt meat in his mouth. His sore hand was soaking in a Mojave pot full of hot water. The Mormonhater was squatting over Havek, smearing tar on the bullet burn on Havek's cheek while he sang a creaking unmusical song intently, earnestly, anxiously.

The Mormonhater finished singing. Then he turned his haggard, sweat-streaked face toward South Boy and said, "The boy is witch-struck. You uncovered the witch medicine before you burned it. That's bad. Some of it entered the boy. Some of it escaped to the sky. I am making medicine to destroy it."

"Then will the world be blasted?" asked South Boy, half earnestly, half ironically.

The old man shook his head. "Not likely. The sun never saw the witch's medicine."

"But the witch got away!" said South Boy indignantly.

"That's no great matter to us. His power was burned with his medicine."

South Boy closed his eyes. When he awoke, the Mormonhater was rewrapping the knife wound on his leg. "Nice clean cut," he said. South Boy thought, He's different again. This time he is himself, the man-of-the-river. Maybe he'll talk about Tom Paine and Bob Ingersoll.

He tried to conjure the Mormonhater back into another mood by speaking to him in Mojave. He said, "The witch got away, three-wounds-carrying, river-swimming. Will he join the war up-river?"

"Oh, that!" said the Mormonhater in disgust. "That's no war. Some poor, cheated, half-starved Piutes killed some sheep, got caught at it, and killed a sheepherder. I intended to tell you last night that chasing up there to find a war was just foolishness. Them days is over, son."

"War is nothing much anyway," said South Boy. "But this matter of farseeing and other knowledge. That's a good thing. I would travel with you and learn about all that."

"No!" the Mormonhater said sharply. "I'm the last of my kind. These is the times of steam trains and irrigating ditches. You go find somebody to teach you about them." The Mormonhater hobbled to the house. He came back in a moment with the Springfield, the bullet bag, and South Boy's traveler's rations.

"Here's your gear. When Havek wakes up, you-all better get going. They'll be a big rain by and by."

South Boy pushed himself slowly to his feet. "Does learning about steam trains and irrigating ditches mean I got to go away to some white school?"

"Well, you can't learn things like that running around through the mesquite. They're part of civilization, and you got to go to a civilized place to learn about them."

South Boy leaned over the ditch and began washing his face to hide his tears. Then he heard a moan from Havek. He was waking up. His blinking eyes were staring at nothing. His face was a mask of stupidity. The Mormonhater was looking at him with surprise and concern.

"He's still witched," said the old man. "You had no business lifting that badger skin. You let too much evil fly up."

"Look! Why wasn't *I* witched? *I* lifted the skin. *I* looked right at it, and *I* wasn't witched."

"That's because you was ignorant," said the Mormonhater. "I told this boy about the awful power of owl feathers and raven feathers and the other medicine, and told him what would happen if he looked at them."

South Boy gave a crow of triumph. "So that's it! Havek isn't witched. He's just scared on account of what you told him!" He got up, tied his ration bag, and slipped the loop of string over his shoulder. He picked up his rifle. "Come on, Havek. You ain't hurt. Let's travel."

Havek made babbling cries until he found his clothes, then dressed himself clumsily. He saw his bow and arrows, picked them up, and went stumping off through the grapevines toward the hayfield where the horses grazed listlessly. He caught the mare's rope and mounted like a fat squaw.

"He's not bad now," said the Mormonhater. "I got most of the witchin' out of him. The rest will wear off by night. You better follow him, though, and see he don't hurt himself."

"Let me have a canteen," said South Boy. "I don't know where he'll lead me."

Death and the Doctor

THE mare was out of sight before South Boy got the canteen filled. He rode at a steady running walk, holding back the eager little stallion, who didn't seem to mind the heat in his anxiety to find the mare. South Boy himself was swimming in sweat before they caught up with Havek.

Havek pointed to the sky and said, "World's end! World's end! The clouds move against the wind."

"The wind's different up there," said South Boy. "I've seen it that way before, and you have, too."

Havek stared at him blank-faced, the sweat standing out on his forehead in great greasy drops. Then he muttered, "Old-man-of-my-people I must find. Or maybe I'm dead now. I don't know. I feel the foreign devil eating my belly."

That's worse than world's end, thought South Boy. He said, "If I can get you to Yellow Road's camp you'll be all right. He'll know what to do with you." So he slapped the mare on the rump.

They were no more than a mile or two from Yellow Road's camp when South Boy saw a tall man wearing a shirt and no pants. In that stupefying heat he was running at the shambling distance-consuming gait of a River Indian.

A moment later he heard the man singing. South Boy couldn't understand the words, but he recognized the rhythm as The Goose singing dreamed by "doctors." Then he saw that the big man was Down-River-Old-Man, a doctor of great repute.

HAVEK began slapping his mare. He was first to draw up alongside the doctor, but he could only gasp and roll his eyes like a spent runner. So South Boy spoke up:

"What is the power of owl and raven feathers?"

"Uh! To make talk for old women."

"They were from a witch's pouch," added South Boy.

"A great foreign evil, making world's end," said Havek.

"A great foreign nonsense," the doctor answered.

"What does it mean when the clouds move so?" asked Havek, pointing up.

"Rain like hell purty quick," the doctor grunted.

Havek's face suddenly relaxed and sank into heavy sullen lines, and South Boy felt relieved. He knew that Havek would be sullen and silent for a long time, but he would be entirely out of danger.

Then Down-River-Old-Man looked sharply at Havek. "You, boy, are one of Yellow Road's kin. Why aren't you there? The call went out yesterday. Where were you?"

Havek looked down at the ground and said, "Far. Far. We've been up the river, name-traveling—"

"Name-traveling? Name-traveling on horseback!" croaked the old man in a fury. "Are you a cripple? A woman?"

Havek could not stand this sort of rebuke. He slid off the mare and went trotting after the old man. The mare stopped where he left her, her head hanging.

Havek called to the doctor, "What's my kin gathered for? Is my uncle dying?"

South Boy fought his horse past the mare, marveling at the way Havek was recovering.

"Blame your lazy horse-riding relatives if Yellow Road dies," shouted the doctor. "Not till this morning comes a fat slouch of a horse rider. I told him he was too late, but I began singing right away, for I knew at once that a spider was spinning her trails around Yellow Road's heart. Being a farseer, I could see even from there that she had made two trails already and was spinning the third."

He turned his head and began singing The Goose again.

Havek was crying. South Boy saw his tears as he rode up alongside.

They were now in sight of the camp perched on the mesa's rim.

Up the switchback trail strode the tall untiring old doctor. Behind him trotted Havek, his head down, weeping. The little stallion bearing South Boy and his mass of equipment came toiling along a considerable distance behind.

When South Boy finally reached the top of the mesa he saw Havek kneeling, surrounded by a circle of squatting old women, each one urging him to wail and weep, for the great man, the old man, the great war captain—the great hota—would be gone, gone, gone!

One of the women moved a little to one side, and South Boy saw Yellow Road, lying very still on his blanket. His face was haggard and emaciated beyond

description, but it was calm—the only face there that was devoid of emotion.

South Boy and His Public

A GREAT ball of fire rose from somewhere in Nevada, arched across the valley, and exploded with a scalp-twitching crash against a black mountain in Arizona. There followed a whole series of sharp detonations and long rumbling echoes.

No one seemed to give much regard to either the lightning or the thunder. South Boy looked around the circle of mourners and saw each one weeping after his own manner, oblivious of the display overhead.

South Boy looked frantically around for someone, but the whole world was moving this way and that on its own business. At the sound of shouting, he turned to see a bunch of sweat-and-tear-stained schoolboys running after him.

Everyone was going, and he couldn't stay in that place of death. It was growing darker.

"Hey, South Boy!" they shouted. They milled around him, shoving one another aside. "Let me carry your gun, South Boy. . . . No, me. . . . We heard you did a Great Thing up-river. . . . Did you shoot the Piute with that gun? Tell us truly!"

South Boy said, "No, I didn't shoot no Piute with no gun. Where did you hear about all this business, anyway?"

The boys looked at one another and asked the source of the news; but no one seemed to remember who first heard it, nor from whence it came.

How does such news always leak out among Indians? And how does it travel so fast? He moved off toward the trail in the midst of the milling mob of admirers who kept shoving one another to get close to him, quarreling over who was going to have the honor of carrying the big gun. He wasn't any too sure that he liked his new status.

Four days ago I'd have been skylarking and carrying on with the rest of them, he thought. Now I walk in their midst like an old man, and they look at me out of the corners of their eyes. It made him feel the more lonely.

But by the time they were down on the flat the boys had forgotten their awe of the "New Man" and were shrieking in competition with the rolling thunder that was now almost incessant. They were headed for a swim in the lagoon down a trail that was only visible when the lightning played.

It was black-dark now, and out of the black stinking stillness came a gust like a sand blast. South Boy bowed his back to a hail of sticks, sand, cactus burs, and gravel. A bunch of mistletoe as big as a bushel basket ripped away from a dying mesquite and came sailing over his head with a great *swo-o-o-osh!*

They reached the lagoon and, stripping off their clothes, plunged in. When they were coming out, the first big drops of rain struck them.

"Get your clothes on," South Boy ordered. "When the rain comes hard, this will be a bad place."

One of the older boys said, "Surely. That's the truth! Two big arroyos run right in here."

If I'd had my eyes on the outside of my head I'd never have come down into this rattrap, South Boy thought, and sniffed the air. It was still hot, but there was a new smell to it.

A great and continuous flash of chain lightning arched back and forth overhead, and there in the dazzling brightness stood Havek with his arrowless bow in his hand. He looked entirely his old self.

By the time of the next flash Havek had come closer. South Boy saw his eyes dilate and a shadow of the witching terror cross his face. The blackness covered them. As soon as the thunder died down, South Boy said, "My friend—Hawk Strikes—my friend."

All around him he heard the boys murmuring, "His name—his name—he named his name."

When the lightning came again, Havek's face was strong and his voice proud. He said, "This is a rats' hole in a rain. What did you let them come here for?"

"That's what I'd like to know," said South Boy. "Let's get 'em out of it."

The Storm and God

THEY went along to a wide fan of sand and gravel that the two arroyos had spewed out across the flat in past storms. The wind came crazily from every direction. Some gusts pelted their backs or tore the sand from under their feet and threw it into their faces.

Havek ran at the head of the line of boys and South Boy brought up the end—the place of the second in command on a dangerous trail. Suddenly the wind came out of the west with devastating force, bringing rain mixed with wind-blown sand.

Someone shouted back to South Boy, "Havek says we're high enough. Lie down, so you won't get blown off into the arroyo when the wind changes."

South Boy lay down. He had a gnawing, sickening uneasy feeling. At the next bright flash he looked over into the wash. The stream, boiling along twenty feet below, was already undercutting the bank. "Another rats' hole," he said. "I got to tell Havek." He went forward, dragging his rifle and all his possessions over protesting bodies.

Hardly had he gone ten feet when the wind changed and drove the full suffocating force of the rain right into his face. There was no prevailing against it. A blast came straight down the wash. It was black for a moment; South Boy could see nothing, but he heard the gravel whistling by like bullets. A stone the size of a pigeon's egg struck him on the shoulder.

When the thunder died away, South Boy heard someone singing, the words rising over the rush of wind and the wash of rain. It was a death song. The boy who sang was "throwing away his dream" in expectation of death. The tone and the cadence carried his mood. Then, all at once, everybody began singing, a strange discordant jumble of sound that beat against the roar of water and the wail of wind, pulsating as did the light with the crash and fall of the thunder.

The boys were throwing away their dreams, for the trail had caved in above and below. Death was there, and there was no use fighting against it.

South Boy knew this, the Mojave way of thinking. It was clear and logical to him. So, fighting his fear, he

tried to force this naturalistic fatalism into the back of his mind from whence his terror came. But it was forced out and brushed aside by a torrent of words that came out of that place and raced screaming through his head.

"Heathen! Heathen! No God to pray to!"

"The price of sin!"

"The anger of God!"

"Hell! Hell! Hell! Hell-bent are the heathen!"

With these came bits of Bible quotations, snatches from sermons, imprecations of the tent evangelist he had heard in Phoenix, and his mother's bitter, oft-repeated warnings against the heathen world. And all this time the

wind lashed his half-long hair about his streaming face.

He had let his hair grow long, and he had run away to live in the heathen world. He had doubted the Word. He had sinned—and long hair, the sign and symbol of the heathen world, was whipping his face.

Over all the other noise he heard his own voice cry, "O God, I'll cut my hair—I'll cut my hair!" And the wind died then, as though it had never been.

After that he didn't remember anything, except once, much later, when he found himself down on the trail with two boys sitting on him. There was no rain, no lightning, no thunder. There was noise enough—the rush of water that still tore through the arroyo bed and the bumping and grinding of the boulders the water carried with it.

He stirred and complained weakly. He heard a voice: "How much longer have we got to hold him down? I'm tired."

Havek said, "Sit still. He's my friend, and I'm taking no chances of him falling down there and getting drowned."

The New Day

WHEN South Boy awoke the next time, a warm heavenly sun beat gently down on his aching back and legs, drawing the pain from them. It was entirely different from the fierce terrible sun of the desert summer.

He found himself looking up at the crooked, green-brown, up-reaching stem of a greasewood bush. His eyes followed it up to its flat spread of tiny crinkly green leaves, shining like emeralds in the bright sunlight. Above, the sky was the color of turquoise fresh cut from the mines near Santa Fe. A cloud of fluffed cotton floated across it.

Then he heard somebody say in Mojave, "I knew the witching evil would strike you, too, sooner or later. That is why I came back to find you last night."

He glanced to the left and saw Havek staring anxiously at him. "Do you feel good now?"

"Yes," said South Boy tentatively, not thinking it worth while to deny that he'd been bewitched. Then he asked, "How'd I get up here?" recognizing that he was up on the floor of the mesa.

"The trail started caving in. So we carried you up."

"And the rest of them?" South Boy asked, and Havek pointed in the direction of the Fort with his chin and said, "There!"

South Boy got slowly to his feet and stretched his arms high above his head. There at his feet was his rifle, a patch or two of fresh, faint, lightish rust to show for its wetting, the bullet bag, its thick greasy canvas hardly wet at all, and the canteen. He looked at them almost with indifference.

"Crazy weather's gone," he said.

Havek said, "Do you feel like traveling? I have business down at my mother's camp."

South Boy remembered that the pot would be boiling for Havek in his mother's camp and his clan-uncles would be waiting to sing for him.

"Get your horses," he said.

Havek looked surprised. "*My* horses!"

"What you took from the Piute is yours."

South Boy closed his eyes and drifted off into a sleep that was as soft as the cottony cloud floating over his head. How long he slept he didn't know; but when he opened his eyes Havek was there, sitting on the little mare and holding the stallion's lead rope.

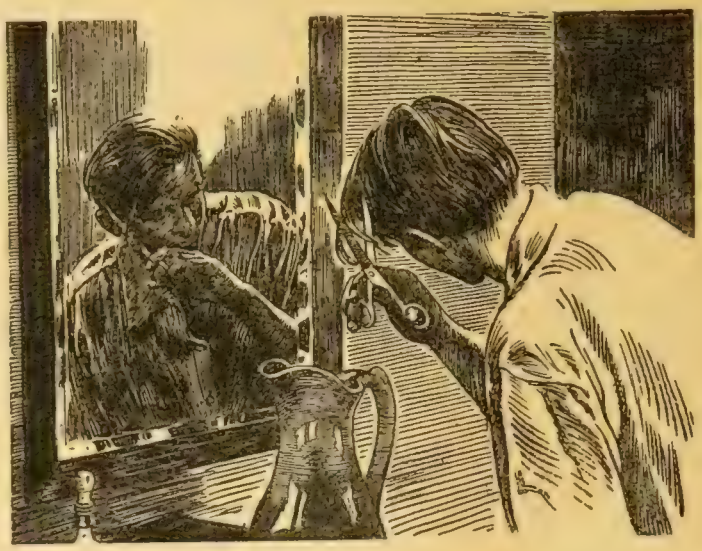
South Boy thrust the heel of his left hand against the ground to force himself up. It sank deep into the once-hard mesa. When he was standing, he looked down at the print his hand had made. It was filling with water.

"The mesa's a sponge," he said, picking up his equipment. He walked over to the stallion and mounted. He kept thinking about the water oozing into that handprint as his horse swung over behind the mare and started off at a lope across the mesa.

"There never was so much water up here! Why, the Indian wheat will be up as thick as the hair on a dog's back inside of two weeks!" He felt his excitement growing. "This mesa could feed twenty thousand cows and feed 'em fat this winter!"

In an ordinary year the rain would have made little difference, for it always strained his father's credit to the utmost to buy the four or five hundred feeder steers for winter fattening on mesquite browse and alfalfa. But this year there had been a devastating drought in the high country in central Arizona. Word came that a hundred thousand head could be had at panic prices because the steers were too poor and weak to stand the harsh winter up on the plateau.

His father was there now, buying the usual five hun-



dred head that were all his normal feeding capacity could handle.

South Boy cried, "I got to get word to him about this mesa. Tell him to buy all he can as cheap as he can—anything that can walk."

The drumming hoofs of his loping horse began to beat out a joyous refrain:

We're gonna get rich!
We're gonna get rich!

As South Boy rode along his mind was working like a ball mill on the problem of getting three or four thousand, or maybe even five thousand starved, frightened, weak, and wobbly long-horned cattle through the mountains, where the trail was too narrow and too steep.

"By grab, we got to hold 'em and feed 'em up first," he said.

Before he knew it they were off the mesa and down on the flat where the swale was now a small lake.

South Boy said aloud, "Well, that's a job for me. A swell job. A good arrow that kills two birds. I got a job for you, too, Havek. By damn, I'll make you rich, too. There'll be a holding ground for you and me to keep, across the mountains . . ."

"No," said Havek. "My business is here." And he pointed down-river, toward his mother's camp, with his chin.

South Boy shut his mouth. Yes, there would be the boiling pot and the singing uncles waiting for him down there.

He would sing his dream every night for four nights, and he would be feasted at every rancheria where he had kin—clear down to Parker and below. He was a New Man who had done a Great Thing.

"I can see why a few dollars bounced into your war bag wouldn't mean a thing to you now."

Then all at once it came to South Boy that he and Havek had come to the fork of their trail. They would go on being friends, of course. But they would shake hands solemnly and awkwardly when they met and not know exactly what to say to each other.

There was nothing much to say after that, and in a short space they came across the Yavapai year-round hand, lolling in a saddle on a big blue roan.

South Boy said, "I won't take you out of your way no farther," slid off the horse and handed Havek the rope.

Havek neither spoke nor looked back, but beat the mare into a run and eagerly disappeared among the

mesquite. South Boy climbed up behind the Yavapai and said, "Get me home in a hurry."

Though it was midmorning, smoke was rising from the rusty stovepipe that thrust itself through the roof of the summer kitchen. The Foreman's best horse, mud-caked to the belly, stood by the door with drooping head and hanging bridle reins.

"Where's he been?" asked South Boy.

"To Needles for telegraphing," said the Yavapai.

South Boy said, "Good—he got the idea, too," and he dropped his gear by the doorstep and ran inside.

The Foreman was sitting at the far end of the table, a lank forelock drooping over his grim face and his mouth open to receive the thick chunk of bacon impaled on his fork. He looked up when he heard the door slam, his eyes widening.

"Where in hell have you been?"

"To Hardyville, visiting," said South Boy, and added eagerly, "Didya get a telegram through? Didya tell him the mesa was just sopping? Didya tell him to buy anything that can walk?"

At this point the fat cook, who had covered her face with her hands and sunk silently into her rocker at the sight of South Boy, set up a shrill howl of relief. "He lives! Santa María-Jesús-José, the Baby lives! Merciful Mother, what would I have said to the *niña* if he had been lost!"

South Boy paid no heed to her whatever, but anxiously watched the Foreman's face.

"You couldn't get through to Needles?"

The Foreman grumbled a sullen negative.

"Couldn't get across the river?"

"Couldn't get *to* the damn river! The whole lower bottom is a bog."

South Boy thought, Well, I reckon it's up to me. He said, "I bet you could get through to Topock Station, or maybe Goldroads. They got telegraphs at both places. Telephones, even. We got to get word to him. You can live a lifetime and never get a chance like this again."

"Sure! Sure! And when the chance comes, the cards is all stacked against you. What's the use? Suppose I do get to Needles? The line's down, sure. And how do I know I can get through to the Boss anyway? All I can do is to wire him care of the stationmaster at Ash Fork. How'd I know he'd ever get it? Maybe—"

South Boy turned to the cook almost in panic. *"Tiene um botte pa'ya?"*

The cook hadn't understood a word of the foregoing conversation, but she knew the man's condition and its usual cure.

She stole away like a fat frightened cat and came back with a quart of whisky, dust-covered and more than half full—evidence that the Foreman had been sober a dangerously long time. Carefully she poured out four fingers in a water glass and set it in front of him.

THERE were minutes of almost stifling silence and immobility like paralysis. Then the Foreman's hand reached out for the glass and he drank with one great gulp.

He reached for the bottle and poured himself another drink. "What's the matter with me?" he demanded. "We can ride over to Goldroads, and if the wire's down, we can go on to Kingman and just keep pestering the operator until we do get the Old Man."

"Why sure!" agreed South Boy. He knew that the time had come for him to present the great plan he had thought out on the way home; so he drew up a chair and leaned across the table.

"Look! We can't shove that weak stuff across the mountains all at once. What we ought to do is to have a holding ground over in the breaks on the other side where there's plenty of desert browse that ain't been grazed lately on account of no water near. Of course, all the holes will be full now—"

"There!" exclaimed the Foreman, his face turning red with sudden enthusiasm. "There! What have I been telling everybody? You're smart! You're turning out to be worth all the trouble I've took in raising you!"

"And I'm the feller to keep that holding ground!"

"That'll leave you a long time on a lonesome job—"

"Yes, I figger up into November, anyhow. Way past the time when a feller's got to go away to school."

"Oh, so that's it!" The Foreman thumped his fist on the table and roared.

"Well, you got to have a man who can take responsibility on that feeding ground or you're going to lose a lot of dogies—"

"Sure, sure. Ain't no question about it."

"And here's another thing. There's six hundred dollars carried on the books marked 'school money.' So long as I'm going to be busy over on the holding ground, why, the Old Man can just as well spend that on panic cows. This ain't no time to have money idling."

"Son, it won't take much talk to make the Old Man see that kind of a proposition. I reckon he'll see to it you have a herd of your own to peddle in the spring when the market is right."

The Foreman reached across the table and solemnly shook South Boy by the hand.

All this time the cook was fussing around making clucking noises. She filled South Boy's plate and he heard her saying, "Eat! Eat! For the love of God. You are a disgrace to me. You look like a half-starved son of the poor with that hair hanging around your face."

So South Boy's hand went up to his half-long hair and his face went blank, for he remembered then that he had made a bargain and had not yet fulfilled his part of it.

IT was dark in his mother's room. The air smelled of dust and lavender scent. South Boy tiptoed in, found a pair of scissors in the sewing basket on the table, and tiptoed out and down the bare hall to his own room.

He stood in front of the mirror over the bowl-and-pitcher stand. He seized a lock of hair and whacked it off as close as he could. He went on, whacking away as best he might, all around his head.

Then he addressed the ceiling: "That's a sorry wreck of a haircut, but I reckon it'll hold up my end of the deal until I can get to Kingman. I'll keep my hair short and keep heathen ideas out of my head from now on. And if you remember, I didn't make no promises about not getting out of being sent away to school, so I'll take it kindly if you don't jim up that holding-ground job."

Then his eyes fell on the bullhide sandals still on his feet. These, too, were part of the heathen world. He kicked them off and shoved them under the washstand with as much of the hair as he could scrape up with his feet.

He fished a pair of worn half-boots with high run-over heels from beneath his bed, pulled them on his feet, and went clumping back to his mother's room to replace the scissors.

The scent of lavender sachet brought tears to his eyes. She would be coming back soon, and he wouldn't be there. She would be bitterly disappointed, and she would be worried half sick because he was out in the breaks alone, with a bedroll, a stock saddle, and a fire hole for a home.

"Well, I'm a man, and there ain't nothing she can do but get used to it," he said as he wiped his eyes on his sleeve and softly closed the door. "And it won't be near as tough on her as if she found I was dead, or turned Indian—or something halfway between, like the Mormon-hater."

And before the hour was past he and the Foreman were riding east. The sun warmed South Boy's back, and he was thinking of nothing except how comfortable it was to be riding in a saddle like a white man. He heard the quail calling back and forth; and through the mesquite from the direction of Havek's mother's camp came the distant sound of Mojave singing. Both were pleasant—neither registered strongly on his mind.

By and by the Foreman started singing in a booming voice, "Green grows the grass in the valley, oh."

The mention of green grass started South Boy thinking. We're gonna get rich, we're gonna get rich—in cadence with the easy gait of his horse, and, swaying gently to its motion, he dropped off into a sound sleep, like a baby in its cradle.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

THERE'S a little of everything in **Elizabeth Goudge's Green Dolphin Street.** The action ranges from delicate vignettes of childhood playmates in the Channel Islands to melodramatic life-and-death struggles with the savage Maoris of New Zealand. All the same, it adds up to a unified story, and one of great charm.

Elizabeth Goudge

The events of Miss Goudge's novel cover the second third of the nineteenth century, but her preoccupation is with timeless problems of character. There is a strong strain of mysticism running through the story, based on the principle that every human being has one great moment in which his life seems to burn with a clear flame of meaning.

But Miss Goudge is too skilled a storyteller to let abstractions interfere with the flow of her narrative. Her philosophical overtones give additional distinction to what would in any case be a rattling good story of romance and adventure.

For William Ozanne, the British exile who is the central character of the story, the meaningful moment is the one in which he finds himself greeting as his fiancée not the girl to whom he had intended to propose, but her sister. It's through a mistake of his own that the girl has traveled halfway around the world to meet him; and he decides at once to hide the error, spare her feelings, and accept his destiny.

Like the famed Monsieur Jourdain, who discovered that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it, many a reader of this book will put it down with the discovery that he has been a mystic all his life without knowing it.

Published by Coward-McCann, Inc., N. Y. Price $3.

SHORTLY after the publication of **Tom Treanor's** high-spirited record of his adventures as a war correspondent, **One Damn Thing After Another,** this talented young writer was killed in a jeep accident in France. His book, which describes his hitch-hike with the British forces from Cairo to Burma, stands as a monument to a memorable personality.

Treanor was at Malta early in August, 1942, "when Malta was really on the ropes. . . . It was one of those rare times in men's lives," he tells, "when the common interest is so great that it wipes out personal ambitions and differences. Men were pulling together with real good will, submerged in the common cause. It was a time of high feeling, almost as emotional as being in love, and just as hard to describe. . . .

"More than a year later I came back to Malta on her day of triumph, when the surrendered Italian Navy dropped anchor off the island. That was a great moment, too, I suppose. Yet emotionally it was in a minor key. The invisible bond of camaraderie, of common suffering and common cause, had been broken. Malta had become just another collection of normal selfish human beings going about their daily tasks."

In his chapter on India, Treanor refrains from offering a glib solution to the complex political problems, but he does throw a good deal of light on them. He had the uncommon common sense to interview village peasants as well as maharajahs.

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

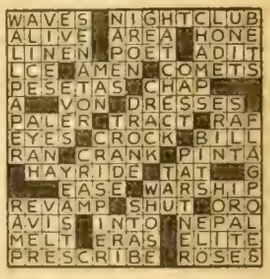
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

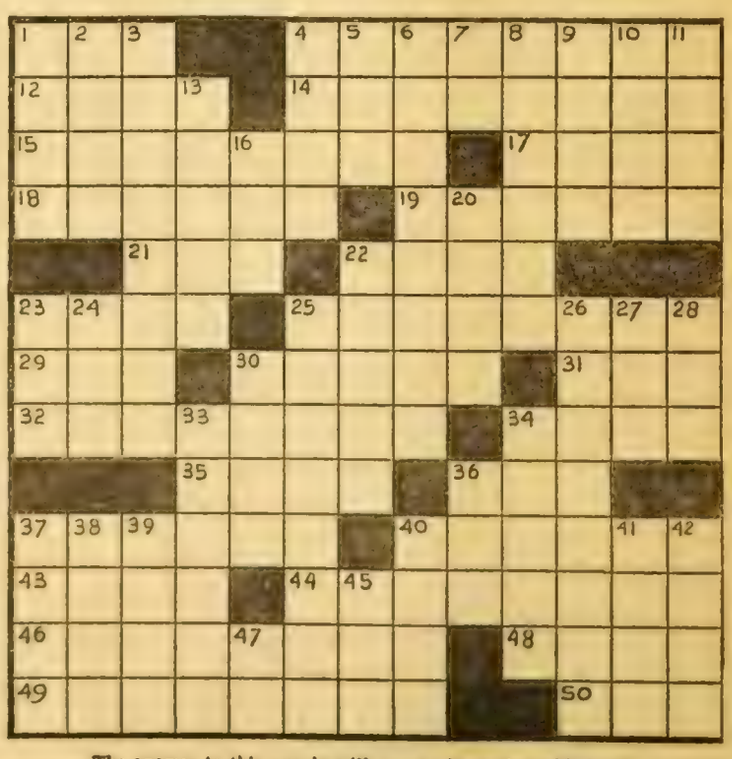
1 The air what has a long reach over Germany and Japan?
4 Even up
12 What industrial basin have the Allies "cleaned" out for the Heinies?
14 What do the Nazis pride themselves on being, but act least like? (pl.)
15 Napoleon defeated the Mamelukes in what famous battle?
17 During what year are women especially on the jump?
18 What events of world-shaking significance take place early in October?
19 What's a slangy name for prudence?
21 What kind of man is his brother's keeper?
22 What's the world's oldest chaser called?
23 What's a fancy word for free-for-all?
25 Translate: Again places the labial protuberances in contact with the dittoes of the opposite sex
29 What dog has a face not even a mother could love?
30 Who was the first woman to take Paris?
31 Wood has replaced sand as a what?
32 What soldier is fighting on most fronts?
34 Name a skinny thing
35 A leaf and a pyramid have a what in common?
36 A mixed-up era, or girl's name
37 Careless folk are often what?
40 What great Republican independent was recently defeated for the U. S. Senate?
43 Name the Greek bow-and-arrow boy
44 What's the G I cooler called?
46 Lots of trucks are now going what because of a rubber shortage?
48 Capital of Lot-et-Garonne, France
49 What town's commonly associated with Carl Sandburg?
50 Shovel in the groceries

VERTICAL

1 Spas (anagram)
2 Who's the female Joe E. Brown?
3 Since love's blind, what's said to be an institution for the blind?
4 Athena ran around carrying what bit of defensive armor?
5 What's a sign of mathematical proof? (abbr.)
6 What kind of words often speak loudest?
7 Cockney's 'ead hadornment?
8 What toil not, neither do they spin?
9 French for islands?
10 The seven ——
11 Ye olde FBI man used to do whatte?
13 Monsoon weather's what kind?
16 Because of the current shortage, the old maid thought they were rationing what? (pl.)
20 What German contribution to world culture will soon grace Germany itself?
22 Laxer you'll be, if you what? (anagram)
23 Name one of the Information Please braintrust (abbr.)
24 Medford was noted for it
25 Congressional vacations are called whats?
26 Greet sea (anagram)
27 The sand what makes swell bait?
28 Another word for down at bridge?
30 Callipygian figures have the accent on whats?
33 Another word for bumped at poker?
34 What's that hooded Eskimo cape football players wear called?
36 Name a mythical flier
37 Dunks flax
38 Silk worm
39 A poet wouldn't get up in the morning; he'd get up when?
40 Jimmy Durante sure is what?
41 Aide (anagram)
42 "I —— a letter to my love, and on the way I dropped it."
45 Exclamation of pity or sympathy
47 Half luck



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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ὑπόδημα

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OH, FRABJOUS DAY!

Continued from Page 23

to you how it was. He's lonely and—*please* be nice to him. He's really awfully nice, and besides, I—"

"Oh," Max said, "*besides* again."

"Oh, Max!" Liz began to giggle. "It was awful! When he came in I said, 'This doesn't look much like the Honolulu boat—the room, I mean—does it?' Because I thought that's where I'd met him, and he said he didn't know, *he'd never been on the Honolulu boat!*"

Max let out a whoop. "*Honestly,* Liz!" he laughed. Truly, he felt wonderful! Still and all, something had to be done.

"So you will be nice to him?" Liz said.

"Sure, I'll be nice to him," Max said. *Knock 'em all down, one by one, like tenpins, that's what I'll do.* "Sure. The next time I see him, I'll kiss him."

THAT wasn't exactly what happened. What happened was, Max was drooling like a leaky faucet because of the smells coming up from the kitchen, so he went down in his pajamas to get a cup of coffee. Edna's coffee was out of this world; it made you slightly drunk—particularly if you added a modicum of rum to it. After three cups of it Max felt definitely skittish. He thought those were mighty fine-looking uniforms hanging on the door, and he thought Toby had done a mighty fine job of pressing them. He thought, finally, that he'd look mighty fine wearing one of them.

"Oh, but Doct' Max," Edna said, "that's bad luck, puttin' on a sailor suit!"

"Not over p'jamas," Max said. "That fixes'm. Think I'd better have a shirt and tie, though. Think'll go up and surprise Miss Liz. Howdywe look?"

"Proud," Toby said. "Highly proud."

"*H'yee, h'yee,*" Edna laughed, "'ceptin' your pajama pants peekin' out below."

"Oh, well—" Max said. He went out singing "Ang-chors aweigh, tee-dum—" Out through the dining room, bumping into only one door, through the hall-living room where the double stairway led to the upstairs. . . .

"Ang-chors a-weigh, tee-*dum,* tee-*dum* tee-*dum* tee . . ."

And suddenly stopped dead with a cold stab between the shoulders as an unfamiliar masculine voice floated over to him. "Good morning," it said.

Max turned slowly. "Oh, good morning," he said. Well—at least it wasn't one of the officers. It was the viking, standing at the end of the room warming himself by the fire. "Good morning," he said again. That was all he could say. He felt like a combination bad boy and jackass. He also felt a little high. That rum on an empty stomach; he wasn't used to this sort of thing.

"You must be Commander Adams," the viking said in friendly fashion. "I'm Anderson—Ken Anderson."

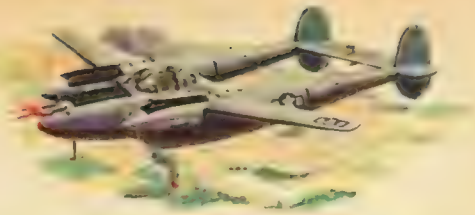
"I'm—" Max floundered. "I'm—" He had a fuzzy idea that it was going to be embarrassing, explaining this masquerade; that he had to get rid of these pals of Liz's one by one, knocking 'em off like tenpins, and that for politeness' sake he had to establish his identity. "I'm awf'ly sorry," he said, "I'm not—"

"Oh, we *haven't* met," Ken said. "I only knew you were Adams because Liz—Mrs. Maxwell, that is—said that the other two had fair hair. They're still asleep, I guess."

"I guess so," Max said. He wished he could pull up his pajama legs. He must look an awful ass. On the other hand, what the hell was this fellow doing in his house. . . . "Look here—" he said.

(*Continued on page 58*)

Blacksmiths by the millions!



"And the children coming home
from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar . . ."

CHILDREN dropping into General Motors nowadays would see both flaming forges and roaring bellows — lots of them.

But they would see, in addition, millions of little, mechanical blacksmiths doing a strange and fascinating job.

We call it "shot-blasting," and it consists of shooting little steel balls by compressed air at steel surfaces. Every time a little ball hits, it puts the surface under compression. It hardens, strengthens, and the breaking point moves up.

Up to wartime, shot-blasting was one of the many techniques General Motors engineers adopted and developed to make more and better things for more people. Your own car benefited from it.

But suddenly the sky began to fill with rolling, leaping, stunting planes —training for combat. And the straining connecting rods and other vital parts in these planes needed special treatment to keep surface cracks from opening.

Shot-blasting moved in on the job. And those millions of little blacksmiths beat and hardened the surfaces of those parts until they were the toughest ever known.

This very day, pilots diving our cannon-bearing planes on enemy tanks ride safer because of this peacetime technique. And that white-starred streak you see in the sky — twisting, rolling, climbing — flies on shafts able to resist the great strains and stresses set up in action.

America's industrial records are filled with many such highly developed techniques because, in our land, men receive just rewards for their enterprise.

This idea of just rewards helped make our country so good to live in. It has clearly demonstrated its value in war. And it holds the certain promise of more and better things for more people in the fruitful years ahead.

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GMC TRUCK AND COACH

(Continued from page 56)

"Lucky dogs," Ken said. "I wish *I* could sleep. But I couldn't. Too jittery. You ever get jittery?"

"Brother!" Max said. "Right now I could do with a drink."

"Oh, brother!" Ken said.

"Well, there's some here," Max said. He poured a couple of stiff ones. He also pulled up his pajama pants. They fell down again. "*Damn!* Well—down the hatch." Wow! That hit him for fair.

Ken swallowed his the first try, and Max poured him another and took a snifter himself. "Say—you *are* in a bad way!" Judas! What he did to that drink!

"I shouldn't have come," Ken said, "but I—" He lowered his voice. "Say—have you met the old man yet?"

"Who?" Max said. "The judge?"

"'S a doctor," Ken said.

Oh! Oh-ho! He was talking about him! But they were both talking about a third person, it seemed to Max. Somebody a long, lo-n-g-g way away, who chuckled agreeably now and then.

"What makes you think he's s' old?" Max said. "Have another drink."

"Liz," Ken said. "Sh' says he sleeps all the time. Thanks."

"Is that a fact?" Max said. "Well— 's kind of a baggy fellow, but nah what you call senile. Unnerstand he still wields a pretty niffy scalpel. Crack shot, too." Max chortled. That was a good one.

"I suppose so," Ken said. "I guess she likes him, though."

"Who?"

"The doctor."

"Wel-l-l—he's handsome," Max said, "'n you know women."

"Would you let your wife go on trips alone—to the trop'cs?"

"I was busy," Max said.

"Dangerous business," Ken said, "the trop'cs. I wish she didn' like him."

"Who?"

"The doctor. Most 'tractive woman I've ever met. I'd like to marry her."

"Her husband wouldn' like that."

"That ol' fooff," Ken said.

"Fooff," Max said.

IT might have gone on forever, but a third voice broke in from the balcony. "Hey, you two!" Liz said. "What are you doing down there?"

"What are we doing?" Max said. "Why—"

"Why—it's *Max*! Why, darling! You look wonderful in that uniform! Where in the world—"

The white miserable light of returning consciousness shone on Max so that he was aware again of his uniform, his pajama pants, and some kind of joke he had entered into and, worstly, some strange words that had been spoken. He was also aware of a man's face and a glass floating in mid-air in front of him; then the face attached itself to a body and Max grinned sheepishly. "That's me," he said. "That's me, all right."

"Of all the stinking, unnerhanded tricks!" Ken said. "Of all—"

"Well," said Max, "if you're going to use that tone, what are you doing in my house?"

"I'll get out a' once, of course," Ken said, bending over backward. "A' once!"

Max watched in pleased fascination as Ken wove across the room. "Come back here!" he yelled. "Don't be a fool. You won't get very far that way."

"I wish I knew what goes," Liz said.

But Ken wasn't coming back—no, sir, he was going right through that door there. He was going right into the coat closet. He came out looking very silly indeed.

"Come on," Max said. "I'll fix us both up." He led Ken off by the elbow, and

(Continued on page 60)

TOUGH...BUT OH SO GENTLE

Worn-out piston rings bring double-trouble. They waste oil and gasoline, and often cause dangerous cylinder wear.

It's wise to have your motor specialist inspect your engine regularly.

He will tell you whether the rings need replacing and show you how to save oil, check cylinder wear and improve engine performance.

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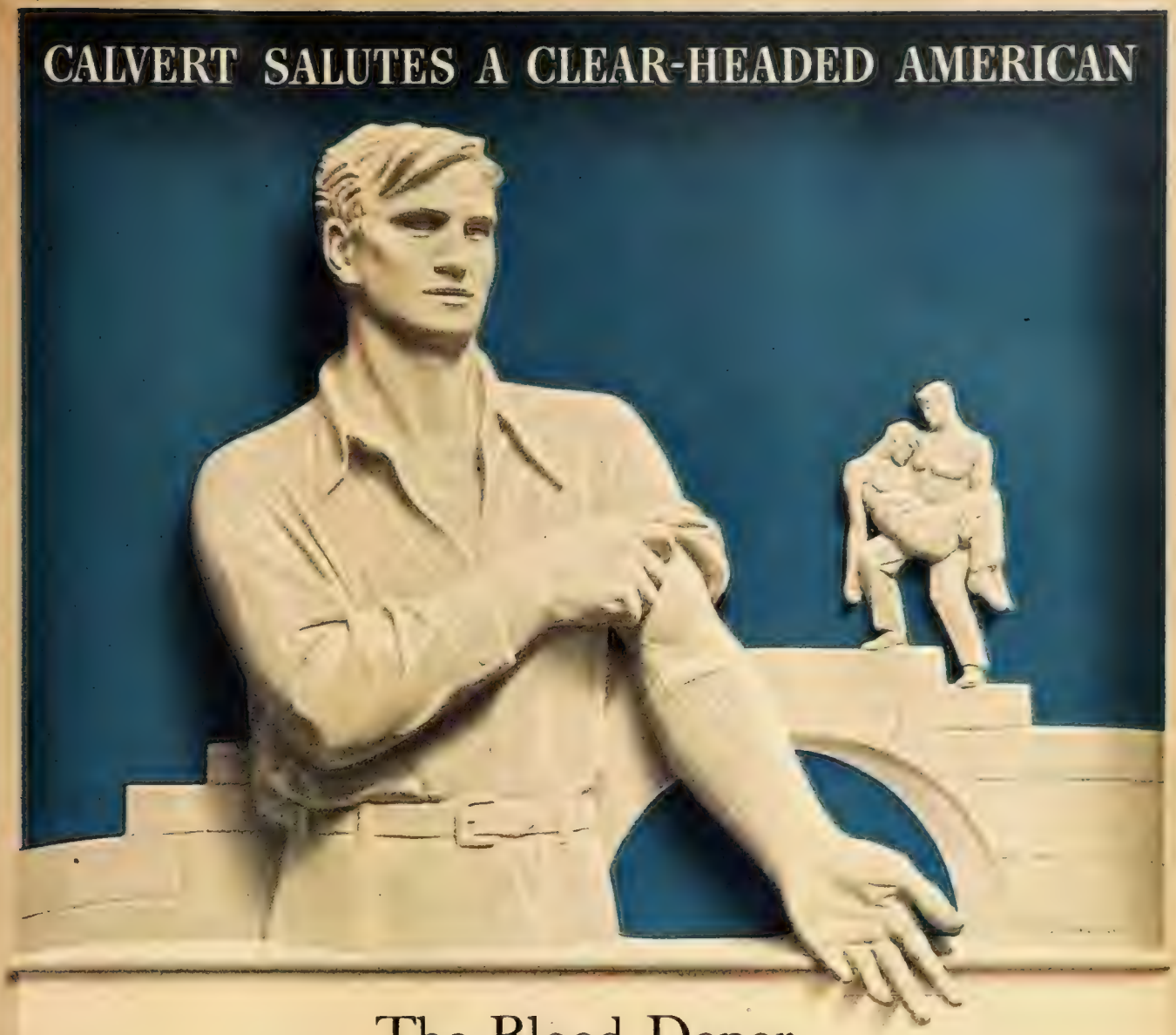

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If you would seek a symbol of his giving,
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For from that willing arm there flows
The priceless gift of Life itself
To men he's never met . . . or seen
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Men who fell on distant beaches . . .
Men who battled in the fox holes
. . . plunged through skies . . . faced death
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foot of ground.

He gives his blood to them with pride
and exaltation . . .
He gives it asking not their names or creeds . . .
He gives with one purpose only —
That men of Freedom, stricken on some
foreign soil,
May now have strength to live again
. . . and fight . . . and win!

He is a Clear-Headed American!

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Calvert Distillers Corporation publishes this message in the interest of the home front war effort.

"G.I. JOE"

SPARK PLUG OF THE ARMED FORCES

You know him all right . . . but not well enough. At least he deserves more recognition, more credit, more appreciation than he is usually given.

He it is who is represented by that thin black line on the war maps in newspapers, magazines and on the screen. As one general has put it, "He *is* that line."

The ebb and flow of his blood determines the ebb and flow of the tide of battle.

Despite all the tremendous technological developments in modern warfare—it's still the Infantry that takes and holds the positions that determine the progress of the war.

The Infantry—"G. I. Joe, footsoldier, doughboy." Most of us think of him as a guy with a rifle and a bayonet. He's the world's best with both of them, too. But the infantryman has seventeen different weapons at his command. He it is who comes storming in from landing boats, wields flame-throwers, shoots bazookas, comes in behind the lines in glider planes, masters half a dozen knives and an equal number of shooting implements.

Yes—it's the U. S. Infantryman, the G. I. Joe of this war, who carries the ball. He's the lad who gets in there and fights it out. He's the "spark plug" of the Armed Forces.

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Among the infantryman's many weapons is the flame thrower which is fired by the tiny Champion Spark Plug shown here, actual size. Like its larger counterparts for jeeps, trucks, half-tracks, tanks, and all the other vehicles on which our armed forces depend for mobility, it is a symbol of dependable ignition. Champions are on active duty on every front on land, water and in the air.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

DEPENDABLE SPARK PLUGS FOR EVERY ENGINE

(Continued from page 58)

in the little room off the dining room he stirred up a mess of stuff, calculated to clear the head. "It's my own concoction," he said. "Kind of a blitz-grog. Drink it. It isn't poison."

"I wish it was," Ken said.

"Excuse me," Max said. "No, come on. I'm going to take this damn thing off." He led the way into the kitchen where he replaced the uniform with his robe, and ordered breakfast for two. "We don't feel like facing the Navy, so we'll eat right here," he said. "You can take those uniforms up now, Toby." He was talking fast; the situation wasn't exactly covered in the book of rules. Himself, he felt like a fool, and he guessed that Ken must be feeling a whole lot worse. His mouth was hanging open as if he wanted to speak.

"Don't try to say anything until you've had something to eat," Max said.

"An apology seems hardly adequate," Ken said, halfway through the meal. "I feel the damnedest jackass. You've been more than decent."

"Forget it," Max said. He found himself liking the fellow, who looked, now that he was really *seeing* him, less like somebody who was trying to run off with your wife than someone you grabbed a cocktail with before you hopped a train. Still—if he went on like this with all Liz's pals he'd be a damned Pied Piper. "Pie-eyed Piper," he said.

"I beg your pardon," Ken said.

"Nothing," Max said, grinning.

"I never really thought of her as having any husband at all," Ken said, pouring syrup on his eggs, "except maybe some nebulous old coot who didn't give a rap."

"It's partly my fault," Max said; "but it's a problem. I don't mind telling you. Liz likes everybody, everybody loves Liz, and I don't get enough sleep. Well—let's forget it. . . . You ever go hunting?"

"*Hunting!*" Ken said, paling. "With *guns?*"

"I never tried it with anything else," Max laughed. "Relax, man. I thought the fresh air might do you good."

"Well, thanks. I'd like to."

MAX hadn't expected anyone to be in the dining room, but as he and Ken passed through, it was full of Liz and an immaculate Navy, which stood up as Liz introduced everybody; and Max had to stand there in his pajamas and robe and try looking like the master of the house. They were a stalwart lot, giving not much evidence of gruesome adventure. They looked quite happy, in fact, surrounding Liz with a protecting band of gol-darned blue. They all said, "Good morning," sounding like Annapolis.

"Good morning," Max said. "Well—enjoy yourselves while you can. . . . Hey, Toby! Get my guns, will you? . . . I like to see 'm turn pale," Max said to Ken in the hall. "You have to do something!"

"I understand what you mean," Ken said. "Ye gods! That sounds like a horse on the front porch!"

"It is," Max said. He opened the door, and there was the judge's beautiful, red Gallant Lady, the wiry old judge astride.

"Mawnin', doc. *Crimminy!* Ain't you ready yet?" the judge yelled. He had a voice one quarter Southern drawl and three quarters frog's croak.

"Be with you in a jiffy, judge."

The "hunting" trip turned out to be the usual exercising of the judge's "dawgs" and potting at crows with no harm to the latter. But Max's release from fatigue had been, he discovered, after an hour's riding, only temporary. He was all at once completely bushed. And the sleepier he got the more his problem returned

(Continued on page 62)

Mine eyes have seen the glory . . .

My two brothers are in the Army. One in New Guinea. One a prisoner in Germany.

The man I'm going to marry is in the Army. Bomber pilot in Burma.

That's *their* contribution to freedom, *their* glory . . .

But what is mine?

To sit and wish for my men to come home? Or to want freedom so much that I, too, will go out and help make it come sooner?

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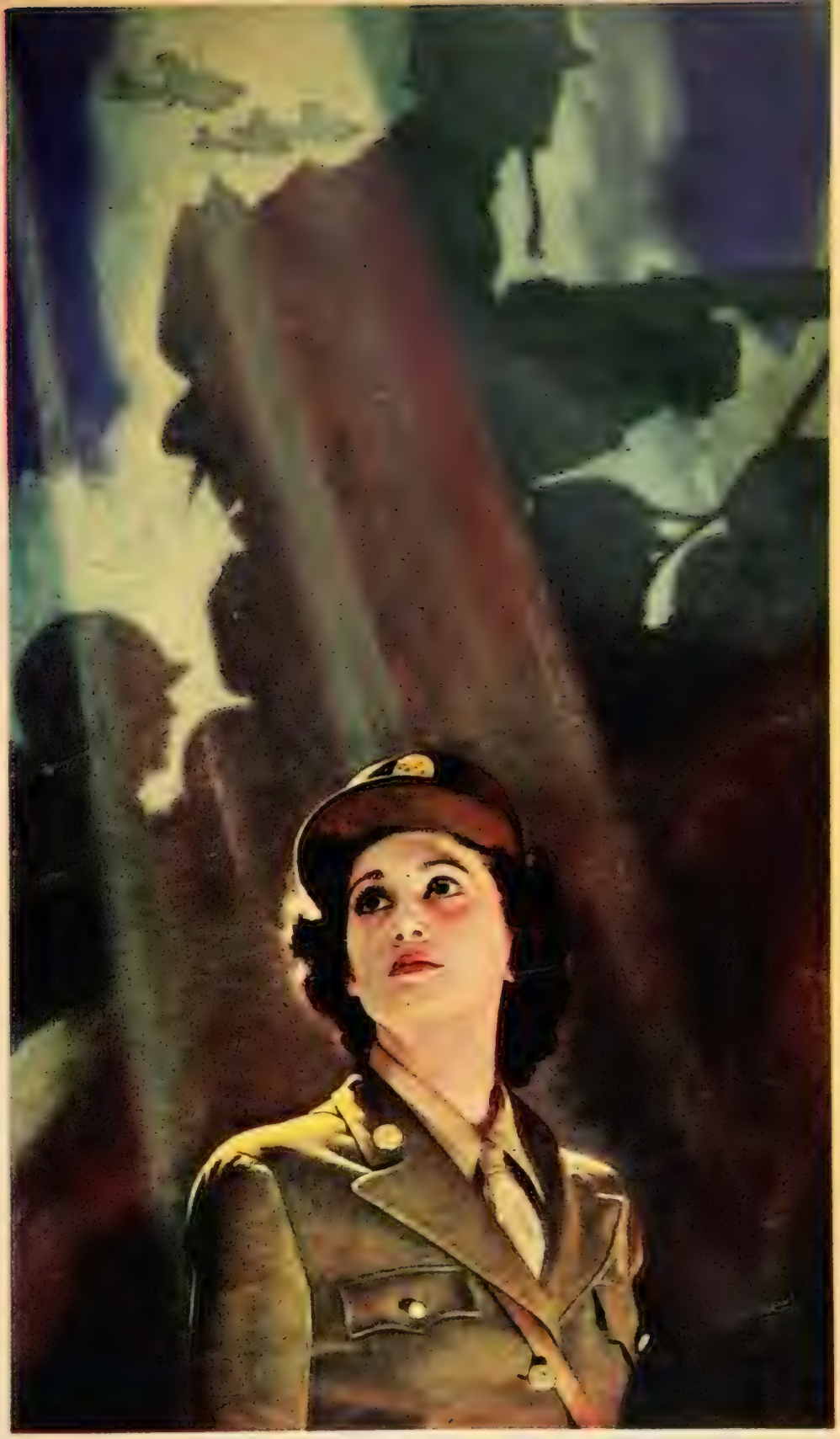
I've seen, with my own eyes, that doing my own special Army job is the real way to share *their* honor, and *their* glory . . .

Now. And in the heaven of Victory to come.

For full information about the Women's Army Corps, go to your nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station. Or mail the coupon at the right.



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(Continued from page 60)

to him—going through life knocking 'em down like tenpins. Really, it had to stop.

"Judge," he said, waiting while the old man misfired, "you know women—" Ken had ridden off, so he could speak freely.

"Son," the judge croaked, "no man knows a woman any more'n he does the day he's born bare-nekked. All you can do is guess. What's on your mind, son?"

Max got it out as well as he could between yawns. "What I'm afraid of is that some day when I'm asleep some guy will come along with both eyes open . . . I don't want her life to be dull, but I don't want to lose her, either."

"This serious?" said the old man.

"Might be if I can't keep my eyes open," Max said, "and how the hell can I, working twenty-two hours a day?"

"H'mm," said the judge. "Thing to do is to give 'er a scare. Make *her* do the work—and the worryin'. . . . Ever give another gal that there—well—*glimmer?*"

"No," Max said.

"I married a Chahleston gal," the judge said. "First five years m' feet was blistered to the knees just keepin' on m' toes."

"What'd you do?" Max said.

"Learned to shoot. Scared the lights out of 'em. Her, too. Used to shoot out the windows at night. She didn't know a good shot can miss as good as hit when he wants to. You ain't done anything about it?"

"No," Max said. "I did mention a girl's name once. Liz thought I was asleep."

"Well," the judge cackled, "that's a starter. What was it?"

"Jane," Max said.

"H'mm," the judge said. "Picked an easy one, didn't you? Tell you what you do. You go home and git some rest. It's weatherin' up t' rain, anyway."

It didn't rain until late in the afternoon. In the meantime Max had a nap. The Navy had got it into its head how come Ken wasn't in the armed forces, and furthermore that he was after upsetting the Maxwell household, and still furthermore that he was too damn much competition, anyway; and had suggested to him, diplomatically, of course, that he should be in the service. And Ken had said what kind of ships were they on, and they'd said PTs, and Ken said, "I make them," and they'd gone off on the river feeling very cheesy indeed. Taking Liz with them.

Furthermore, Ken had accidentally shot himself in the foot and wouldn't let Toby waken Max to fix it, and there was a lady downstairs name of Jane Spender and should Toby send her away?

That was what greeted Max when he woke.

"Yup," Max said, deep in the covers. "Send her away. Judas! . . . *Jane! No!* Hold her, Toby. Don't let her get away if you have to tie her up. I'm going to do a little shootin' out the windows, bless the judge's white whiskers."

Toby slumped downstairs to tell Edna that Doct' Max had gone crazy. And Max went down to find Ken's foot on a pillow, and, standing before the fire close to him, one of the fairest beauties Max had ever seen. If it weren't for Liz, he wouldn't have any trouble doing a little shootin' out the windows for this gal.

"How do you do," Max said. "Anderson, you're a jackass. Toby! A pan of boiling water and my kit, please. . . . Why didn't you let Toby tell me, Anderson?" Max probed around.

"Thought I'd caused enough mess for one. . . . *Ouch!*"

"Judge Cary said it was awfully rude of me, not calling sooner," the girl said in a voice like a brook running honey. "We're on the next farm."

"It's awfully nice of you to come now," Max said. "Small packages, you know." That didn't make any sense, but what he was thinking of was to have a nice cozy picture by the time Liz got back. It would be better if he could get Ken out of the way, but he could hardly ask him to hop upstairs on one foot. Well, he'd have to do the best he could. Stand next to this lovely thing by the fire. Cozy and all.

"How about a drink, Miss Spender? It isn't any too good for *you*, Anderson."

"Nuts," Ken said.

"Thanks," the girl said. "But why don't you just call me Jane? We're neighbors, and it's silly to be formal."

"Well—fine!" Max said. "Everybody calls me Max."

"I remember when somebody didn't," Ken said. "Jeepers!"

"Do I smell something burning?" Jane said. "Smells like wool, or something."

"I think it's your pants, Max," Ken said.

"Judas!" Max yelled. "*I'm on fire!*"

HE whipped out and stood in the rain. It had been raining for half an hour, coming down in buckets. And that was how he came to be upstairs—changing his pants—when Liz came in. Liz and the Navy. He got down after Ken had introduced Jane all around.

He was disappointed that the "cozy picture" had been ruined, but, anyway, he had to laugh. They looked like drowned rats. And Liz was a sight. Her hair hung down, dripping, from under Lieutenant "Corky" Cheever's cap, which sat on her ears; her lovely figure, which had no hands, was hidden in Lieutenant St. George "Fats" Graham's coat, and water dripped off her nose like rain from a roof.

"Sometimes she even looks prettier than that," Max said. "Liz—this is Jane." He felt guilty, but it was now or never. Liz, however, didn't appear to have got it. She just stood there dripping, her dark eyes sparkling, her cheeks whipped red by the wind and the rain. "*Jane,*" he repeated. "Jane Spender."

"Jane," Liz said. "Oh! *Jane!* Why, Max, she's the prettiest thing I've ever seen. . . . Would you like to see the house, Jane? Come up while I wring myself out."

"I'd love to go up with you," Jane said, "but I know the house quite well. It has an awfully romantic history. Mrs. Cartwright, who was the wife of the man who built it, was a great beauty. Some man shot himself because she wouldn't marry him."

"What *happened?*" Liz said.

"He died," Jane said, and disappeared with Liz upstairs.

"I'm a power, that's what I am," Max said, waving futilely after his assignation.

"You didn't have your heart in it," Ken said. "What you need is more *zing*. Really give her the works."

"How did you know?" Max said, surprised. "Was I that obvious?"

"I was almost to Baltimore," Ken said, "but I couldn't help overhearing you and

(Continued on page 64)

MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY
WON'T YOU BE MY WIFE?
WITH THAT WHISKER
ON YOUR KISSER?
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S.N.J. is easily applied to affected parts with a handy patented measuring applicator. Economical tube containing 40 doses only 75 cents at leading druggists. NO PRESCRIPTION NEEDED in most states.

If your local druggist has not yet received a supply of S.N.J. you may order direct from manufacturer, S.N.J. Products Co., 4757 So. Broadway, Los Angeles 37, Calif. Send $3 for family package, mailed postpaid, containing 4 complete tubes with 4 applicators and copy of "Nose & Throat Medication."

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When my assistant called me that I was sore enough to fire him!

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"WELL, IN THAT CASE, BOSS, I'D SUGGEST TAKING INNERCLEAN HERBAL LAXATIVE. IT'S GREAT FOR OCCASIONAL CONSTIPATION."

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ONLY ½ teaspoonful is usually enough.

*CAUTION: Use only as directed on label.

INNERCLEAN Herbal LAXATIVE

(Continued from page 62)

the judge. You weren't whispering."

"Maybe she'll stay over for dinner," Max said. "I could maybe try it again."

"I'd do the same thing in your place."

"Judas!" Max said. "And all I want is some sleep."

IT was a wonderful night. The rain was over and the moonlight on the river looked exactly like moonlight on the river. Jane was out there on the river bank in one of Liz's long flowing dresses, and Liz was there in another one. And the officers were there, dried and pressed and resplendent again, and Max was there trying desperately to keep the mosquitoes from crawling up his pants legs. He was also desperately trying to put some urgency in his voice as he murmured, "Ja-a-ne," trying to draw her aside.

"Yes, Max?"

"Damn!" Max said, swatting. "Well, there's one'll never live to bite again." He swatted his leg in four places. "It's no good, Jane, I've got to go in," he said. "These mosquitoes—you'd think I was their gol-darned mother." He bounded back to the house and slammed the door.

"It's no good, Ken," he said. "Everything beats me. I'm going to get some sleep, Navy or no Navy. Let 'em come!"

"You know you really don't have to worry," Ken said, as they were going upstairs. "She's a thoroughbred, Liz is."

That wasn't all Liz was, Max discovered shortly. She came in as he was dropping off to sleep, laughing her head off.

"Oh, Max," she giggled, pulling her dress off over her head. "I've just done the most awful thing, and promise me you'll never tell, Max. Promise!"

"Yum," Max said.

"But open your eyes, dear."

"All right," Max said, "they're open."

"Well—I got them all out there on the boat, I was so tired and sleepy, and I never could have done it if Jane hadn't been there, it was a wonderful idea your getting Jane to stay, dear, because men don't care who she is just so long as she's pretty, and then I sneaked away, and if Jane hadn't been there they would have noticed, but they didn't, and then I untied the painter, and—Max!"

"Yum."

"Well—and now they're probably floating down the river, they probably haven't even noticed because they're probably just looking at Jane and—"

"Well, if they can handle PTs," Max said, "they can certainly handle a speedboat. G'night, dear. I'm awfully sleepy."

"But, Max! *There wasn't any gas!*"

"Yum."

"And now they'll probably float right into the Chesapeake without knowing, because Jane is so pretty, and maybe right out into the ocean. I think if she's a girl I'll call her Jane, just because."

"Yum . . ." Max yawned, but suddenly was a-leap on his elbows. "*What did you say, Liz?*"

"Didn't I tell you?" Liz said. "Well, for goodness' sakes! And now maybe I'll be able to get some sleep, because I don't think mothers are bothered like single women, do you? But of course, if she's a boy I'll name her for you. Oh, dear," Liz yawned, "I'm sleepy. It's so good knowing now I can get some sleep. What did you say, dear?"

Max didn't say anything. He couldn't. While Liz slept he just lay there, stupefied, stunned, bewildered, ashamed, delighted, humble, and stark-staring wide awake. Furthermore, he never expected to be able to sleep again.

Judas! Who ever heard of a *father* getting any sleep!

THE END

In the "Service of Supply"

● The "service of supply" isn't confined to the battle-fronts. It begins here at home . . . begins with the transportation of raw materials . . . with the shipment of armament, food, clothing and other vital supplies to military camps and seaports.

It's a big job; a job for the railroads, for Union Pacific. Over the strategic middle route, uniting the East with the Pacific Coast, heavy freight trains rumble to complete their missions. And those missions will be carried out, day and night, until victory is ours.

Union Pacific train crews—and many other thousands of men and women employes—are in the "service of supply." They're keeping 'em rolling. Many other thousands are in uniform. Loyal Americans—all of them—working and fighting for the liberty they love . . . for the right to provide for future security . . . for the spirit of equal opportunity that is the foundation of your America.

★ *Extra war bonds bought today will speed the day of victory.*

THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Now that SCHICK BLADES ARE BACK!

(Sorry—No New Razors Yet Except for the Armed Forces!)

Make a note. You and your Schick Injector Razor have a date tomorrow A.M. There's no more waiting and wishing—because Schick Blades are back again. You can get 'em right now! And that means . . . well, you know a good thing when you see it. Else you wouldn't have been a Schick Injector fan in the first place.

While we still can't get material for the razors, except for the Armed Forces, we're now able to supply civilian as well as military demands for Schick Injector Blades. From now on you can enjoy these Schick Injector features . . . the only basic safety razor improvements in the past 40 years.

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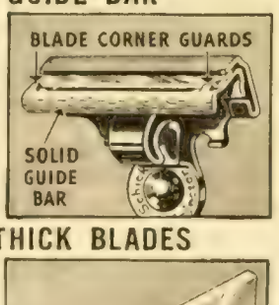
. . . an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.

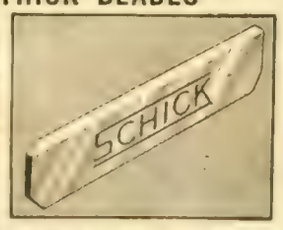
SOLID GUIDE BAR

. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.



SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

THOSE WHO ARE LEFT

Continued from Page 19

landing on Pierre Joulard's field, but by good fortune none of the crew was much hurt. I hid the other four quickly and sent word for the others to get them. This one I brought to you. The Boches had not found the plane when I left the vicinity."

How quickly and surely and secretly they had learned to work since the days when Armand made his desperate plans!

She nodded. "Good. Now you had better go, unless you would like a bowl of soup, or some wine?"

"No. I will go. You understand he will be supplied with the proper papers. Whoever brings them will take him away."

When she was alone again her earlier anxiety returned. Surely by now *maman* should be back. But the cart was not in the stable yard with Pierrette patiently waiting to be taken out of her traces, and the road was empty except for a single cart drawn by a rickety white horse.

As the cart approached, Marguerite saw that it held the Widow LeGrand, who sat hunched in the warm May sunshine as if she were cold. She had withered and dried since her two sons had been sent to labor in the Reich, and her eyes were dull. She stopped the cart in front of the cottage and beckoned to Marguerite.

Instantly Marguerite demanded, "Did you see *maman* in Frécourt?"

The Widow LeGrand nodded. She did not look at Marguerite, but past her.

"She had just arrived at the doctor's when the planes came. She was just getting out of the cart. They struck only the railroad yards—but the noise! The confusion! The concussion!"

Marguerite whispered, "She is hurt?"

The Widow LeGrand sighed. "It is the will of *le bon Dieu*," she said. "The shock was too great for her old heart."

Marguerite's lips were parched. "No! Oh, no!"

The other said sadly, "But yes, my dear. She is now at the doctor's house."

Marguerite was deaf to words of sympathy. She turned blindly back to the cottage and crumpled onto the bench with her head on the table. Félix, Armand, and now *maman!*

Maman was the rock on which Marguerite had built her life after Armand had disappeared. Her courage, her kindness were unconquerable. Even the sufferings of war had been unable to change her. And now *maman* was gone. Marguerite's grief was too deep for tears.

She moved finally, and changed into her threadbare woolen suit. She had time to think on the long walk into the town, and it was then that she remembered the young American in the stable.

It was he who had killed *maman.*

The biting thought took hold of her. It was he who had killed *maman,* and he was completely at Marguerite's mercy. She had infinite ways to punish him, and these so dominated her that the time she spent in the town was a dream. She talked to Dr. Courvier, she arranged the funeral, she complied with the necessary formalities with only one small corner of her mind. The rest was wild grief and fury.

Only for a moment was she lifted out of that dream state—while she stood beside the stretcher in Dr. Courvier's small back room and stared down into *maman's* still face. For that moment Marguerite's inner fury abated a little. For *maman* all problems were solved, all doubts ended.

DARKNESS had come when Pierrette's slow pace brought Marguerite back to the village. She had been stopped once by a Nazi patrol who examined her papers and peered into the back of the empty cart. She was too sunk in her sorrow and her anger against the American to feel even the usual flare of resentment at the constant espionage under which they now lived, but she knew that the plane had been discovered and the search was on for the crew.

She fed and watered Pierrette and put her in her stall. There was no sound from beneath the trap door. She thought grimly, You will not get out, *mon ami,* until I am ready. Pierrette will guard you nicely.

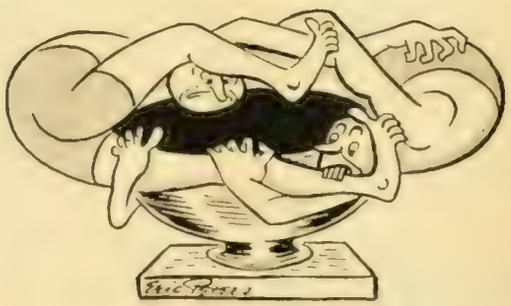
Yet in truth she did not know what she would do about him.

She had no sooner lighted her candle in the kitchen than there was a light knock at the door. She opened it to Berthe Simon, whose husband had been the village notary and a Jew. Berthe's hatred of the Nazis had consumed her until she was like a dark burning flame.

She stepped in and closed the door.

"I have brought the papers. Père Grissot was to have come, but the patrols are searching around his farm. You are to take the Americans to Lefèbre's before morning. All arrangements are made."

She took the small packet out of her bosom and handed it to Marguerite, who



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

THROWPHY: Loving cup for a wrestler.

RINKUBATOR: Where they keep young hockey players.

BLEWPRINT: One that went out the window.

ARMBITION: Desire to encircle a lady's waist.

TAUTOGRAPH: Signature of a tight celebrity.

TENSILS: Five pairs of tonsils.

RECAPITCHULATION: Reviewing the ball game.

FINFANT: A minnow.

PAYSTRY: The kind that brings in the dough to the baker.

GALENDAR: For measuring the daze of the weak.

thrust it into her own. Marguerite repeated dully, "Before morning, Lefèbre's."

Berthe put a hand on her arm. "I heard about Mme. Philbert. You suffer, Marguerite. So do we all suffer." Berthe's eyes were large and feverishly bright in her pinched face. "It will pass, the suffering; and the lost lives will not be wasted."

Marguerite nodded, but the words did not reach her. Berthe watched her an instant with a frown, then turned and left.

MARGUERITE put a small bundle of fagots into the stove to heat her soup. The sharp edges of the papers cut into her flesh when she moved. She thought, I can throw them in the fire, burn them to ash. I can tell him to go and fend for himself. He would not last long!

She ladled out her soup and set the bowl on the table. The hot soup seemed to lend strength to her angry grief and her loneliness. Now and then her hand went to the papers at her breast, but still she did not throw them in the fire.

She finished her soup and swallowed her small glass of red wine, but still she did not move. She was still sitting there when the motorcycles stopped before her door and there was another knock.

Even before she opened the door she knew it was the Nazi patrol, searching for the downed fliers. Her thoughts flew.

Her danger was great. One did not think, in detail, of the punishment that waited if one was caught harboring an airman. But she could save herself, and at the same time avenge *maman*.

If they asked her if she had seen the fliers she could say, "Yes. I have one. I have kept him carefully for you."

But the sergeant did not ask her. He pushed past her into the kitchen, and behind him came two of the men in uniform who now garrisoned France.

Outside she could hear others plodding toward the stable.

She stood aside, watching somberly, while they opened her cupboards and pushed aside the few poor clothes hanging in the big oaken wardrobe.

The sergeant had a hard, furious air, but the other two seemed tired and dispirited; nevertheless they searched every crack of the small cottage.

At last she said in a voice without inflection, "For what do you search?"

The sergeant, climbing the steep steps into the loft, turned to look at her, but did not trouble to reply.

She added through stiff lips, "Perhaps I could assist you."

It was harder than she had thought, saying these words; and it was, strangely, a relief when they ignored her. One of them pushed her aside from the door into the small storeroom as though she were a piece of furniture.

Suddenly she almost smiled at the man. It was as if the rough touch of his hands on her shoulders had awakened her from a haunted sleep in which, in her concentration upon *maman*, she might have betrayed the American and with him Armand and Félix and the thousands of others who had given their lives so that Frenchmen would not live like cattle.

Her vengeance on the American could not involve giving him to the Nazis; it would have to take some other form.

She found that her whole being was now centered on the sounds from the stable, but she could hear no shout of triumph to indicate that they had discovered the cell beneath Pierrette's stall.

The Germans had not addressed a single word to her when they clumped out.

She hurried to the window of the darkened bedchamber and peered out toward the stable. She could see the spreading cones of their electric torches. One, silhouetted as he stood on the ladder, was stabbing into the hay in the loft with his bayonet. She shivered.

They gave up at last and gathered in the *basse-cour* for consultation. Their figures were unevenly lighted by the torches in their hands, so that now a pistol butt gleamed darkly, now a heavy boot, now a face, and now a bayonet. It was the essence of the occupation—the shadow of armed might that lay over France.

In a few moments they left, their motors roared, and they went off up the road.

Marguerite had stood motionless for so long that when she moved, the papers at her breast crackled. They reminded her that she could still, by destroying them and turning the flier out to find his own way, condemn him to brutal punishment, if not death. Yet she knew she could not, any more than she could betray him to the Boche.

She let an hour go by while she brooded; but at last she rose and went in the dark to the stable. She lifted the trap.

"Come now, m'sieu'. Quietly."

She took his hand and led him to the house. His clasp was warm and dry and oddly comforting.

She took him into the parlor and left the door open. She set her candle on the kitchen dresser near the door, and brought him a pan of water in which to wash. By the time she had ladled soup into a bowl for him he had cleaned his face of the caked dirt and dried blood, and even in the faint light she was struck by the youth of his face. His smile was friendly.

He had also a sensitivity she had not expected. He felt, in her emotionless and unsmiling service, a hard withdrawal.

He whispered, "They were here, weren't they? Did something go wrong? Are you going to get in trouble on my account?"

Now was her chance. She could not, without treachery to Armand, injure this American physically. But she could leave a scar upon his mind. She could say, "Yes, something has gone wrong. *Maman* is dead. *Maman*, you understand? You killed her, you and your friends, with bombs."

But there was also in his gray eyes an innocence that touched her strangely. Even as she could not give him to the Nazis, even as she could not destroy the papers that meant his safety, so she could not speak to erase his unawareness.

And all at once she realized why.

It was because of Armand, who had declared that the little people were the only France that was left; because she had known from the very beginning what she had not wished to admit, that although a woman might have her feelings for those close to her, a woman had also her honor in the sense that a man had his. Even more, in these dark days her husband's honor was in her keeping, and with it the honor of France.

And it was because of *maman*, who had said, "These bombings are like surgery—painful, even agonizing, but the only cure." It was better that this American did not realize, better that he should feel that his work damaged only bridges and tracks and railroad cars, not seeing clearly that it could also damage the lives and hearts of the French. The surgeon must not suffer every pain of the patient, or he would become incapable of operating.

She knew, now, what she must do, and that there had not been, ever, any choice. Her heart was suddenly lighter. It held its grief, but it had lost its bitterness.

Her voice was no longer hard when she spoke to him. It was gentle, protective:

"I have your papers. Come!"

She blew out the candle and they left the cottage quietly, side by side.

THE END

Advertisement

"Lucky for us them relatives of yours don't know we're havin' Wheaties, Maw."

T-i-m-b-e-r! Maw's kinfolks are dropping in for their milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." They really go for that good whole grain nourishment and that delicious "second helping" flavor. You'll like Wheaties, too. Try a big bowlful — tomorrow and every morning!

I was ashamed to ask other women—

these intimate physical facts!

"THERE was so much about *intimate* feminine hygiene I wanted to know but didn't. And I was ashamed to let other women find out how ignorant I was.

How glad I am now I *didn't* ask them because I've learned since so many women know only "half-truths"—or misinformation as out-dated as that of their mothers and grandmothers.

Instead I went to my Doctor. He told me about a *newer*, modern, scientific method of douching with Zonite—the discovery of a world-famous surgeon and renowned chemist. He explained how feminine hygiene is so important to a woman's charm, beauty and health. And how Zonite helps solve one of woman's most serious deodorant problems."

Smart Women No Longer Use Weak Or Harmful Preparations—

Old-fashioned mixtures of soap, soda or vinegar DO NOT and CAN NOT give the germicidal and deodorant action of Zonite. And don't let anyone tell you they do!

On the other hand *don't* use old-time over-strong solutions of harmful poisons (many with warning skull and crossbones on label) which can actually burn, severely irritate and damage tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. Untold misery may come from this. But with *modern* Zonite you take no such risky chance.

So *Powerful* Yet *So Harmless*

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues as Zonite.

Zonite actually destroys and removes offending odor-causing waste substances and helps guard against infection by *instantly* killing all germs and bacteria it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! No other germicide kills germs *any faster* or *more thoroughly* than Zonite! Zonite kills every *reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Yet Zonite is so *harmless*. POSITIVELY *non-poisonous, non-caustic, non-burning.* Use Zonite as often as needed without the slightest danger. Follow directions.

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AXIS ENEMY NUMBER ONE

Continued from Page 13

snow storm, and advised the German Admiralty of the two days when the storm would reach its peak and the battleships might have a good chance of escaping.

It was a Krick-trained man, so the story goes, who helped us win the now famous Battle of the Bismarck Sea against the Japs. In March, 1943, the Japanese, under cover of a great storm-cloud weather front, sent ten cruisers and twelve transports toward Lae, New Guinea. An American meteorologist notified Lieutenant General George Kenney, commander of the Fifth Air Force, in Port Moresby, that a second weather front was moving north. The two fronts would collide, he said, and the clouds would break, permitting Kenney's fliers about two hours of good weather.

The moment the clouds collided, Kenney sent his planes roaring out to sea. Australian Beaufighters attacked the Jap fleet at deck level. Our B-25s came in at 200 feet to skip-bomb. They got twelve direct hits. The Flying Fortresses bombed at 5,000 feet, and a squadron of P-38s provided a roof to the entire action.

Each Allied plane flew at its most efficient altitude, and as the screen of 150 Nip planes, protecting the fleet, attacked, the Zeros were shuttled from one Allied air level to another. More than 90 Jap planes were shot down, and the entire task force of 22 enemy vessels and 18,000 men was sunk—thanks to a weatherman.

BECAUSE of his years of meteorological study and research, Krick can tell you whether it will rain in Burma next Wednesday, or snow in Murmansk tomorrow, or hail in China on Friday.

He has taken the traditional uncertainty out of the weather as far as science will permit; and at the moment science will permit, roughly, 95 per cent accuracy in short-term predictions of from one day to two weeks; and 80 per cent accuracy in long-term prophecies of from one month to one year.

Oddly enough, Krick didn't start out to become a meteorologist. At the University of California he studied physics, math, and music. A competent concert pianist, he toured the world with the University Glee Club.

The study of weather conditions was a hobby with him, and in 1929 he decided to brush up on the subject. Registering at the California Institute of Technology, he discovered, much to his surprise, that a course in meteorology wasn't even included in the curriculum. But under the guidance of Dr. Beno Gutenberg, one of his physics professors, who had been a weather forecaster on the German General Staff in the first World War, Krick began to study, largely by himself.

In two years he was teaching the first full-fledged meteorology course offered by the university. His initial class of graduates was signed up en masse by American Airlines. In 1934, at the age of twenty-eight, Krick was awarded a fellowship and went abroad to study. In Norway and Germany he learned about the latest long-range methods of weather forecasting from the best men on the Continent and came home to hand on this knowledge to men from the Army, Navy, and Air Forces.

Some of his pupils were Colonel Yates, forecaster for the Eighth Air Force in England, Colonel Basset, a chief of the A. A. F. Weather Service in Washington, and Colonel Zimmerman, who predicts the weather in Hawaii for our Central Pacific

operations. Although they outrank him today, not one of them will even hint that he is as good as the master.

"Show Krick a weather map," says Zimmerman, "and he already has the answer before any of us start thinking."

It was after his return from Europe that Krick decided to organize the Krick Industrial Weather Service, a business which still thrives in Pasadena today.

From the start it has had an amazing assortment of clients. The Coca-Cola Company, for example, wanted to know how quickly it would get hot in Maine, and applied for daily teletyped weather reports. Wendell Willkie's Commonwealth and Southern Corporation requested information on the amount of anticipated rainfall in Alabama so that it could care for its dams accordingly. The Detroit Edison Company asked for forecasts on lightning and sleet. If a storm was on its way, the company wanted to have repair crews near by; if the weather was threatening and the skies would darken early, Detroit Edison wanted to be prepared to use more power.

The Brooklyn Dodgers wanted weather predictions to cover their rain insurance. The hot-dog concessionaire at another ball park wanted to know when it would rain in July and August. He did not want to be stuck with too many hot dogs. The Socony-Vacuum Oil Company and Appalachian Coal employed the Krick Service to determine when they might start plugging their heating fuels.

More than a hundred large canners, cattle companies, packing houses, and farmers use Krick reports every day. The Spreckels Sugar Company plants its sugar beets on the basis of those forecasts.

A FEW years ago Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles department store, put in a very small order for sweaters, from the Catalina Knitting Mills. On the basis of weather predictions they subscribed to, they felt certain the coming fall would be so warm that sweaters wouldn't sell.

The Catalina Mills promptly subscribed to the Krick Service and found out which sections of the country would have a cold fall. By concentrating salesmen in these sections, they more than made up their local loss.

Columbia Pictures, Twentieth Century-Fox, RKO, and other motion-picture studios paid Krick to tell them when it was going to rain so they could save thousands of dollars by not hiring extras for outdoor shots on threatening days.

Krick has never had any desire to become a millionaire, and in the days of organizing the Krick Industrial Weather Service he still continued to teach and study at California Tech, earning his Ph. D.

When he was in California, General Henry "Hap" Arnold used to drop by Krick's office every now and then for a weather forecast. He became so interested in Krick's accurate prophecies that he asked him to begin teaching on a wholesale scale for the Army Air Forces.

Krick agreed, turned over his Industrial Weather Service to a few assistants, and from February, 1941, devoted practically all of his time to the job.

Oddly enough, Krick at that time was registered with the Navy. He had joined the Naval Reserve when he graduated from college, and shortly after the war broke out the Navy commissioned him as a lieutenant. But by Presidential order, Arnold had him transferred to the Army Air Forces with the rank of major.

Krick's basic method of forecasting weather is called by meteorologists "the air mass and frontal analysis system." This merely means that air masses moving over the earth determine most of our weather.

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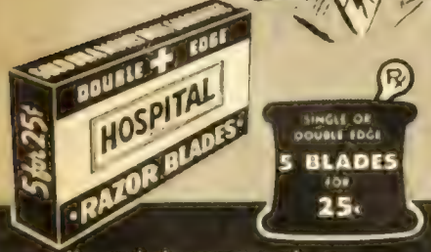

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The course of an air mass high above the earth is usually true and simple to follow. An air mass of low altitude, on the other hand, runs into mountains, valleys, lakes, and cities, and is difficult to follow.

That's why, to plot the course of the high air masses, the Air Forces launches thousands of small balloons each day all over the world. Attached to each of these balloons is a small, self-sending radio called the radiosonde. It sends back to the ground a complete report of temperature, atmospheric pressure, and air moisture.

Weather robots are also used. These small devices can be dropped over enemy territory and uninhabitable land and ice sectors to radio back local weather conditions. All these reports come into stations, where they are charted and mapped.

One of Krick's students suggests that his boss's success in long-range weather prediction springs largely from his uncanny ability to analyze the meaning of this weather data, once it is compiled.

The A. A. F. Weather Service, which handles weather forecasting for the entire Army, draws a world-wide weather map, ordinarily four times, each day. It is consulted by both ground and air forces.

IN the temperate zones, weather usually travels from west to east. This gives Japan and the United States an edge in forecasting. By way of illustration, the Japs know what type of weather will hit the Aleutians and Alaska, because the same weather comes down from Siberia and hits Japan first. The Nips followed an excellent cloud cover into Alaska when they attempted to invade that land two years ago. Fortunately for us, the cloud cover was so thick the Jap planes couldn't find the correct targets to bomb.

We know, by the same token, what weather will hit England and France on a Tuesday when we get our Sunday weather reports from Greenland.

It is entirely possible that without meteorologists of Lieutenant Colonel Krick's ilk, we might have come dangerously near losing this war. Weather means so much in modern combat that frequently a numerically weaker army and air force with the proper climate behind it can play havoc with a much superior opponent.

There is no doubt that the Nazis would like to see Irving Krick seven feet under. But he is still very much alive. His present whereabouts is a military secret, but not so long ago he was seen visiting his wife, Jane, and his seven-year-old daughter, Marilynn, in Pasadena, before departing for an airfield where Lieutenant General Jimmy Doolittle and General "Ike" Eisenhower had some unfinished business.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

There isn't a native American tree that grows in all the forty-eight states; but there is the horse-chestnut tree, not native to America, that is found in every state in the Union. . . . The Wolffia, a bright yellow-green plant about the size and shape of the head of a common pin, found floating in bodies of stagnant water, is the smallest flowering plant. . . . The largest flower in the world is the *Rafflesia arnoldi*, of Sumatra. It is fully three feet in diameter, about the size of a carriage wheel. It weighs about fifteen pounds and is capable of containing nearly two gallons of water. The buds are like gigantic brown cabbage heads.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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Diamond . . . diamond . . . who's got the diamond?

The brown bag, padlocked to the wrists of two men from Scotland Yard, was a trick to deceive international jewel thieves. Actually, the nine priceless stones into which the huge Cullinan diamond had been divided were transported to England *in a bandana handkerchief.* Even two detectives might be kidnapped—but who would pay any attention to the inconspicuous little man with the red handkerchief in his hand? Like the Cullinan diamond, every bottle of William Penn you buy deserves to be guarded with care—and saved for your most discriminating friends.

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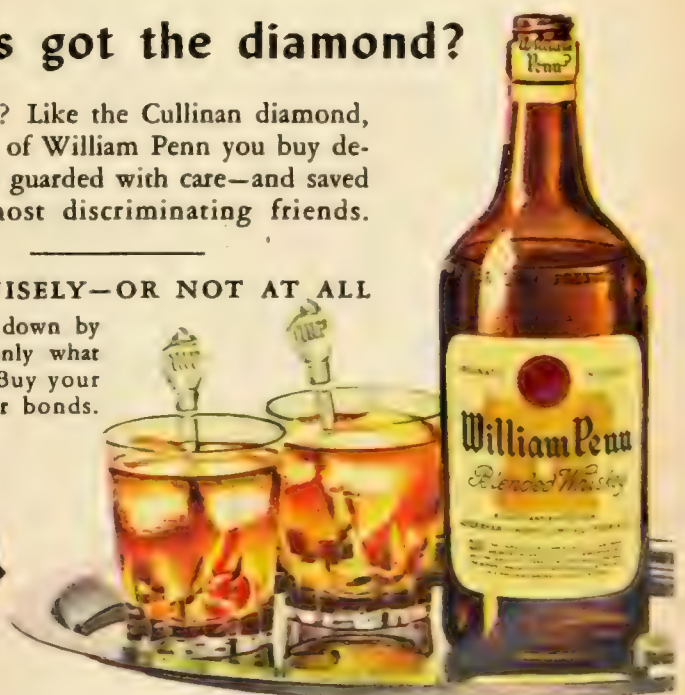

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SOLO FOR WEEZY

Continued from Page 33

with his brakes screaming, because this was Lois, and she was his to look after. He walked away and looked at her.

"Well," he said, and swallowed and began again. "Well, look at that! We just about went up in smoke." It was easier, after he'd started saying something.

"Just about," she said unevenly.

Had she had those dark smutches under her eyes—before—and did things happen like that, so fast, to girls? Hadn't she wanted to stop, either? Ken picked up a magazine and laid it down again.

"How're your folks?" he asked.

"Fine," Lois said, not giving his effort much. She added, "They're out for dinner."

Immediately the house became still more silent, and the situation hadn't improved at all. Lois wasn't being much help. And, now he thought of it, sure he'd co-operated, but it was Lois, somehow, who'd made everything different. As if she'd taken her finger off a safety catch.

"What's new with you?" he asked her. "What's happened? You're different."

Lois sat down on the lounge, and that simple action lessened the tension. What had she been waiting for? Why didn't she act the way she always did?

"I've had three months to get ready for your going away," Lois said. "From now on you'll be heading right into the war."

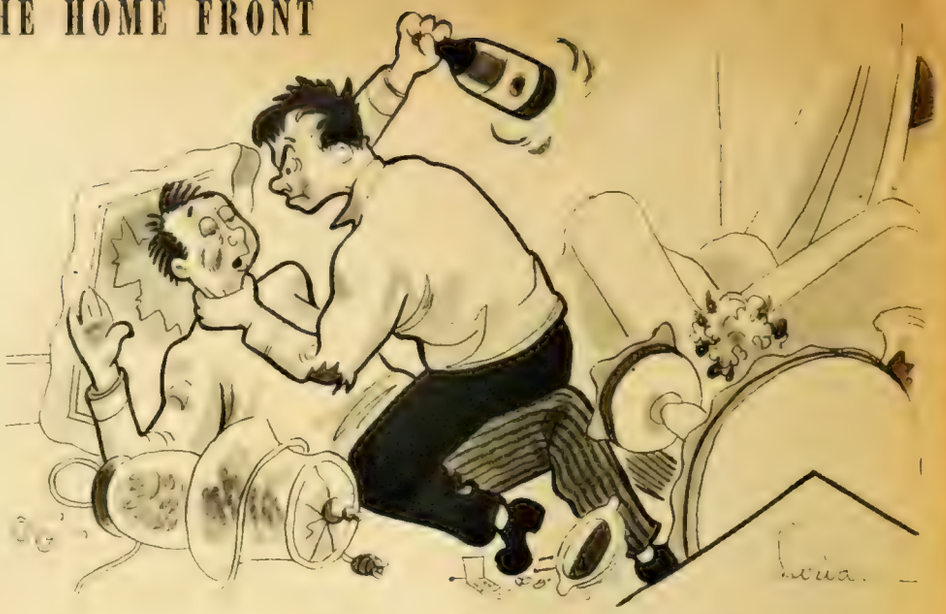
"Take it on from there," Ken said. "So what happens to us?"

"I don't know," Lois said. "Do you?"

So he'd been right, she was waiting for something. Ken chewed the corner of his mouth thoughtfully.

"Look! We agreed, didn't we Lois, not to get married till I get back?"

THE HOME FRONT



"That's enough politics for one night. Let's change the subject."

She didn't answer, and the whole business of getting married loomed in front of him, and he wasn't ready for it.

"We're not old enough to get married," he said then. "You can't get a license yet."

"Parents' consent—" she murmured, and there was no doubt she'd been giving some thought to the matter.

He realized with a sharp new twist that he couldn't plan for a future with Lois when his future was all mucked up. If they washed him out of the Air Force on Monday, then he was no good, no good for flying, no good for himself—maybe no good for Lois.

"Lois—you know how I feel about you." He stopped then, not sure how you told a girl you were crazy about her but you couldn't marry her just yet. "There's nobody else for me," he began again. "There won't be anybody else. But—listen, Lois. Before I can talk about getting married, I've got to get myself off a spot. I'm in sort of a mess, Lois."

She swerved instantly to concern, the way she always cared about anything he brought to her. "Is it bad?" she asked.

Ken braced himself. "Maybe I'll quit flying," he said. "Maybe I'll be out of the Air Force next week. Washed out."

Shock streaked across Lois' face, and she waited for an instant before she answered. "Want to tell me about it?"

"When I get it straight myself," Ken said. "I'm still in a spin."

She nodded and smiled at him again, and he felt the muscles across his back easing. Maybe he'd better go home and try to figure things out some more.

"Guess I'll check in at home," he said aloud. "I'll be back later, tonight."

"All right, Ken."

He went down the brick walk again with a new sharp piece added to the trouble inside him, and turned toward home. Now, if Weezy would lay off him till he got dug in at home, he could let go and get his breath. And when he first opened the screen door of his own house, he stood there, looking at the square hall and the white stairway, glad nobody could see him for a moment.

Then Emma surged out from the kitchen and welcomed him. "Ain't nobody home yet but Mr. Weezy," she finished.

Ken thought the Mr. Weezy was a quaint effect, but no doubt it was a sign of progress to Weezy.

Sauntering into the living room, Ken turned on a blast of radio. The music drowned out other sounds, and his father's hand on his shoulder was unexpected. He snapped the radio off again.

Dan Williams was short and square, short to have two such tall sons. But this was the first time Ken had seen his father slump a few extra inches off his height.

"What they doing to you, pop?" Ken asked.

"Working my feet off," his father said. "The hospital's so full we're thinking of putting camp beds out in the yard."

"How's it feel to be chief of staff?"

"A dog's job," his father said.

Crisp footsteps in the hall made Ken

(Continued on page 74)

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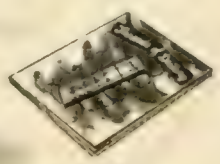

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(Continued from page 72)

swing around, and then he blinked as his mother came in, taut and trim in her blue uniform.

She hugged Ken warmly, but he couldn't get hold of her right, with the uniform blocking her off in unexpected places.

"You look marvelous," she told Ken. "Doesn't he, Dan? But you haven't been getting enough sleep, Ken. Don't you have to go to bed at regular hours?"

Her husband chuckled. "You can ask the damnedest questions, Alice."

Weezy came down the stairs in a sliding rush. "Hi, mom. Hi, pop. We eat now?"

"Right away," Alice Williams said.

"Aren't you going to put a dress on, mom?" Ken protested.

"There isn't time," she said.

Weezy had drifted over beside Ken. He had that little puckered frown again, and he was worrying a hand through his hair.

"Hey, Ken—" he muttered urgently, the way he'd always done, coming to Ken with some kid trouble to be fixed. "How's for giving me a little time right after dinner, huh?"

"For what?" Ken inquired.

"Well, Spanner Deale's only going to be in town this one evening—"

"Comb your hair, Weezy," his mother told him.

"Look," said Weezy. "Look, mom, in just exactly two months I'll be eighteen, and in two months and eleven days I'll be starting preflight training. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"Yes," she said, "but I expect they'll make you comb your hair."

"What's the use?" said Weezy, loping out the door. He returned in one minute flat, his hair smacked back.

"Why do they give you only one weekend, Ken, before you start your new work?" his mother asked him.

"Regulations," Ken said.

"And don't you know yet where you'll be sent?" she asked.

"Depends on what I'm going to do," Ken answered, uneasiness tightening in him. "Some men decide to transfer to the guns or the bombardment crew."

Weezy cut in sharply, "But you wouldn't, Ken. Give up flying—you couldn't!"

Harried, Ken said, "I've got to decide—" And there he stuck. He had to decide plenty, he thought. Decide whether to tell his instructor he was no good; decide if he had the guts to go on.

Watching his face, Alice Williams stiffened her uniform shoulders. "We can talk it over while you're home, Ken."

KEN stopped expecting home to be a place where he would walk in and relax. There was no time out—he had to keep on going. And, queerly, this steadied him.

"Nothing to talk over," he said quietly. "I have to work it out myself."

"But your father and I—" she began, and her husband interrupted.

"Alice, this is the kids' war," he said flatly. "They're going to do the fighting. They'll do their own deciding."

His mother smiled ruefully. "Well, there's still dinner."

Dinner was all right, what with the steak and no more questions, but all of the time Ken could feel Weezy's glance on him, could feel the kid's growing impatience.

Weezy wanted to know what it was all about, up there ahead. Weezy wanted to know about the solo. You couldn't tell him the truth, cold in his face; but you couldn't just push him off, either. Then there was this new business about Spanner Deale, whatever it was.

And there was Lois, and her dangerous new eagerness—and each time Ken's

(Continued on page 76)

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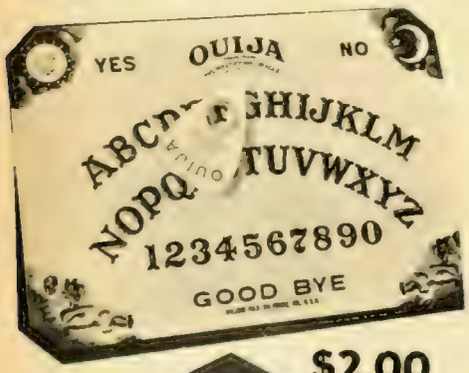

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(*Continued from page 74*)

breath quickened, remembering, he was faced with the decision about getting married; and, right back of that, the other decision about flying.

Right after dinner, Weezy dragged him out. "We've got to get going," Weezy said. "Over to Deale's," he told his mother.

"Then you'll be back after that?" she asked, her eyes on Ken.

"I told Lois I'd be over," Ken said. He grinned at her approvingly when no disappointment showed in her face.

Ken looked back over his shoulder at the house, and a new responsibility stirred inside him. He remembered what his father had said, about the war belonging to him and Weezy and the rest. And this was a fine time to get responsible about your family and your country and all that, when you'd landed yourself in a mess.

Going along the sidewalk, Ken swerved his attention suddenly to Weezy. Weezy was talking on, circling around something.

"Isn't it swell, having Spanner here same time you are?" Weezy was saying. "Course he was here before for twenty days, but course he was busy."

"Busy?" Ken repeated.

"Well, busy with people his own age," Weezy said reluctantly.

"How about drawing me a map," Ken suggested. "It'll save time."

Weezy grunted. "You're in uniform," he said, as if that explained everything.

Ken coped with the pieces. "So you've been hanging around the edges, just because he's in uniform," he tried.

"Sort of. He'd pay attention to you." Weezy's voice held confidence in Ken's ability to handle anybody.

"I haven't even got my wings yet," Ken said. And when will I? his mind added.

"You knew Spanner in college."

Ken said firmly, "Weezy—just what is it you want of me? What are you after with Spanner Deale?"

Weezy answered with a desperate plunge, "Just to talk to him, that's all."

"Oh," said Ken. "Well, that ought to be simple. How long's he here for now?"

"Just between trains," Weezy answered, stepping along with relieved briskness. "He's going to keep on flying. Say, Ken," he went on, "you don't think Spanner'll think it's funny? My being along now?"

"No," Ken said. "No, Weezy, I don't think he'll think you're funny."

What kind of a place was the kid in, anyhow, getting tied in knots this way? Responsibility settled down more heavily on Ken. He'd pulled Weezy along and cuffed him, and put up with spates of hero worship, and let him tag around, all the years behind; but this was different. What Weezy wanted now, he needed bad.

THEY turned in at the Deales' house and joined the fringe of the crowd on the darkened porch.

"There—" said Weezy suddenly.

Spanner loomed dimly beside them.

"How're you?" Ken said. "You've been out of sight quite a while."

"That you, Ken?" Spanner said. "Come on out of this. Come on, Weezy."

The three of them faded away from the porch and reached the sidewalk without protest from the house. Ken got a glimpse of Spanner as he crossed the light from a window: thinner maybe, same stubby grin stopping quickly at the corners of his mouth.

"They'll howl when they find you gone," Ken told him.

"Not for a while," Spanner said. "They're busy arguing about the war."

Ken walked in the middle, sensing Weezy at his left, silent and fairly walking on his toes. "How about a drink?" he said.

They lined up at the corner drug. Ken was still in the middle, and he leaned back so he wouldn't be shouldering Weezy out. It was an off hour, and they had the place to themselves.

"Hear you kept yourself busy abroad," Ken remarked to Spanner.

"Yeah." Spanner fished out a piece of ice and chewed it thoughtfully. "Plenty to do over there." He cocked an eyebrow at Ken. "Where are you now?"

"Just through Primary." Ken tried his drink, his hand tight on the glass. He added, "Weezy's coming along. He qualified for the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve."

"That's swell," Spanner said, leaning forward for a look at Weezy. Weezy looked back at him, his face quiet but those eyes giving him away. "Start training this fall?" Spanner asked him.

"Pretraining course," Weezy said. "That's really starting, isn't it?"

"Sure it is," Spanner said. "We're three of a kind, huh?"

Weezy's gulp of pleasure was hastily covered. "Guess that's right."

"WHAT they do to you at Atlantic City?" Ken asked Spanner.

"Comb us over," Spanner said. "Throw questionnaires at us. They let us pick what we do next when they can."

"You're going on flying—" Weezy said.

"Sure," Spanner said. "What else?"

Weezy looked down at the counter. "Most of the time it looks smooth as glass ahead; anybody can fly a plane, like driving a car. But—in a fight—when you get out there—that's quite a lot different, isn't it?"

Spanner shook his head. "Not to worry about. You learn what to do. When you get in a fight, you do it." He waited an instant. "That's not what you really want to know, is it?"

Weezy flashed him one look and was silent. "What's on your mind, kid?" Ken asked him.

But Weezy worried his glass, caught in some far-down coils of his own. Ken thought abruptly, This wasn't Spanner's job, giving Weezy a boost. It was his. But Spanner had been through it all, and he was the only one who had the answers.

"Do me a favor, Weezy?" Ken said. "Hop over and tell Lois I'll be late getting there, but I'll be along."

He could see Weezy start to ask why not phone her, and get the idea, and slide down from the stool slowly but obediently. It was tough on Weezy, Ken thought; but he needed Weezy somewhere else right this minute.

There was only one way to have a stab at helping Weezy.

"Glad to've seen you," Weezy said to Spanner, making something of the words.

"Good luck," Spanner said. He watched Weezy out of the store, and said, not looking at Ken, "That's quite a boy. He was lurking about all the time I was home on furlough, but always off on the edges."

"The shine on your wings was too hot for him," Ken said.

"Um." Spanner's stubby smile came and went. "Those kids—all of them—they think we can tell 'em what it's like."

"Yeah," Ken said.

"They're not worried about flying. They're worried about themselves."

"Like me—" said Ken.

Spanner waited a slow moment. "All of us hit it sometime."

"I've hit it now," Ken said. "And how can I tell Weezy what it's all about?"

"You're the guy who can tell him," said Spanner.

"I can't even tell myself," Ken said. He was surprised to find himself talking like this, but Spanner didn't look surprised.

Spanner leaned comfortably back against

the wall. "What was it that went wrong?"

"Solo," Ken said.

"You'll get another chance."

"No—my instructor passed me. That's not it."

Spanner lit a cigarette. He waited.

"I lost control for a minute," Ken said abruptly. "That was all right, that wouldn't have bothered me, but I went into a cloud bank. And I went nuts. I didn't know which was up and which was down."

"Vertigo," Spanner said casually.

"I put the plane into a climb," Ken said. "That's what I thought I did. And my air-speed indicator was busted, I thought, because it was going the wrong way. I came out of that cloud with my altimeter racing down toward zero—and that's when I knew I'd been upside down and driving for the ground."

"Well?" said Spanner.

"So I had to pull her through a half loop and hope the wings wouldn't come off," Ken said.

"Happen to anybody," Spanner said. "Point is, you snapped out of it."

"No—" Ken said. "I had luck that time. Point is—I was scared sick."

"Well?" Spanner said again.

"So what would I do, scared like that, with an enemy plane coming at me?" Ken said savagely. "What'd I do, scared as that, with a gunner to get home safe? Anybody that can get in a funk like that better not kid himself he can fly. I'd better tell my instructor I'm no good. I'd better stop now and switch to guns, or something on the ground."

"Think nobody gets scared on the ground?" Spanner inquired. "Think you're the first guy who got scared when he soloed?"

"I heard the other men talk," Ken returned bleakly. "They took a solo the way they took a walk across the field."

"Maybe," answered Spanner. "That's what they said. There're two kinds of fliers," he went on. "Some of us take it slower, but that pays off in the pinches."

Ken said, "I guess I better let them wash me out. I tell you I was scared sick."

"Look here," Spanner said. He leaned toward Ken. "Every time, just before I started across the Channel on a bombing run, I swore to myself I'd never go up again. Every time. Scared? My insides knotted up in kinks."

Ken stared at him. "Yeah?"

"Here it is," Spanner said. "I'll tell you. Simple as hell. You might as well expect to be afraid sometimes. You get used to it. We all do." He paused, his eyes holding Ken's. "Point is, don't be scared of being scared. Just take it as part of the show."

KEN thought it over, not answering.

"Just don't be scared of being scared," Spanner said again. "We all hit the thing and get through it."

"You do?" said Ken. Relief was spreading through him. "We do, huh," he said.

"Nothing to be ashamed of," Spanner said with his brief grin. "You could have wrung me out and hung me on the line after my first solo. I took it hard, too. Maybe Weezy's the same way."

"Yeah," Ken said. "Look—thanks."

"Oh, for Lord's sake!" said Spanner. He got off the stool, forestalling further comment. "I got half an hour to my train. Got to say good-by about fifty times before then."

Ken left Spanner at his house, and strolled off down the street. When Weezy padded out of a driveway and fell into step, Ken didn't say anything till he got his ideas arranged.

"You were asking me about the solo," he said finally.

"Yeah." How did the kid pack so much into one word?

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"It went along all right till I lost control and slid into a cloud," Ken said, ticking the words out clearly. "I lost my direction and nearly crashed her. Just pulled out in time. My instructor didn't know the worst, and I got by." He added, "I was scared silly."

"You were?" Weezy said.

"Everybody gets scared sometimes," Ken said. "It's nothing to worry about."

He looked back, startled, to half an hour ago, when he hadn't believed that. He took a long breath and his shoulders lifted right up and tried to float off him.

He heard Weezy sigh.

"That's what's been worrying me," Weezy said. "I was afraid I'd be afraid."

"Everybody hits it," Ken said, with sweeping assurance. "We all get through."

"Gee—it's swell—" Weezy said—"having you know about things."

"Well," Ken began with sudden humility, "not exactly everything."

"You always give me the angles."

There was a good steady little silence.

"You seeing Lois now?" Weezy asked.

"Yes," said Ken.

And that didn't look complicated, all of a sudden. He was going to be plenty busy in Basic Training, and he'd just have to make Lois see that it was no time to be getting married, with all that on your mind. They could be engaged with a ring though; that would be pretty good.

"Well, guess I'll drift on home," Weezy remarked.

"You O. K., kid?" asked Ken.

"Sure," said Weezy, not a worry in the world in his voice. "Why not?"

Ken looked back at the murky depths of his past few hours. He was out of all that, and why had it taken him so long?

"Here's where I leave you," he said at the break in Lois' hedge.

"Be seeing you," Weezy said.

LOIS was waiting on the lawn and had moved beside Ken before he was halfway up the path. "Ken—" she said. She was in his arms, without the slightest idea on his part of how she got there.

He held her for a moment while he listened to his motor start to race and knew he could throttle it down. And he kissed her so she knew she was kissed.

"Come sit on the steps," he said.

They sat down, the way they used to, Lois leaning back against his knees.

"Got a couple of things to tell you," he said. And his voice said clearly that this time he was bossing the situation.

"Yes?" said Lois.

"I'll be starting Basic next week," he said, wondering how he'd ever believed he could give up flying.

"Yes, Ken!"

"Getting married to you some day—that's something I want to concentrate on," Ken told her soberly. "I don't want to scrape off a little excitement for us with a war marriage. I've got to keep my mind on flying while that's my job. When I've done my job, then's the time for us to get married, Lois."

She didn't move, leaning still against him. "If that's the way you want it, Ken."

He needn't have doubted she'd see it his way. She'd got off her beam for a little while, same as he had, that's all. Not quite all, he admitted, his hand tightening in her hair.

"Thought I'd get you a ring, Lois."

"I'd love it," she said, and her head settled back on his knees. "I thought you'd never get here tonight, Ken."

"I had a little job on my hands," he said

"I didn't mind waiting, Ken. You had something to do for your family?"

"Just a little job for Weezy," Ken said

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WHILE there's still time, here's a final reminder on an important subject. Have you mailed a Christmas parcel yet for that serviceman overseas? The deadline is October 15.

For your assistance—in case you've been putting it off—I'm printing below some tips from the Office of War Information's official suggestion list, which wasn't available when I wrote an earlier reminder on this subject.

Army men in all theaters, the OWI found, would value the following: money

Overseas!

orders and wallets, pipes and tobacco, razor blades and small shaving kits, pocket-sized books and photographs in waterproof folders, cigarettes and cigars, automatic pencils, stationery, games, cards, puzzles, hard candy, dried fruit, vacuum-packed nuts, wrist watches.

Seamen spoke up for pocket-sized dictionaries, novels, mystery stories, Westerns, and humor (no war stories wanted); sneakers for wear in showers, moccasin-type bedroom slippers, pocketknives with attachments, alarm clocks, playing cards, dice, poker chips, insect repellents, shaving kits, sunglasses, fountain pens, writing pads, fruitcake; canned luxury foods such as olives, sardines, nuts; steel mirrors, and favorite tobaccos.

The Army nurse list almost floored me at the start with "washable brunch coats," but I'm informed these are short housecoats, very useful to wear while eating a combination breakfast-lunch.

The ANC officer-ladies also want clothespins, buttons, needles, thread, mending equipment, lingerie, bobby pins, hair nets, elastic, cosmetics, tinned hard candies, nuts and biscuits, scented soaps, khaki neckties of wool rayon.

Navy nurses suggested Christmas decorations and birthday decorations for parties; also underwear, stockings, play shoes, sneakers, boudoir slippers, bathing suits, and records.

WACs overseas put sheer stockings at the head of their list. They also asked for cake, perfume, cold cream, cologne, zippers, and good elastic girdles.

Magazine subscriptions would be welcome anywhere—and may I suggest Liberty?

An area survey by Yank, the Army magazine, produced these gift suggestions for men in the European zone: candy, clothing such as underwear, olive-drab or tan neckties, socks; cameras and film, American coffee, wrist watches, canned food for sandwiches.

Leading requests gathered by Yank in the South Pacific included cigarette lighters, flashlights, sunglasses, cameras and film, hard candy, highly seasoned snack foods for beer parties, wrist watches, and small radio sets.

Remember, your package must not exceed five pounds in weight. It also must not exceed fifteen inches in length, or thirty-six inches in length and girth combined.

All must carry a return address and the marking: *Christmas Parcel.* Use a strong container, cushion the articles well with newspapers, excelsior, or rags, and tie securely. They'll mean a lot to the boys and girls outside the U. S.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

A Marine pal contends that his branch is much larger than mine, which is the U. S. Coast Guard. I have bet he's wrong. Will you settle it, Sarge?

J. D. D., AP 1/c,
Port Angeles, Wash.

The fighting spirit of the Coast Guard has led you into provable error and financial loss on that one, J. D. D. Last reports gave your outfit some 170,000 members, against more than 500,000 for the Leathernecks. My sympathy.

* * *

I'm expecting a baby, and my husband is at sea on a naval vessel. Can I send the big news by cable after his child's arrival? How do I go about applying for an allowance for my baby?

Mrs. T. M., Boston, Mass.

A cable will be accepted for delivery if you have a Fleet Post Office number for your husband's address. Otherwise, it will be sent as a domestic telegram to the port handling his mail, such as New York or San Francisco, and then be forwarded as mail by the Fleet Postmaster.

For the allotment, you may notify the Bureau of Casualties and Allotments, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., or you may leave this chore to your husband, who can file the claim through official channels. I'd suggest the latter. In either case, payment will be retroactive to the month in which the baby is born. The allotment is $30 for a first child, $20 for each subsequent offspring.

* * *

Is it true that if you go overseas a second time you receive 30 per cent extra instead of the usual 20 per cent additional as overseas pay?

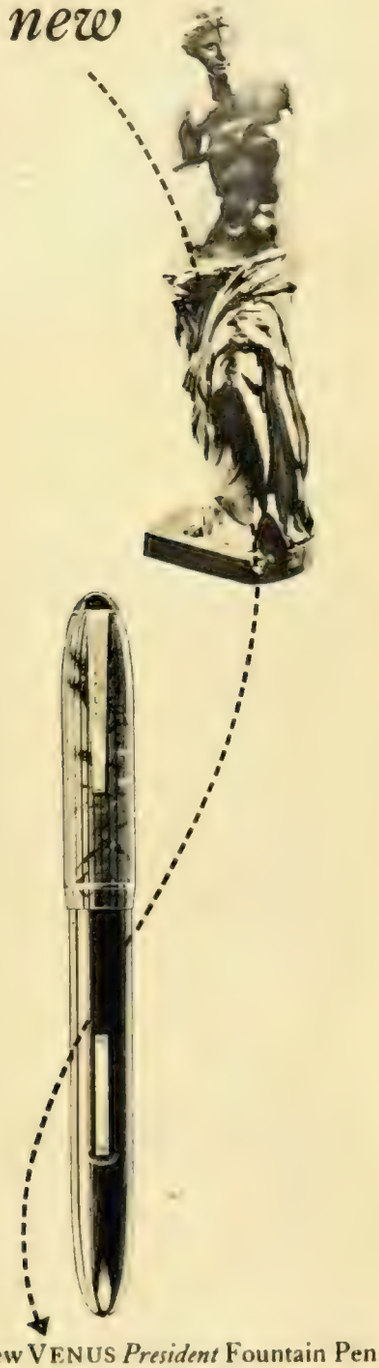
Pfc. S. S. Y., Camp Lejeune, N. C.

Not true. That one is a gem of purest ray serene—right out of the scuttlebutt.

* * *

Five different soldiers have told me that men thirty-five and over will not be sent overseas now; but I have a friend, thirty-eight, who has been given an A. P. O. number and is waiting to go. Is there an over-

Have you seen the new



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seas age limit and, if so, does it apply to all branches of the Army or only to certain ones? I'm asking because my husband, thirty-five, is in a quartermaster company and will finish his training in a few weeks.

Mrs. X, Union, Mo.

There is no age limit governing acceptance of Army personnel for overseas service. Physical fitness is what counts.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

CAN YOU BE A PART-TIME FARMER?

Continued from Page 25

coming out of the Department of Agriculture on farming and farm life.

Service Five: There's an Agriculture Experiment Station and a branch of the Agricultural Extension Service maintained at each State Agricultural College. They issue publications on every kind of farm problem. They will keep you abreast of developments in crop production and animal husbandry. All the resources of the laboratories of the Experiment Station are open to you, to solve any problem peculiar to your own farm or stock.

If the lower twenty where you expected to plant wheat looks like a mess of clinkers, you have only to scoop up a hatful and send it off to the Experiment Station. These boys will give it a thorough analysis and send back word about what goes with your soil, and what you can do to improve it. If Ferdinand the Bull shows total indifference to Elsie the Cow, you can write the station and they'll outline a cure that will have Ferdinand breaking out in a parental rash. There's no problem they won't take a whirl at, and almost always they have the answer. Free, too.

THE Department wants to make sure that you and your family stay well and happy, for one very solid reason: you owe the Farm Credit Administration and the Production Credit Corporation money. If you're not well and happy, you may not get that money paid back to them.

So, as a borrower from the government, as it were, you are entitled to free medical and dental services for the whole family. If you're too far away to come to their rural clinics and hospitals, they come to you, in mobile units. They also provide recreational facilities for young people and free child-welfare clinics where mothers can get complete instructions.

At this point Secretary Wickard and his boys have reached the end of their part of the bargain. The rest is up to you. They can sit back now while you and your family work like beavers. But the payoff is that while you work you can beam with pride on your new home and your new farm, and you can view sudden rises in the greengrocer's and milkman's prices without batting an eye.

So, if you still think you want to be a part-time farmer, here's what you do: Once you have found the farm upon which you want to settle and spend your energies, just drop a letter to the Farm Credit Administration in care of the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C. Give them the location of your farm and your address.

Soon you will be notified that the federal

HER mother is a marvelous mother, but a little inclined to cling to habits already formed. If her mind were just a shade younger, how much better she could understand her daughter's modern point of view . . . Take the subject of monthly sanitary protection, for instance, and the use of *Tampax*. Here the mother might well learn from the daughter, both being of "Tampax age."

Isn't it worth a good deal to you to be free from the harness of belts, pins and pads? Then try *Tampax*, which is worn internally. No odor, no chafing, no bulges, no sanitary deodorant. Quick changing. Easy disposal. Originated and perfected by a doctor, the wearer does not even feel it . . . Pure surgical cotton . . . Dainty patented applicator for quick and easy insertion.

Tampax comes in 3 *different absorbency sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. It is neat and convenient. May be worn in tub or shower. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. A month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
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SUPER JUNIOR

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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

land bank, or another FCA agency in the same county as your prospective farm, is working for you and drawing on the other department facilities for you. Then you are off. Soil testers, crop planners, the Extension Service, financing persons, and the county agent will take you over as their special charge.

The only things you need to qualify for the federal Victory-garden-to-farm treatment are a healthy desire to work hard and some dough of your own to show that you have a material interest in the whole junket. If the land bank decides that your cash is not sufficient, the Farm Security Administration will provide you with the necessary credit if you can convince its representatives that you are basically honest and don't mind working hard.

And once you have been established on your farm, if your only crops are disgust and discouragement, the long-suffering and patient Department of Agriculture still won't label you a washout. Although empowered to foreclose on the old farmstead and toss you out, the Department dislikes the procedure. It means a new operator has to be found, and he might be even less successful than you have been.

The Wickard organization just makes a bigger investment in your future. It concentrates on the special problem of bringing you and your farm out of the red and into the black. It goes whole hog into the process of making a successful farmer of you or busting. There are hundreds of farms now operating on which payments are many steps from being current. Still, more effort is being put in to make them successful. As a last stand, the Department has the authority to arrange some sort of refinancing for you. Failing here, you have had three strikes and you are out, but they are three good strikes.

THE END

THE ARMY'S GRASSHOPPERS

Continued from Page 21

way back to the landing strip safely. During the dive the little ship reached a speed of 190 miles an hour—just seventy miles an hour over its safety limit.

Can an airplane lay a telephone line? The Grasshoppers can. The urgent case of an isolated observation post located on a high peak suggested this expedient. It would have taken a ground crew several days to climb the mountainside, laying the wire. A Grasshopper pilot took up a coil of very light wire and strung it out in back of him as he flew. The wire trailed 3,000 feet to the rear. Flying fifty feet above the post, the pilot dropped the reel to which the floating wire was attached. The wire drifted down to earth—down the side of the mountain. The line was laid.

The Grasshoppers have another act to their routine. This they refer to, with some humor, as "dive-bomber support." When American dive bombers come over the beachhead to attack the German ground positions, the Grasshoppers hang around outside the show, watching carefully for any Hun antiaircraft batteries which may open up. If the Germans do fire on their attackers, they are promptly given a pounding by American artillery. The Hun has found that discretion, in a case like this, is often the better part of valor.

Unteroffizier von Dienst Korps. That is the Wehrmacht's name for the corporal of the guard—the watchful monitors who see all and know all and bring swift punishment down upon the unwary. That is what the Germans call the Grasshoppers. The boys are rather proud of the name.

THE END

CAN YOU DRESS IN SUCH "glamorous fashion" —OR DOES PSORIASIS FORCE YOU TO DRESS FOR CONCEALMENT?

If you suffer from such a handicap—try *SIROIL*. It might alter the picture for you considerably. *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

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Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

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First Prize .....$500 In War Bonds
Second Prize ....$200 In War Bonds
Third Prize .....$100 In War Bonds
and eight prizes of a $25 War Bond each.

Send your entry to Contest Editor at the address shown below.

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RUN, SHEEP, RUN!

Continued from Page 31

around in a place that really is on fire, provided there is a place to get out and you can find it in the excitement.

Obviously, the best way is to look for it before the excitement breaks and make a mental note of it. Then, if the worst happens, you have an instinctive impulse to go the way the crowd isn't going. And that impulse may well be a life-saver for you and anybody who's with you.

How are you to be sure that secondary exit isn't locked when you do reach it? Well, your best hope there rests with your fire laws, your fire inspectors—and their freedom from political pressure brought by backward property interests.

Your next best bet brings us back to an important point already made: Don't be a sissy about making a fuss when you see a condition that is flagrantly dangerous. Complain about it to the management—and complain in a loud voice that others will hear. There's nothing like it for getting results. After all, you don't hesitate to squawk when you get a soiled fork in a restaurant or when the vegetables are cold; so why should you be timid about protesting when your very life may be at stake? Sure, maybe a few nitwits will snicker at you, but that's better than having your bereaved family sniffling over your casket!

Anyhow, whether or not you make a scene, *report the condition to your fire chief.* If no improvement is forthcoming within a reasonable time, then take up the matter with your local newspaper. If even its editors are lukewarm, give them this article to read.

Of course I'm a crank on the subject and an awful pain in the neck to theater owners who rope off exits, or hotel managers who lock up the fire-escape doors at night. In fact, I'm just screwy enough to get annoyed when I stumble into such things as a supplementary exit leading from an assembly hall into a blind alley from which there is no escape—an exit door opening one floor above the street with no stairs leading down!

I run into such startling things simply because I am interested enough to look for them. And I am interested enough because I shall never forget the day thirty-three years ago when, as a newcomer to New York City, I stood on Waverly Place and saw body after body hurtle from the tenth floor of a loft building and plop sickeningly on the sidewalk in a bloody mess.

These bodies were the fruits of a locked door in the notorious Triangle Shirtwaist fire which caused the deaths of 145 people, although the flames themselves scarcely blistered the paint one third of the way down the walls.

That was my first lesson in what the human mind can do in panic. And ever since that day I've dreaded the phrase, "Run, sheep, run!"

THE END

HARDTACK

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CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

MUST WE INVADE AND OCCUPY JAPAN?

Continued from Page 17

munism will revive again, but it will not help us.

There remains another interesting section of Japanese liberalism—the Japanese Christians. The "rice Christian" is hardly known in Japan, except in the relatively innocent form of the youth who joins a mission in order to be taught English free. But Japanese Christians are only a handful and they have been very, very discreet. No doubt many of them deplored the war with America, as did some sensible pagans, but they did not say so. The Japanese church has not produced a single martyr.

Not one Japanese liberal has gone into exile as a protest against the policy of his government. There has been no need for castor oil or concentration camps. Every public political figure in Japan has been audibly pro-war or willingly silent.

But a situation in which we have to choose between picking a new Japanese government and administering Japan ourselves may not arise. Speculation about postwar Japan usually starts with the assumption that before Japan's surrender comes, an American army will have fought its way into Tokyo over the dead bodies of 2,000,000 Japanese soldiers and about as many guerrillas. If that should be the case, our administration of Japan is going to be heavily punctuated with assassinations. But though that is one way of ending the war, it is not the only way.

IT is more probable that Japan will surrender with her governmental machinery intact and functioning. We have just had a laboratory demonstration of how things are done. By a curious coincidence a Japanese change of government occurred in the same week as the attempt to assassinate Hitler. In neither case did the people have anything to do with the affair. The telltale seismic cracks did not show on the plains but at the mountaintop—in the Army and the ruling group. The Germans tried dynamite, no other means being left, and bungled it; the Japanese proceeded by constitutional methods and got a new government in the regular way.

Tojo's fall was not a bolt from the blue. He began to slip last February, after the appearance of the 58th U. S. task force in the Pacific and the subsequent Japanese defeats at Truk, Kwajalein, and Eniwetok. Tojo's government reacted by dismissing the Army and Navy chiefs of staff and adopting an aggressive policy. A task force of battleships and aircraft carriers was sent to Saipan to attack the American fleet. The result was another Japanese disaster.

The aggressive policy had been tried and had failed. Its exponent, Tojo, was ousted and an administration of cautious old leaders installed.

Why defeat at Saipan toppled over the Tokyo war cabinet can be seen if we place ourselves at the Japanese point of view. From the west coast of America the Marianas are but another cluster of islands far west of Honolulu. From Japan the perspective is different.

Every citizen of Tokyo visits Atami, a pleasant seaside resort two hours distant by rail. Out in the sun-drenched bay is the island of Oshima. That island is the first of a chain that stretches southward like a path of steppingstones. Halfway down the path is the Bonin group, Japan's last sea outpost, only two hours by air from Tokyo. Here, if anywhere, one would expect the Japanese battle fleet to be thrown in to prevent a hostile occupation. Yet when an American task force pounded the islands on August 3 and 4 the Japanese fleet was again conspicuous by its absence.

This indicates the Japanese answer to the question: What is the Japanese Navy for? The naval commander, Admiral Toyoda, is in an unenviable position. He must defeat or cripple the American battle fleet before the war ends in Europe. If he waits till American and British fleets combine, Japan will be past praying for. But he also knows he could lose the war in an afternoon. Saipan and its political sequel show that the rulers of Japan want to save the fleet for its supreme duty, the defense of the homeland. So long as Japan has a powerful fleet, invasion across 5,000 miles of ocean can be made difficult and perhaps impossible. And therefore the Japanese fleet must be preserved, no matter what else is lost. It is Japan's last and best card.

Japan's six largest cities, Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagoya, Kyoto, Kobe, Osaka, her two great deep-sea ports, her biggest industries, and 25 per cent of her population are crowded into an area only 250 miles long at the head of that ocean path. Soon the industrial heart of Japan will be enduring the punishment of Cologne, Hamburg, and Berlin.

Japan is especially vulnerable to air attack. It is true that some modern structures of steel and concrete exist, but even in Tokyo the great mass of Japanese houses are one- or two-story wooden shacks, huddled in intricate narrow lanes. What can happen was illustrated a few years ago when a Hakodate bathhouse chimney blew over, one windy night. By morning the city had ceased to exist so completely that rebuilding on another site was discussed. In Tokyo, fire broke out in 147 different places at once in the earthquake of 1923 and raged for a week.

The fall of Saipan opens three roads—to the Philippines, to the China coast, and to Japan. Probably we shall use them all. But the road which worries the Japanese most is that sea path leading to Tokyo.

If any country can be defeated by air and sea power, that country is Japan. Soon after the war in Europe is over, Japan will be under attack by the combined sea and air fleets of America and Britain. It is not only probable but virtually certain that before an American soldier has landed on a Japanese beach all Japan's island conquests will have been lost or will be "withering on the vine." Scores of thousands of Japanese boys will have died miserably. Japanese armies may still be holding China and Manchuria, but Japan itself will be under an aerial blitzkrieg day and night. Japanese cities will be scorched earth; their industries will be shot to pieces; their air forces will be driven from the sky; their fleet will be in hiding or will have been hunted out of its holes and sent to the bottom.

A SITUATION will arise in which the heads of the Army and Navy will have to inform the emperor that nothing is left but to fight invasion on the beaches and afterward. Now, fortunately for Japan, the country is not completely in the hands of a doomed gang who have no choice but to fight like cornered rats to the bitter end. In its Japanese way, constitutional government is still functioning. The emperor, perfectly aware of the situation, will summon his advisers, and we shall have a proposal for an armistice from a legally constituted and competent Japanese government. There is no reason why we should refuse to deal with it if it can deliver the goods.

If we demand a "people's government," we shall be asking for something the Jap-

(*Continued on page 88*)

Royalton CROWN
For Men who Really Know Pipes
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MOUTHPIECE TUBE prevents backflow of moisture
CONDENSING CHAMBER traps and holds bitter juices and sediment
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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

HARVEST: The proprietor of a parking lot at Thirty-fourth Street and the East River Drive in New York City reserved a small corner for a Victory garden. To date he has raised sixty-one tomatoes, and six ears of corn, which he gave away, as he has no cooking facilities. He reports upward of forty figs on his two fig trees.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN: Out of the frying pan of war will come many a good cook, thanks to cooking equipment sent American prisoners of war by War

Prisoners Aid, member agency of the National War Fund. The kitchen kit consists of a spoon and fork of stainless steel, a tin plate, a steel frying pan, a saucepan, and an enamel cup. Twenty-five hundred such kits have already been sent to prison camps.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: A New York night club displays a sign that commands diners: "Don't cross our waiters. We can always get customers." Which practically paraphrases that sign in a Washington store: "Please be patient with our clerks. They're harder to get than customers." On Canal Street, New York City, a closed jewelry-shop window sign announces with admirable optimism: "I'm in the Army. Will be back as soon as we finish the job. Wait for me." . . . A large wooden sign standing guard over a struggling plot of verdure in front of an apartment house begs: "Please let me grow. (Signed) Creeping Myrtle."

WANTED: THREE ELEPHANTS: When Mrs. Marie Jacobs, wife of Terrell Jacobs of Peru, Indiana, filed suit for divorce on the ground of cruelty, she asked custody of their twin sons, their three elephants, an elephant truck, and a horse. She stated that she is part owner of the Terrell Jacobs' Circus. Though Mr. Jacobs is an animal trainer, it would appear he is not kind on the home grounds.

CURE FOR INDIGESTION: Lily Pons, Metropolitan Opera star, recently back from a thirteen-week USO camp-show tour through the Middle East, the Persian Gulf Command, Africa, and Italy, said it was the "nicest experience of her whole life." She plans to return to sing for the boys as soon as she fulfills imminent concert and operatic engagements, although it will mean giving up her usual mid-winter five-weeks rest. Not only did she find intense spiritual satisfaction in making her contribution of fifty full concerts; she also found great physical gratification, for it was the first time in more than thirteen years that she has been free from acute nervous indigestion before performances. "But the Army cured me," said Lily. "Now I am waiting to see whether this cure will carry over into my concert work here." Touring with her were her husband, André Kostelanetz, famed CBS conductor; Frank Versaci, flautist, and Carolyn Gray, Miss Pons' piano accompanist. According to all four, G. I. Joe prefers good popular classic music to jive. Mr. Kostelanetz assembled many all-soldier orchestras which proved to be so good that it was hard to believe they were not all professional musicians. One concert was given within twenty-five miles of the front in Italy before an audience of 23,000 soldiers. Another regaled Army truck drivers in Iran, who responded so wholeheartedly to Miss Pons' numbers from Showboat and Victor Herbert operas, that she had to sing encore after encore.

After weeks of doing their own laundry, Miss Pons and Miss Gray both feel they can do without luxuries quite happily. Both carried two evening dresses and one afternoon frock, which they ironed when they could connect with an iron. They chatted with wounded boys between concerts, and came back armed with notebooks full of names and numbers to be phoned to the homefolks.

The little group was deluged with gifts and souvenirs from admirers in Persia and

Italy. Miss Gray had an exquisite gold-and-pearl bracelet given her by the Shah of Persia, and an Italian medal which an American officer gave her. The latter caused much merriment—it was the silver medallion dreamed up by one Mussolini as a reward for child-bearing awarded to mothers of six. For each child thereafter, Mom won a small silver bow, and Miss Gray's massive memento boasts six bows!

Service Bride Acknowledges Wedding Gift While Following Soldier Husband to Camp via Day Coach

Thanks for the monumental vase.
It makes me hanker for the days
When blushing brides will cease to be
U. S. camp followers like me—
When we can have our men at home
And settle down, no more to roam.

THOSE SMITH KIDS: Mothers will get many a chuckle out of Margaret Cabell Self's book about her brood of holy terrors. Ostensibly written by Mrs. Self's eleven-year-old daughter Gincy, it teems with such sound observations as: "A dog is a great help when things go wrong. They let you know they're sorry without talking about it."

THE FOXHOLE CIRCUIT

Continued from Page 29

"Now," the M. C. mused, "I've seen everything."

But he wasn't quite right. Soldiers with even stranger combinations of talent have emerged in these jam sessions. At one meeting a Brooklyn boy of about nineteen or twenty asked for a small rag, some benzine, and a match. "I eat fire," he said, and proceeded to do it.

Folk dancing, too, has hit a revival among the G. I.s. It is no uncommon sight at a jam session to see eight big soldiers footing it carefully through an old-time square dance with a boy from the Georgia hill country calling the turns.

And of course jitterbugging is a standout act. If there were enough girls for partners, there is no doubt that jitterbugs would be candidates for top billing on every soldier show.

Every jam session closes with a heart-to-heart talk by the sergeant. He makes a final summation of what his discoveries have been, and then says:

"I'm going to ask you a question. Do you think you've learned something valuable today?"

There is a loud roar in the affirmative from the audience.

"All right, then. Remember this: A bored army is a bad army. Soldier entertainment —of, by, and for soldiers—is as necessary as rifle marksmanship, tent pitching, or training in chemical warfare. Now, good luck to you all—and thanks for having helped out so well this morning."

THE jam-session staff, in co-operation with the ASF Special Services Division, has now perfected seventy-minute "blueprint" musical comedies. These have been made available, through the Army Service Forces and the Transportation Corps, to soldiers all over the world. In essence they are an expansion of the jam-session material. All the material, including the songs—written by such composers as Private J. Frank Loesser of Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition fame—is restricted to the use of soldiers so that it will be fresh and appealing when they hear it. A New York critic wrote after seeing one of the shows: "Any Broadway producer would give his eyeteeth to get some of those songs." But if they were played to death on the radio, the soldiers' benefit would be negligible.

The jam session remains the most successful method of uncovering talent. As such, it has spread to many military establishments and even to troop transports.

Special Service officers of units bound for overseas have reacted enthusiastically. Listen to what one thankful Special Service officer wrote after his units had been overseas for some time:

"USO shows are fine entertainment, but I strongly urge that all Special Service officers work like hell developing talent in their own ranks, as they will have to depend on it to a great extent.

"For example, tonight we put on a variety show with G. I. talent and the men wouldn't leave the theater. Heaven knows how we could have made any progress at all without the jam-session idea.

"Over in the U. S. A., the attitude is 'Entertain me—I dare you.' Over here it's different, much harder, because there's so much less with which to work. But, brother, when you finally are able to get a show together and every G. I. face lights up and they all cheer, what more pay can any officer want?"

THE END

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From the city, long famed as the home of the bon vivant, comes Herbsaint, the famous drink of the connoisseur. Made from a secret age-old formula, Herbsaint is delightful as a frappé and so easy to prepare. So sip your Herbsaint Frappé slowly to fully enjoy its delectable smoothness and subtle bouquet.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

THE SEVENTH CROSS *(M-G-M)*

Spencer Tracy, Signe Hasso, Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy

WHEN the seven blighted trees in the Westhofen concentration camp were lopped into grim crosses to receive seven recaptured prisoners, only one remained empty. George Heisler (Spencer Tracy) was the only fugitive to elude the Gestapo through the mazes of the German underground.

This best-selling novel has been made into a finely photographed movie of a man hunt. In spite of the fact that prewar 1937 seems pretty out of date for excitement these days, the picture is full of atmosphere and suspense. When the chase begins to slow down, the story sometimes seems a bit long and preachy; but the thesis that there's a saving goodness in all mankind takes on life through the performances of Tracy, Signe Hasso, and a fine supporting cast. Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy are outstanding as a simple, kindly little couple, bewildered but not defeated by the cruel march of events. Now, if one could only be sure that grim-faced George Heisler's subsequent activities were worth all the unselfish lives risked in the course of his escape, one could go home more than satisfied.

1 The first cross claims its victim. Five more recaptured prisoners will find a place here—but the seventh can't be found.

2 Fugitive George Heisler, wounded and exhausted, finds his first friend in Mme. Marelli (Agnes Moorehead), costume maker.

3 Paul and Liesel Roeder. Heisler's old friends, share their simple meal with him and risk their lives for his safety.

4 Toni (Signe Hasso), a lonely little chambermaid, finds the meaning of love when Heisler finally seeks refuge at the inn.

IN THE MEANTIME, DARLING

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Jeanne Crain, Frank Latimore, Eugene Pallette

WAR wives who have followed their men through the ups and downs of a rootless boardinghouse existence will find many familiar themes in this cross section of life in the rattletrap Craig "Hotel." Through all the classic struggles with overcrowding, uncertainty, and an uncomfortable communal existence runs the story of bride and groom Maggie and Lieutenant Dan Ferguson. Even though the plot runs to movie clichés, the basic idea is true enough, and the kids are sincere enough to touch some responsive chords in nearly everybody's heart.

HEAVENLY DAYS

(RKO)
Fibber McGee and Molly

THIS is the picture that was nearly banned in Army camps because somebody thought it might influence the soldier vote. Well, Average Man Fibber McGee comes out with a few gripes against governmental stuffiness and red tape on this trip to Washington with his faithful Molly, but his views on constitutional rights don't seem to be clear enough to cause any trouble. Haunted by an astral fife-playing Spirit of '76, he tilts at a few governmental windmills, fondles some refugees, and winds up back in Wistful Vista in time to remind everybody to vote.

BRIDE BY MISTAKE

(RKO)
Alan Marshal, Laraine Day, Marsha Hunt

TAKE a beautiful rich gal (Laraine Day) who yearns to be loved for herself alone; take her secretary (Marsha Hunt) who obligingly masquerades as her employer in order to help her test all eligible males. Then take a handsome young flier (Alan Marshal) who proposes indiscriminately; soak everybody under the lawn sprinklers, and see what happens. The mistake here seems to be not so much in the bride as in the script, which in spite of the good cast, production, and strenuous direction, doggedly defies every effort to make something hilarious out of all this.

DANGEROUS JOURNEY

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Armand Denis-Leila Roosevelt Travelogue

MUCH of the territory pictured here—Africa, India, Ceylon, and Burma—has come into renewed prominence since the war. Hence this pictured expedition, with its emphasis on exotic peoples, animals, and customs, is live and interesting, though much of it was shot back in 1937. Most of it's like the usual hodgepodge travelogue; but there's something special in an incredible Burmese fertility rite, shown in blood-chilling detail. You'll stop breathing as the native priestess flirts for long moments with death itself—in the shape of an enormous king cobra.

SPECIAL MENTION

DRAGON SEED (M-G-M). Katharine Hepburn, Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon.
A superb treatment of Pearl Buck's novel about wartime China.

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO (Paramount). Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines. Comedy.

MR. SKEFFINGTON (Warner Bros.). Bette Davis, Claude Rains. Drama.

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY (United Artists). Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten.
David Selznick's sentiment-filled panorama of the American home front.

THE GREAT MOMENT (Paramount). Joel McCrea, Betty Field, William Demarest.
Preston Sturges' serio-comic biography of the discoverer of ether anesthesia. Unusual treatment, but full of life.

WILSON (20th Century-Fox). Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn, Ruth Nelson.
A grandly sweeping portrayal of idealist Wilson and his whole era. Top-notch film Americana.

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King Vidor directed "An American Romance". One of the first pictures made by the company was his "The Big Parade". That was in 1924.

★ ★ ★ ★

"An American Romance" is a Big Parade of our time, our country, our struggles, our loves. It is a "must" picture and is to be ranked along with those other recent "musts" "The White Cliffs of Dover", "Dragon Seed" and "The Seventh Cross".

★ ★ ★ ★

We're not going to expand further about the glorious and forthcoming

"Mrs. Parkington" which stars Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. We're going to leave this expansion to kismet.

★ ★ ★ ★

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"Kismet" is about the biggest eyeful that has ever happened on the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Marlene Dietrich who dances her way to romance is clothed in Technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

James Craig is in it, Edward Arnold is in it, Hugh Herbert, Joy Ann Page, Florence Bates, Harry Davenport and thousands of others are in it.

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William Dieterle has directed his outstanding film. The producer is Everett Riskin.

★ ★ ★ ★

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(*Continued from page 83*)

anese have never had. If we ask for "civilian" government, we shall be repeating the mistake we made in Germany at the end of the first World War, when we made feeble democratic elements carry the stigma of surrender, thus presenting the Junkers with an alibi for their defeat.

We should not make a definite peace treaty until we have decided on the system we intend to set up to guarantee peace. What we have to do is make an armistice which will end the fighting and give us the keys of the future. Its terms will include withdrawal of Japanese forces from all the lands they have overrun, restitution of all stolen territory, disarmament, and a military occupation of Japan until the terms of the armistice have been carried out. We should require the armistice to be signed not only by plenipotentiaries of the Japanese government but by the two chiefs of the General Staffs. These officers may commit hara-kiri and be canonized. That risk can be taken. It will help the people to remember. If a general or admiral should be Prime Minister at the time, so much the better.

We need those naval and military confessions of defeat to protect the Japanese people and ourselves from a future lie alleging that weak-kneed liberals sacrificed the empire. We are fighting an idea in Japan—the idea that war pays. The exponents of that idea were not Nazi or Fascist parties; there are no such parties in Japan. The Japanese war lords did not start from the soapbox but from the staff college. The first step in re-education of the Japanese people is to make them realize that the Army they admired has led them to utter disaster.

In suing for peace before a land invasion has taken place, Japan's strongest argument will be the obvious fact that invasion is going to be a bloody business. The Japanese-battle fleet is being preserved to interfere with it. Tokyo has broadcast the news that the people are being armed. That is to tell us that a guerrilla war among the minute farms and alpine mountains of Japan will last a long time and that we will pay a high price for the unwanted task of administering some 75,000,000 stubborn and revengeful Orientals.

THE object of the Japanese in asking for an armistice will be to save the land of the gods from the supreme agony of invasion. What is our object?

It is, in the first place, our own security. Japan must be placed in such a position that she can never repeat Pearl Harbor. That can be done by depriving Japan of Pacific islands dominating the Western Pacific. Japan, an island country, is merely a chained dog if she is without oversea bases for her navy and air force. Without such bases she cannot again attack, with any hope of success, the United States, the Philippines, Australia, India, or the Dutch East Indies.

It is very often forgotten that Japan is essentially a weak country with meager natural resources and unable to sustain her population without foreign trade. It is possible that her rise will prove to be historically a temporary phenomenon due to the chronic weakness of Asia and especially to the postrevolution weakness of China. Postwar Japan will be a small nation between two big ones, Russia and China, and her interest in international organizations for preserving peace, eventually, will be genuine enough.

As almost all Japan's munitions materials have to be imported, it will not be difficult for us to know if she begins to rearm. Our only real protection against our own future forgetfulness is to ensure now that Japan will not again have the means to attack us.

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We should not forget the psychological effects of defeat. These cannot be measured in advance, and it is useless to speculate about Japanese reactions to a situation they have never experienced. We should not exclude the chance that the lasting reaction will be intense bitterness against the besworded fools and braggarts who were not even able to conquer China, whose narrow minds and crazy ambitions have brought modern Japan, the self-styled leader of Asia, back with a blackened face to the place she started from with a clean face eighty years ago.

Our job is to defeat the Japanese so thoroughly that they will not forget what their war lords let them in for. We must deprive Japan of her armaments and prevent her from arming again. We must take away the far-flung naval and air bases from which she attacked us. She must never again be able to pounce on us like a thug in the dark. The Japanese people must not be shut out from hopes of a rising standard of life. They must be given access to raw materials and to markets.

Should these things be made conditional on Japan adopting democracy? Should we forcibly convert Japan into a republic? Should we depose and exile or imprison Hirohito? Should we sit down in Japan and administer the country until we are satisfied that the Japanese have really been reformed and re-educated?

We should first ask ourselves how long we want to be schoolmaster to a prickly, recalcitrant, stiff-necked nation of 75,000,000 people. How long will it take us to teach Japan democracy by means of bayonets?

If we execute or exile Hirohito, we make him a martyr, of no use to us but of great use to the reactionary elements in Japan. If Hirohito is executed or exiled, are we going to debar his family from occupying the throne? If not, he has a son ten years old and we should merely be exchanging the devil we know for the devil we don't know. Instead of an emperor who has had a lesson, we should have a regency either sulky and rebellious or subservient and liable to be regularly thinned out by patriotic gunmen. Hirohito, left alone, can be a steadying influence. At forty-three, he has twenty or thirty years before him. He will have greater experience than any other Japanese emperor has had. His influence will be greater. He was probably against the war and he will be against any such adventures in the future. Anyhow, our business is to look to our own security, not to make the Japanese democrats or liberals, or force them to change their national costume jewelry.

THE purpose of our occupation of Japan will be to make certain that the terms of the armistice are carried out. The reform of Japan is a task that only the Japanese themselves can carry out. We can leave it to them. They are great copyists and they will not copy Hitler but the people who licked Hitler. Interference with Japan's internal affairs will only provide reaction with slogans. There will be an agitation against the foreign innovations, and the reckoning which the Japanese people, if left alone, will demand of their leaders will be sidetracked.

Let us give the Japanese what they deserve—total defeat, destruction of their cities, loss of their colonies, disarmament; let us take measures to guarantee that they cannot again attack us; let us stay long enough in occupation of their country to make sure that every Japanese soldier has been called home, disarmed and demobilized, that every plane, tank, and gun has been destroyed, every warship sunk; and then let us get out.

THE END

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OCT. 14, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

SUSPICION BREEDS SUSPICION

NO thoughtful citizen would deny there is a possibility, even a danger, that once the Axis nations are defeated, the Allies may lose the peace by fighting among themselves. Many touchy issues must be resolved in a spirit of understanding and good will. Otherwise the travail through which the world is passing will have been to no purpose. Statesmanship of a high order is required if the world is to be set up for the long period of tranquillity for which all mankind hopes.

Therefore, with victory in our grasp, it is disturbing indeed to note the enormous increase in the output of speeches and writing of the type which promotes disunity among the United Nations. There are many conflicting interests among the Allies which are inherent in the world situation, but the wise guys and loudmouths do not even confine themselves to these concrete issues. They promote suspicion and disunity on grounds that do not even exist.

Many of these people who sound off in newspapers and magazines and over the radio no doubt are sincere. Probably they really believe themselves to be deep thinkers and students of international affairs. But their sincerity, or lack of it, does not lessen the harm they can do. Insinuations and accusations, extremely strident at times, are not likely to foster the spirit of good will among nations which alone can form the basis for a peaceful and just world order. Slurs and baseless suspicions, in fact, can so becloud men's minds as to make the formation of such an order impossible.

Usually these people who talk and write so much are in incomplete possession of the facts. No one outside the inner councils of the world's leaders actually knows what is going on at present in the interplay of international relations. Complete information cannot now be made available without giving the enemy ammunition for propaganda and probably creating a world-wide turmoil in which it would be impossible to get anything settled. Willy-nilly, we are in the hands of our leaders at this stage of the game. We have no choice but to trust to their good will and good judgment.

However, the shape of the world to come will not be hewn out in a day or a week. It will be months and years in the making. Meanwhile it is foolish to create what we fear by the mere act of fearing it. Snide suspicions directed against our allies can only call forth snide suspicions directed against ourselves. Statesmanship and political wisdom require that America proceed on the sound American assumption that a friend is a friend till he proves himself otherwise.

Paul Hunter

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